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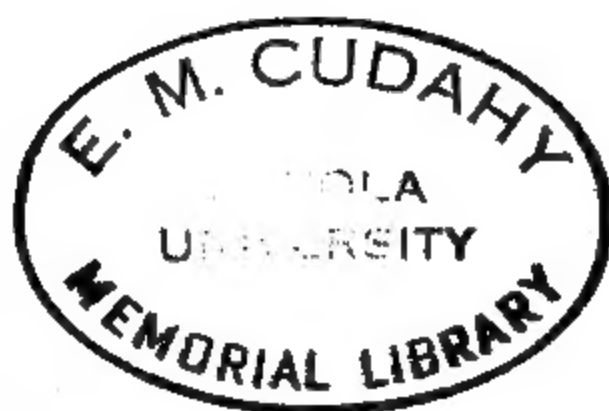
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THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

A JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS
OF
KING GEORGE IV.
AND
KING WILLIAM IV.

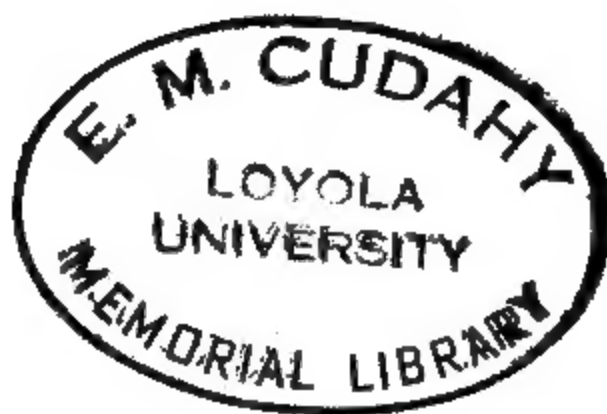
BY THE LATE
CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, Esq.,
CLERK OF THE COUNCIL TO THOSE SOVEREIGNS.

EDITED BY
HENRY REEVE,
REGISTRAR OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
549 AND 551 BROADWAY.
1875.

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P R E F A C E

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Author of these Journals requested me, in January, 1865, a few days before his death, to take charge of them with a view to publication at some future time. He left that time to my discretion, merely remarking that Memoirs of this kind ought not, in his opinion, to be locked up until they have lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events they describe. He placed several of the earlier volumes at once in my hands, and he intimated to his surviving brother and executor, Mr. Henry Greville, his desire that the remainder should be given me for this purpose. The injunction was at once complied with after Mr. Charles Greville's death, and this interesting deposit has now remained for nearly ten years in my possession. In my opinion this period of time is long enough to remove every reasonable objection to the publication of a contemporary record of events already separated from us by a much longer interval, for the transactions related in these volumes commence in 1818 and end in 1837. I therefore commit to the press that portion of these Memoirs which embraces the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., ending with the Accession of her present Majesty.

In accepting the trust and deposit which Mr. Greville thought fit to place in my hands, I felt, and still feel, that I undertook a task and a duty of considerable responsibility; but from the time and manner in which it was offered me I could not decline it. I had lived for more than five-and-twenty years in the daily intercourse of official life and private friendship with Mr. Greville. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, to whom he had previously intended to leave these Journals, died before him. After that event, deeply to be regretted on so many accounts, Mr. Greville did me the honor to select me for the performance of this duty, which was unexpected by myself; and my strong attachment and gratitude to him for numberless acts of kindness and marks of confidence, bound me by every consideration to obey and execute the wishes of my late friend.

In the discharge of this trust I have been guided by no other motive than the desire to present these Memorials to the world in a manner which their Author would not have disapproved, and in strict conformity with his own wishes and injunctions. He himself, it should be said, had frequently revised them with great care. He had studiously omitted and erased passages relating to private persons or affairs, which could only serve to gratify the love of idle gossip and scandal. The Journals contain absolutely nothing relating to his own family, and but little relating to his private life. In a passage (not now published) of his own writings, the Author remarks: "A journal, to be good, true, and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it: it should be the transcript of a mind that can bear transcribing. I always contemplate the possibility that hereafter my journal will be read, and I regard with alarm and dislike the notion of its containing matters about myself which nobody will care to know" (*January 2, 1838*).

These notes were designed chiefly to preserve a record of the less known causes and details of public events which came under the Author's observation, and they are interspersed with the conversations of many of the eminent men with whom he associated. But it must be borne in mind that they are essentially what they profess to be—a *contemporary* record of facts and opinions, not altered or made up to square with subsequent experience. Hence some facts may be inaccurately stated, because they are given in the shape they assumed at the time they were recorded, and some opinions and judgments on men and things are at variance (as he himself acknowledges and points out) with those at which the writer afterward arrived on the same persons and subjects. Our impressions of what is passing around us vary so rapidly and so continually, that a contemporary record of opinion, honestly preserved, differs very widely from the final and mature judgment of history: yet the judgment of history must be based upon contemporary evidence. It was remarked by an acute observer to Mr. Greville himself, that the *nuances* in political society are so delicate and numerous, the details so nice and varying, that, unless caught at the moment, they escape, and it is impossible to collect them again. That is the charm and merit of genuine contemporary records.

The two leading qualities in the mind of Mr. Greville were the love of truth and the love of justice. His natural curiosity, which led him to track out and analyze the cause of events with great eagerness, was stimulated by the desire to arrive at their real origin, and to award to every one, with judicial impartiality, what appeared to him to be a just share of responsibility. Without the passions or the motives of a party politician, he ardently sympathized with the cause of Liberal progress and Conservative improvement, or, as he himself expresses it, with Conservative principles on a Liberal basis. He was equally opposed to the prejudices of the old Tory aristocracy, among whom he had been brought up, and to the im-

petuous desire of change which achieved in his time so many vast and various triumphs. His own position, partly from the nature of the permanent office he held in the Privy Council, and partly from his personal intimacies with men of very opposite opinions, was a neutral one; but he used that neutral position with consummate judgment and address to remove obstacles, to allay irritations, to compose differences, and to promote, as far as lay in his power, the public welfare. Contented with his own social position, he was alike free from ambition and from vanity. No man was more entirely disinterested in his judgments on public affairs, for he had long made up his mind that he had nothing to gain or to lose by them, and in the opinions he formed, and on occasion energetically maintained, he cared for nothing but their justice and their truth. I trust that I do not deceive myself in the belief that the impressions of such a man, faithfully rendered at the time, on the events happening around him, will be thought to possess a permanent value and interest. But I am aware that opinions governed by no party standard will appear to a certain extent to be fluctuating and even inconsistent. I have not thought it consistent with my duty as the Editor of these papers to suppress or modify any of the statements or opinions of their Author on public men or public events; nor do I hold myself in any way responsible for the tenor of them. Some of these judgments of the writer may be thought harsh and severe, and some of them were subsequently mitigated by himself. But those who enter public life submit their conduct and their lives to the judgment of their contemporaries and of posterity, and this is especially true of those who fill the most exalted stations in society. Every act, almost every thought, which is brought home to them leaves its mark, and those who come after them cannot complain that this mark is as indelible as their fame. The only omissions I have thought it right to make are a few passages and expressions relating to persons and occurrences in private life, in which I have sought to publish nothing which could give pain or annoyance to persons still alive.

It will be observed that these Journals begin in the year 1818, when Mr. Greville was barely twenty-four years of age, and indeed I possess some notes of an earlier period, which it was not thought desirable to include in this publication. At that age Mr. Greville had but a short experience in life, without the opportunities of information which he subsequently enjoyed; consequently the first two or three chapters of the first volume are of secondary interest, and the political value of the work begins with the retirement of Lord Liverpool. But it is by his own express desire that these chapters are retained to complete the series, and the particulars relating to the Duke of York and to the Queen's trial are not without interest. As the Author advanced in life his narrative increases in value both in substance and in style, and the most important portion of it is that which must at present be reserved for future publication.

Of the Author of these Journals it may suffice to say that Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville was the eldest of the three sons of Charles Greville (who was grandson of the fifth Lord Warwick), by Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of William Henry, third Duke of Portland, K. G., who filled many great offices of State. He was born on the 2d of April, 1794. Much of his childhood was spent at his grandfather's house at Bulstrode. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford; but he left the University early, having been appointed private secretary to Earl Bathurst before he was twenty.

The influence of the Duke of Portland obtained for him early in life the sinecure appointment of the Secretaryship of Jamaica, the duties of that office being performed by deputy, and likewise the reversion of the Clerkship of the Council. He entered in 1821 upon the duties of Clerk of the Council in Ordinary, which he discharged for nearly forty years. During the last twenty years of his life Mr. Greville occupied a suite of rooms in the house of Earl Granville in Bruton Street, and there, on the 18th of January, 1865, he expired. I was with him on the previous evening until he retired to rest; from that sleep he never woke.

No additions whatever have been made to the text of these Journals. The passages occasionally interposed in a parenthesis, at a later date, to correct or comment upon a previous statement, are all by the hand of the Author. So likewise are the notes distinguished by no mark. For the notes included in brackets [] the Editor is responsible.

HENRY REEVE.

October 1, 1874.

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A JOURNAL

OF THE

REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

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1818.

I BEGAN to keep a Journal some time ago, and, after continuing it irregularly, dropped it entirely. I have since felt tempted to resume it, because, having frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of celebrated men, some particulars about them might be interesting hereafter.

June 7th.—The dissolution of Parliament is deferred on account of the mistakes which have been made in passing the Alien Bill. On Friday night the exultation of the Opposition was very great at what they deemed a victory over the Ministers. It is said that there will be one hundred contests, and that Government will lose twenty or thirty members. The Queen was so ill on Friday evening that they expected she would die. She had a severe spasm.¹

The Duchess of Cambridge² has been received in a most

¹ [Queen Charlotte, consort of George III., died on the 17th of November of this year, 1818.]

² [Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of George

flattering manner here, and it is said that the Duchess of Cumberland is severely mortified at the contrast between her reception and that of her sister-in-law. On the Sunday after her arrival the Duke took her to walk in the park, when she was so terrified by the pressure of the mob about her that she nearly fainted away.

The Regent drives in the Park every day in a tilbury, with his groom sitting by his side. Grave men are shocked at this undignified practice.

June 21st.—I dined at Holland House last Thursday. The party consisted of Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Frere, and Mrs. Tierney and her son. After dinner Mr. Frere repeated to us a great deal of that part of "Whistlecraft" which is not yet published.¹ I laughed whenever I could, but as I have never read the first part, and did not understand the second, I was not so much amused as the rest of the company.

On Friday I went to the Stud-house, where a great party was assembled to see the stock and buy them. After visiting the paddocks, Bloomfield² gave a magnificent dinner to the company in a tent near the house; it was the finest feast I ever saw, but the badness of the weather spoilt the entertainment.

The Queen's illness was occasioned by information which she received of the Duchesses of Cumberland and Cambridge having met and embraced. This meeting took place as if by accident, but really by appointment, in Kew Gardens; and the Duke of Cambridge himself informed the Queen of it. She was in such a rage that the spasm was brought on, and she was very near dying.

June 24th.—The elections are carried on with great vio-

III., married, on the 7th of May, 1818, Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, Princess of Hesse, youngest daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, the King's fourth son, married, on the 20th of August, 1815, at Strelitz, the Princess Frederica, third daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. This lady had been twice married before, first to Prince Frederick Louis Charles of Prussia, and secondly to the Prince of Salms-Braunfels. As the Duchess of Cumberland had been divorced from her last husband, the Queen received her with great coldness; and the position in which she was placed contrasted strongly with that of the Duchess of Cambridge on her marriage.]

¹ [The whole poem of "Whistlecraft" has since been republished in the collected works of the Right Hon. Hookham Frere.]

² [Sir Benjamin Bloomfield filled the offices of Marshal and Chief Equerry to the Regent, and in 1817 he became Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall and Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Prince. The Stud-house of Hampton Court had been given him as a residence. He was raised to the peerage in 1825.]

lence, and every day we hear of fresh contests being in agitation. The disgraceful scenes which have taken place in Westminster excite universal shame and indignation. The mob seem to have shaken off the feelings and the usual character of Englishmen, and in the brutal attacks which they have made on Captain Maxwell have displayed the savage ferocity which marked the mobs of Paris in the worst times. He has been so much hurt that his life is now in danger. Sir F. Burdett told me this morning that as soon as he was at the head of the poll he thought he should appear upon the hustings and thank the people for having raised him thus high. It is supposed that Burdett has laid out £10,000 on this election, though his friends do not acknowledge that he has spent any thing. It is clear that the open houses, cockades, and bands of music we have seen these three days were not procured for nothing.

Lord Castlereagh went to the hustings, and voted for Sir Murray Maxwell; he was hooted, pelted, and got off with some difficulty. His Lordship's judgment was not very conspicuous on this occasion; both Sir Murray's friends and enemies are of opinion that Lord Castlereagh's vote did him a great deal of harm and turned many men against him. The severest contests will be in Wiltshire, Herefordshire, Devonshire, and Lincolnshire. The elections are going against Government generally; in London particularly, as the Ministers lose one seat in the Borough and two in the City. This last election is the most unexpected of all. Curtis has been member for twenty-eight years, and has been used to come in very high on the poll. On this occasion the contest between him and Alderman Thorpe was severe, but Curtis would have carried it had not Wood and Waithman coalesced with Thorpe the last day, and thrown their spare votes over to him; this determined the election in his favor.¹

June 30th.—There was an affray yesterday afternoon in Covent Garden. Sir Murray Maxwell's people paraded about a large boat drawn by six horses. Burdett's mob attacked and demolished the boat, and this action having raised their spirits, the contest continued. The consequence was that a large party of Horse Guards were marched into Covent Garden, and paraded there during the rest of the night. The people

¹ [Sir William Curtis was the Ministerial candidate in the City of London; he was thrown out, and Messrs. Wood, Waithman, Wilson, and Thorpe, were returned.]

expressed their discontent by cries of "This is what they call freedom of election!" "Burdett for ever!" etc.¹

August 4th.—I went to Oatlands² on Saturday. There was a very large party—Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Cooke, Arthur Upton, Armstrong, Foley, Lord Lauderdale, Lake, Page, Lord Yarmouth. We played at whist till four in the morning. On Sunday we amused ourselves with eating fruit in the garden, and shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. I bathed in the cold bath in the grotto, which is as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. Oatlands is the worst managed establishment in England: there are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive.

August 15th.—The parties at Oatlands take place every Saturday, and the guests go away on Monday morning. These parties begin as soon as the Duchess leaves London, and last till the October meetings. During the Egham races there is a large party which remains there from the Saturday before the races till the Monday se'nnight following; this is called the Duchess's party, and she invites the guests. The Duke is only there himself from Saturday to Monday. There are almost always the same people, sometimes more, sometimes less. We dine at eight, and sit at table till eleven. In about a quarter of an hour after we leave the dining-room the Duke sits down to play at whist, and never stirs from the table as long as anybody will play with him. When anybody gives any hint of being tired he will leave off, but if he sees no signs of weariness in others he will never stop himself. He is equally well amused whether the play is high or low, but the stake he prefers is fives and ponies.³ The Duchess generally plays also at half-crown whist. The Duke always gets up very early, whatever time he may go to bed. On Sunday morning he goes to church, returns to a breakfast of tea and cold meat, and afterward rides or walks till the evening. On Monday morning he always sets off to London at nine o'clock. He sleeps equally well in a bed or in a carriage. The Duchess seldom goes to bed, or, if she does, only for an

¹ [The Westminster election terminated as follows: Sir Samuel Romilly, 5,339; Sir Francis Burdett, 5,228; Sir Murray Maxwell, 4,809; Henry Hunt, 84.]

² [Oatlands Park, Weybridge, at that time the residence of the Duke of York.]

³ [Five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber.]

hour or two; she sleeps dressed upon a couch, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another. She frequently walks out very late at night, or, rather, early in the morning, and she always sleeps with open windows. She dresses and breakfasts at three o'clock, afterward walks out with all her dogs, and seldom appears before dinner-time. At night, when she cannot sleep, she has women to read to her. The Duchess of York¹ is clever and well-informed; she likes society and dislikes all form and ceremony, but in the midst of the most familiar intercourse she always preserves a certain dignity of manner. Those who are in the habit of going to Oatlands are perfectly at their ease with her, and talk with as much freedom as they would to any other woman, but always with great respect. Her mind is not perhaps the most delicate; she shows no dislike to coarseness of sentiment or language, and I have seen her very much amused with jokes, stories, and allusions which would shock a very nice person. But her own conversation is never polluted with any thing the least indelicate or unbecoming. She is very sensible to little attentions, and is annoyed if anybody appears to keep aloof from her, or to shun conversing with her. Her dogs are her greatest interest and amusement, and she has at least forty of various kinds. She is delighted when anybody gives her a dog, or a monkey, or a parrot, of all of which she has a vast number; it is impossible to offend her or annoy her more than by ill-using any one of her dogs, and, if she were to see anybody beat or kick any one of them, she would never forgive it. She has always lived on good terms with the Royal Family, but is intimate with none of them, and goes as little as possible to Court. The Regent dislikes her, and she him. With the Princess Charlotte she was latterly very intimate, spent a great deal of time at Claremont, and felt her death very severely. The Duchess has no taste for splendor or magnificence, and likes to live the life of a private individual as much as possible.

The Duke of York is not clever, but he has a justness of understanding, which enables him to avoid the errors into which most of his brothers have fallen, and which have made them so contemptible and unpopular. Although his talents are not rated high, and in public life he has never been honorably distinguished, the Duke of York is loved and respected. He is the only one of the Princes who has the feelings of an

¹ [The Duchess of York was born Princess Royal of Prussia; she married the Duke of York in 1791, and died on the 6th of August, 1820.]

English gentleman; his amiable disposition and excellent temper have conciliated for him the esteem and regard of men of all parties, and he has endeared himself to his friends by the warmth and steadiness of his attachments, and from the implicit confidence they all have in his truth, straightforwardness, and sincerity. He delights in the society of men of the world and in a life of gayety and pleasure. He is very easily amused, and particularly with jokes full of coarseness and indelicacy; the men with whom he lives most are *très-polissons*, and *la polissonnerie* is the *ton* of his society. But his aides-de-camp and friends, while they do not scruple to say every thing before and to him, always treat him with attention and respect. The Duke and the Duchess live upon the best terms, their manner to one another is cordial, and while full of mutual respect and attention, they follow separately their own occupations and amusements without interfering with one another. Their friends are common to both, and those who are most attached to the Duke are equally so to the Duchess. One of her few foibles is an extreme tenaciousness of her authority at Oatlands; one way in which this is shown is in the stable, where, although there are always eight or ten carriage-horses which seldom do any work, it is impossible ever to procure a horse to ride or drive, because the Duchess appropriates them all to herself. The other day one of the aides-de-camp (Cooke) wanted to drive Burrell (who was there) to Hampton Court; he spoke of this at breakfast, and the Duke hearing it, desired he would take the curricule and two Spanish horses which had been given to him. The Duchess, however, chose to call these horses hers and to consider them as her own. The curricule came to the door, and just as they were going to mount it a servant came from the Duchess (who had heard of it) and told the coachman that her Royal Highness knew nothing of it, had not ordered it, and that the curricule must go home, which it accordingly did.

September 3d.—I went to Oatlands for the Egham races. The party lasted more than a week; there was a great number of people, and it was very agreeable. Erskine was extremely mad; he read me some of his verses, and we had a dispute upon religious subjects one morning, which he finished by declaring his entire disbelief in the Mosaic history. We played at whist every night that the Duke was there, and I always won. The Duchess was unwell most of the time. We showed her a *galanterie* which pleased her very

much. She produced a picture of herself one evening, which she said she was going to send to the Duchess of Orleans; we all cried out, said it was bad, and asked her why she did not let Lawrence paint her picture, and send a miniature copied from that. She declared she could not afford it; we then said, if she would sit, we would pay for the picture, which she consented to do, when all the men present signed a paper, desiring that a picture should be painted and a print taken from it of her Royal Highness. Lawrence is to be invited to Oatlands at Christmas to paint the picture. The men who subscribe are Culling Smith, Albanley, B. Craven, Worcester, Armstrong, A. Upton, Rogers, Luttrell, and myself, who were present. The Duchess desired that Greenwood and Taylor might be added. From Oatlands I went to Cirencester, where I staid a week and then returned to Oatlands, expecting to find the Queen dead and the house empty, but I found the party still there.

Amphill,¹ September 9th.—I rode down here to-day, Albanley and Moutron came in a chaise and four, and were only three hours and three-quarters coming from town. Luttrell and Rogers are here. The dinner very bad, because the cook is out of humor. The evening passed off heavily.

Amphill, September 11th.—The Duke and Duchess of San Carlos came yesterday with their two daughters, one of whom is fourteen and the other twelve or thirteen years old. The eldest is betrothed to the Count Altimira, a boy of seventeen years old, son of one of the richest Spanish grandees. He has £70,000 a year. The Duke of Medina-Coeli before the French invasion had £215,000 a year.

Lord Holland was talking to Mr. Fox the day after the debate on the war (after the Peace of Amiens) about public speakers, and mentioned Sheridan's speech on the Begums. Fox said, "You may rest assured that that speech was the finest that ever was made in Parliament." Lord Holland said, "It is very well of you to say so, but I think your speech last night was a pretty good one." Fox said, "And that was a devilish fine speech too."

Teddesley, November 30th.—I went to Tixall² on Tues-

¹ [Amphill Park, at that time the seat of Lord and Lady Holland, who had inherited it from the Earl of Upper Ossory. On the death of Lady Holland Amphill was purchased by the Duke of Bedford, and has since been inhabited by Lord and Lady Wensleydale.]

² [Tixall, the seat of Sir Clifford Constable in Staffordshire, was let at this time to Lord and Lady Granville.]

day, the 10th of November. There were Luttrell, Nugent, Montagu, Granville Somerset (who went away the next day), and afterward Granville Vernon, Wilmot, and Mr. Donald. I never remember so agreeable a party—"le bon goût, les ris, l'aimable liberté." Everybody was pleased because each did what he pleased, and the tone of the society was gay, simple, and clever.

It is hardly possible to live with a more agreeable man than Luttrell. He is difficult to please, but, when pleased and in good spirits, full of vivacity. He has a lively imagination, a great deal of instruction, and a very retentive memory, a memory particularly happy for social purposes, for he recollects a thousand anecdotes, fine allusions, odd expressions, or happy remarks, applicable to the generality of topics which fall under discussion. He is extremely sensitive, easily disconcerted, and resents want of tact in others, because he is so liable to suffer from any breach of it. A skeptic in religion, and by no means austere in morals, he views with indulgence all faults except those which are committed against society, but he looks upon a bore with unconcealed aversion. He is attached to a few persons whose talents he respects and whose society he covets, but toward the world in general he is rather misanthropical, and prides himself upon being free from the prejudices which he ridicules and despises more or less in everybody else. Detesting the importance and the superiority which are assumed by those who have only riches or rank to boast of, he delights in London, where such men find their proper level, and where genius and ability always maintain an ascendancy over pomp, vanity, and the adventitious circumstances of birth or position. Born in mystery,¹ he has always shrouded himself in a secrecy which none of his acquaintance have ever endeavored to penetrate. He has connections, but they are unknown or only guessed at. He has occupations, amusements, and interests unconnected with the society in which he publicly moves. Of these he never speaks, and no one ever ventures to ask him any questions. Ostensibly he has no friend. Standing thus alone in the world, he derives but little of his happiness from others; and he seems to delight in the independence of his feelings as well as of his situation. He is very witty and says excellent

¹ [Mr Luttrell was believed to be a natural son of Lord Carhampton. He had sat in the last Irish Parliament before the Union, and died about 1855 at a very advanced age.]

things, brilliant in general society and pleasant in *tête-à-tête*. Many men infinitely less clever *converse* more agreeably than he does, because he is too epigrammatic, and has accustomed himself so much to make brilliant observations that he cannot easily descend to quiet, unlabored talk. This only applies to him when in general society; when alone with another person, he talks as agreeably as possible.

Nugent is clever, and in many respects a more amiable companion than Luttrell, though very inferior to him in ability. He is well informed, gentlemanlike, sensible, with good manners, good taste, and has a talent for music; he is always in good-humor, and discriminating without being difficult.

Lady Granville¹ has a great deal of genial humor, strong feelings, enthusiasm, delicacy, refinement, good taste, *naïveté* which just misses being affectation, and a *bonhomie* which extends to all around her.

Nothing could exceed the agreeableness of the life we led at Tixall. We breakfasted about twelve or later, dined at seven, played at whist and macao the whole evening, and went to bed at different hours between two and four. "Nous faisons la bonne chère, ce qui ajoute beaucoup à l'agrément de la société. Je ne dis pas ceci par rapport à mes propres goûts; mais parce que je l'ai observé, et que les philosophes n'y sont pas plus indifférents que les bons vivants."

When the party at Tixall was over we all removed to Teddesley. Littleton² is good-natured, liberal, hospitable, and anxious to oblige, but he wants tact, and his table is more copious than refined. The house is ugly and in an ugly situation; the rooms are small, but not ill furnished. The dinners were not good, and Luttrell and Nugent were both very angry at the badness of the fare. We had a brilliant *chasse*. Luttrell left Teddesley on Monday, the Granvilles on Sunday, and Nugent and I on Tuesday; we traveled together to Oxford. He is very agreeable, full of information, and has a great facility in expressing himself. We parted at Oxford. I went to Redrice, and came to town on Sunday.

Tixall was the most agreeable party I ever was at. We were all pleased and satisfied; we played at whist, and after-

¹ [Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, married in 1809 to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, created Viscount Granville in 1815, and Earl Granville in 1833, during his embassy at the court of France.]

² [Edward Littleton, Esq., at that time M. P. for the county of Stafford; raised to the Privy Council in 1833, when he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and to the peerage under the title of Baron Hatherton in 1835.]

ward at macao. Littleton was the greatest winner and Lord Granville the loser. I wrote a description of the macao in verse :

MACAO.

The solemn chime from out the ancient tower¹
Invites to Macao at th' accustomed hour.
The welcome summons heard, around the board
Each takes his seat and counts his iv'ry hoard.
'Tis strange to see how in the early rounds
The cautious punters risk their single pounds,
Till, fired with generous rage, they double stake
And offer more than prudent dealers take.
My Lady² through her glass with keen delight
Observes the brisk beginnings of the fight;
To some propitious, but to me unkind,
With candor owns the bias of her mind,
And asks of Fortune the severe decree
T' enrich the happy Skew,³ to ruin me.
The fickle Goddess heard one-half the prayer,
The rest was melted into empty air;
For while she smiled complacent on the Skew,⁴
On me she shed some trifling favors too.
Sure Granville's luck exceeds all other men's
Led through a sad variety of tens;⁵
The rest have sometimes eights and nines, but he
Is always followed by "the jolly three;"⁶
But the great Skew some guardian sylph protects,
His judgment governs, and his hand directs
When to refrain, when boldly to put in
And catch with happy nine the wayward pin.⁷

The next morning Luttrell came down with a whole paper full of epigrams (I had been winning at macao, and had turned up five nines in my deal) :

Why should we wonder if in Greville's verses
Each thought so brilliant and each line so terse is?
For surely he in poetry must shine
Who is, we know, so favored by the nine.⁸

THE JOLLY TENS.

Quoth Greville, "The commandments are divine;
But as they're ten, I lay them on the shelf:
O could they change their number and be nine,
I'd keep them all, and keep them to myself!"

Thus we trifled life away.

¹ A clock-tower.

² E. Montagu.

³ Tens, ruinous at macao.

⁴ The middle pin, a large gain.

⁵ Lady Granville.

⁶ We gave him this nickname.

⁷ Tens.

⁸ Nines are the grand desiderata at macao.

1819.

January 17th.—I went to Burleigh on the 23d of December; there was no one there but Irby. The house disappointed me very much, but it is a very fine show-place. I went away on the 27th to Middleton; there were the Culling Smiths, Worcesters, Sir James Macintosh, Ossulstons, Nugent, etc.; it was very agreeable, and the house extremely comfortable. Lady Jersey¹ is an extraordinary woman, and has many good qualities; surrounded as she is by flatterers and admirers, she is neither proud nor conceited. She is full of vivacity, spirit, and good nature, but the wide range of her sympathies and affections proves that she has more general benevolence than particular sensibility in her character. She performs all the ordinary duties of life with great correctness, because her heart is naturally good; and she is, perhaps, from her temperament exposed to fewer temptations than the generality of her sex. She is deficient in passion and in softness (which constitute the greatest charm in women), so that she excites more of admiration than of interest; in conversation she is lively and pleasant, without being very remarkable, for she has neither wit, nor imagination, nor humor; her understanding is active rather than strong, and her judgment is too often warped by prejudice to be sound. She has a retentive memory and a restless mind, together with a sort of intellectual arrangement, with which she appears rather to have been gifted by nature than to have derived it from the cultivation of her reasoning faculties.

I went from Middleton to Oatlands. The Duke was not there. We had the Smiths, Worcesters, Albanley, Stanhope, Rogers, Luttrell, George Dawson, Lord Lauderdale, etc. Lord Erskine was ill, and Lord Lauderdale was taking care of him. The house was very uncomfortable, and the room I was in small, noisy, and inconvenient.

I came to London on Friday last. Parliament having met on the Thursday, it is very full, and is filling more and more every day. The Opposition expect to divide 180 on the Bank question; they talk of reëstablishing the dinners which they used to have in Fox's time.

Rogers is in a nervous state about his poem, and trembles at the reviewers.²

¹ [Sarah Sophia, eldest daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland, and heiress of Robert Child, Esq., of Osterley Park, her maternal grandfather.]

² [Rogers's poem, entitled "Human Life," was on the eve of publication. The reviewers treated it more tenderly than it deserved, as appears below.]

January 28th.—I went to Gorhambury on the 24th to shoot. The Duke of York was there. We should have had a brilliant *chasse*, but it rained. We went out at three and killed 105 pheasants.

There has been some skirmishing in the House of Commons, particularly the night before last, on Dr. Halloran's petition, when the Opposition (Bennet *duce*) got completely beaten. Many of the new members have spoken, but Mr. Lawson, a *soi-disant* wit, and Sir R. Wilson have failed lamentably. It is odd enough that Wilson made a reply to an attack which Cobbett had inserted in one of his papers upon him. Cobbett said that he would make a silly speech in Parliament and destroy himself, and it is just what he did. The Opposition were very angry with Sir J. Coffin, who, with the candor of a novice, had made himself informed of the facts of the petition, and finding they were against his friends, said so in the House.

Arbuthnot told me some particulars about Tierney. He began by being a friend of Mr. Pitt, and in one of his speeches on the Southwark or Colchester election he praised him in opposition to Mr. Fox. This latter never liked him, and the Regent assured Arbuthnot he had letters of Tierney in his possession thanking him for having endeavored to remove Mr. Fox's antipathy to him. When Addington came in, Pitt advised him to get Tierney, as nobody would be so useful to him. He did accordingly, and so Tierney became a member of the Administration.¹ When Pitt came again into office a negotiation was opened with him through the medium of Charles Long. He was offered the Chief Secretaryship in Ireland, which he wished to have, but he made it a condition that he should not be in Parliament. To this Mr. Pitt would not agree, as he said that he must commit himself with them entirely or not join them at all; he refused, not choosing to commit himself, and the negotiations broke off.

January 31st.—I dined with Lady Bathurst yesterday. We talked of the approaching contests in Parliament, and she said that she felt more apprehensive now than ever she had done for the safety of the Government, that it was impossible for Ministers to stay in if they were defeated, as they had occasionally been in the last Parliament, and that if they were

¹ [Right Hon. George Tierney, Treasurer of the Navy and P. C. in 1803, President of the Board of Control in October, 1806, Member of the Mint in 1827.]

defeated she should attribute it all to Vansittart, who is a millstone about their necks. I asked why they did not get rid of him, and she said that it was from good-nature; they had scruples about telling him he was inefficient and must resign. She said that Canning's conduct had been so good toward them, they were very anxious to put him in some more considerable office.

February 3d.—I went with Bouverie to Newmarket on Monday to look at the horses. On Wednesday I came to town and went on to Oaklands. Madame de Lieven was there. This woman is excessively clever, and, when she chooses, brilliantly agreeable. She is beyond all people fastidious. She is equally conscious of her own superiority and the inferiority of other people, and the contempt she has for the understandings of the generality of her acquaintance has made her indifferent to please and incapable of taking any delight in general society. Her manners are very dignified and graceful, and she is extremely accomplished. She sometimes endeavors to assume popular and gracious manners, but she does this languidly and awkwardly, because it is done with an effort. She carries *ennui* to such a pitch that even in the society of her most intimate friends she frequently owns that she is bored to death. She writes memoirs, or rather a journal, of all that falls under her observation. She is so clever, has so much imagination and penetration, that they must be very entertaining. She writes as well as talks with extraordinary ease and gracefulness, and both her letters and her conversation are full of point; yet she is not liked, and has made hardly any friends. Her manners are stately and reserved, and so little *bonhomie* penetrates through her dignity that few feel sufficiently attracted to induce them to try and thaw the ice in which she always seems bound.¹

February 5th.—I have finished Madame de Staël's "*Considérations sur la Révolution Française*." It is the best of her works, extremely eloquent, containing the soundest political opinions conveyed in a bold and eloquent style. It is perhaps too philosophical and not sufficiently relieved by anecdotes and historical illustrations. Her defense of her father is written with much enthusiasm and great plausibility, but the judg-

¹ [A very imperfect character of Princess Lieven, with whom Mr. Greville was at this time but slightly acquainted. But in after-years he became one of her most intimate and confidential friends; and she frequently reappears in the course of these memoirs.]

ment of the world concerning Necker is formed, and it is too late to alter it. The effect of her eloquence is rather weakened by the recollection of her conduct to him, for she lived with him as little as possible, because she could not bear the *ennui* of Coppet.¹

February 9th.—The Opposition are in a state of the highest exultation on account of the division in the House of Commons last night on Brougham's being added to the Bank Committee. The numbers were 173 to 135. They triumph particularly in this strong minority because the attack upon Brougham in the *Quarterly Review* was deemed so successful by the Ministerial party that they thought he would not be able to lift up his head again. The review is extremely well done, as all allow. It is supposed to be written by Dr. Ireland [it was by Dr. Monk²], and that Canning supplied the jokes, but Arbuthnot assured me he had no hand in it.

February 10th.—Wilberforce made a speech last night which reminded one of the better days of the House of Commons. He presented a petition from the Quakers against the Criminal Code, and introduced a compliment to Romilly. Castlereagh was in a minority in the Committee concerning the equerries of the Windsor establishment. He wished to keep two more than Tierney proposed; the latter had eight to six in the Committee.³

February 14th.—George Lamb has been proposed in opposition to Hobhouse.⁴ The latter drew this opposition upon

¹ [In the latter years of Madame de Staël's life Coppet became one of the most brilliant social resorts in Europe, for she attracted there the Schlegels, B. Constant, Bonstetten, Sismondi, Byron, and a host of other celebrities. Toward her father Madame de Staël expressed the most passionate regard.]

² [Dr. Monk, not Dr. Ireland, was the author of the article. Monk became Bishop of Gloucester in 1830. This passage relates to the celebrated article on the Report of Mr. Brougham's Committee on the Education of the People, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of December, 1818. The article was a violent one, but it is amusing to see the effects attributed to it at the time. Some controversy has since taken place as to the share Canning had in it. I have myself seen the letters from Gifford (editor of the *Review*) to Dr. Monk, in which he speaks of the additions which have been made to the article; and there is the strongest internal evidence that these *purpurei panni* were added by Canning. The subject is discussed in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1858.]

³ [In consequence of the death of Queen Charlotte in the preceding month of November, the Government visited the Windsor establishment. The Duke of York was appointed *custos personæ* of the King, and received in that capacity £10,000 a year, which had previously been allowed to the Queen. A debate took place on this subject on the 25th of February, which is referred to by Mr. Greville under that date.]

⁴ [The death of Sir Samuel Romilly in November, 1818, caused a vacancy in the representation of Westminster, and another election took place upon the meeting of Parliament. The numbers were: Hon. George Lamb, 4,465; John Cam Hobhouse, 3,861; Major Cartwright, 38.]

himself by his speech, and still more by the reports of his Committee, in which they abused the Whigs in unmeasured terms. Lambton went to Hobhouse and asked him if he would disavow the abuse of Lord Grey, which his Committee had inserted in the document they printed; he refused, on which the opposition was determined upon and begun. McDonald proposed Lamb, but they would not hear him; Evans seconded him. G. Jones made a very good speech in proposing Cartwright. Burdett and Kinnaird both spoke with moderation in proposing Hobhouse. It is generally supposed that Lamb will win.

Rogers's poem is disliked; the cry is all against it; some of the lines are pretty, but it is not perspicuous enough, and is deficient in novelty and force.

February 18th.—Yesterday Lamb was only seven behind Hobhouse on the poll; everybody thinks he is sure to win, even if Burdett should come forward with money. The day before there was great uproar and much abuse on the hustings. Burdett made a shameful speech full of blasphemy and Jacobinism, but he seems to have lost his popularity in a great measure even with the blackguards of Westminster. Hobhouse yesterday was long and dull; he did not speak like a clever man, and if the people would have heard Lamb, and he has any dexterity in reply, he must have crushed him—it was so answerable a speech.

I went to the Berry's¹ in the evening, where the blues and the wits were assembled; as Sidney Smith said, "the conversation raged," but there was nothing remarkably entertaining.

February 25th.—The debate on the £10,000 to the Duke of York on Monday produced four very good speeches—Peel and the Solicitor-General on one part, and Tierney and Scarlett² on the other. This latter spoke for the first time, and in reply to the two former. The Opposition came to Brookes's full of admiration of his speech, which is said to be the best *first speech* that ever was made in the House of Commons. I, who hear all parties and care for none, have been amused with the different accounts of the debate; one man says Peel's speech was the best of the night and the finest that has been made in the House for a length of time; another prefers the

¹ [Miss Berry's well-known *salon*, No. 8 Curzon Street, which was for more than half a century the resort of the best company in London.]

² [Sir James Scarlett, afterward Lord Abinger and Lord Chief Baron. It is remarkable that his first speech in the House of Commons was delivered on the Whig side of the House. He afterward became a decided Tory.]

Solicitor-General's; then on the other side it is said that Tierney was excellent, Mr. Scarlett beyond all praise. The friends of Government allow great merit to the two latter speakers, but declare that Peel was unanswerable, besides having been beautifully eloquent, and that Scarlett's speech was a fallacy from beginning to end. Again, I am told Peel was not good; his was a speech for effect, evidently prepared, showy, but not argumentative; Scarlett triumphantly refuted all his reasoning. Thus it is that a fair judgment is never formed upon any question; the spirit of party influences every man's opinions. - It is not extraordinary that each individual of a party connected by general similarity of opinion should adhere to the great body, even in cases where he may not happen to agree with them, and excellent reasons may be adduced for his sacrificing his own view for the great object of unanimity; but it is very improbable that on a particular question, unconnected with any general system, where arguments are adduced from opposite sides, and submitted to the enlightened judgment of an assembly, the same arguments which are looked upon as satisfactory and unanswerable by one set of men should be deemed without exception utterly fallacious by another. If any proof were requisite of the mighty influence of party spirit, it would be found in a still stronger light in the State trials in the House of Lords. I have in my mind the trial of Lord Melville; when each Peer had to deliver his judicial opinion upon the evidence adduced in a matter so solemn, and in the discharge of a duty so sacred, it might be imagined that all party feelings would be laid aside, and that a mature judgment and an enlightened conscience would alone have regulated the conduct of every individual. Yet, either by an extraordinary accident or by the influence of party spirit, we beheld all the Peers on the Ministerial side of the House declaring Lord Melville innocent, and all those of the Opposition pronouncing him guilty.

March 5th.—George Lamb was to have been chaired on the day he was elected, but the mob was outrageous and would not suffer it. They broke into his committee-room, and he and McDonald were forced to creep out of a two pair of stairs window into the church-yard. His partisans, who assembled on horseback, were attacked and pelted, and forced to retreat after receiving many hard knocks. In the evening the mob paraded the town, and broke the windows of Lord Castlereagh's and Lord Sefton's houses.

The other night Sir James Mackintosh¹ made a splendid speech on the Criminal Laws; it was temperate and eloquent, and excited universal admiration. The Ministerial party spoke as highly of it as the Opposition themselves. Last night Canning moved the thanks to Lord Hastings, and they say it was the finest speech he ever made, in the best taste, the clearest narrative, and the most beautiful language.

June 12th.—I have been at Oatlands for the Ascot party. On the course I did nothing. Ever since the Derby ill fortune has pursued me, and I cannot win anywhere. Play is a detestable occupation; it absorbs all our thoughts and renders us unfit for every thing else in life. It is hurtful to the mind and destroys the better feelings; it incapacitates us for study and application of every sort; it makes us thoughtful and nervous; and our cheerfulness depends upon the uncertain event of our nightly occupation. How any one can play who is not in want of money I cannot comprehend; surely his mind must be strangely framed who requires the stimulus of gambling to heighten his pleasures. Some indeed may have become attached to gaming from habit, and may not wish to throw off the habit from the difficulty of finding fresh employment for the mind at an advanced period of life. Some may be unfitted by nature or taste for society, and for such gaming may have a powerful attraction. The mind is excited; at the gaming-table all men are equal; no superiority of birth, accomplishments, or ability avails here; great noblemen, merchants, orators, jockeys, statesmen, and idlers, are thrown together in leveling confusion; the only preëminence is that of success, the only superiority that of temper. But why does a man play who is blessed with fortune, endowed with understanding, and adorned with accomplishments which might insure his success in any pursuit which taste or fancy might incite him to follow? It is contrary to reason, but we see such instances every day. The passion of play is not artificial; it must have existed in certain minds from the beginning; at least some must have been so constituted that they yield at once to the attraction, and enter with avidity into a pursuit in which other men can never take the least interest.

June 14th.—The other night in the House of Commons on

¹ [Sir James Mackintosh's motion for the appointment of a Committee on Capital Punishments was carried against the Government on the 2d of March by 148 to 128.]

the Foreign Enlistment Bill, Sir James Mackintosh made a brilliant speech; all parties agree in commending it. Canning answered him, but not successfully. The Duke of Wellington told me on Friday that there was a good debate in the House of Lords the night before on the Catholic question, but he thought his side had the worst of it; he acknowledged that Lord Grey's speech had done much to shake his opinion, and that he had not conceived that his propositions would have been framed in so unobjectionable a manner.¹

June 25th.—The Persian Ambassador has had a quarrel with the Court. He wanted to have precedence over all other Ambassadors, and, because this was not allowed, he was affronted and would not go to Court. This mark of disrespect was resented, and it was signified to him that his presence would be dispensed with at Carlton House, and that the Ministers could no longer receive him at their houses. On Sunday last the Regent went to Lady Salisbury's, where he met the Persian, who, finding he had given offense, had made a sort of apology, and said that illness had prevented him from going to Court. The Regent came up to him and said, "Well, my good friend, how are you? I hope you are better?" He said, "Oh, sir, I am very well; but I am very sorry I offended your Royal Highness by not going to Court. Now, sir, my Sovereign he tell me to go first, and your Congress, about which I know nothing, say I must go last; now, this very bad for me (pointing to his head) when I go back to Persia." The Regent said, "Well, my good friend, never mind it now; it does not signify." He answered, "Oh yes, sir; but your Royal Highness still angry with me, and you have not asked me to your party to-morrow night." The Regent laughed, and said, "I was only going to have a few children to dance; but, if you like to come, I shall be very happy to see you." Accordingly, he went to Carlton House, and they are very good friends again.

August 11th.—The Vice-Chancellor was going to Italy, but his journey is stopped, as he says, because the Prince Regent has desired him to stay in England in consequence of the approaching return of the Princess of Wales.

August 30th.—I am just returned from Oatlands; we had

¹ [On the 10th of June Earl Grey submitted to the House of Lords a Bill to relieve Roman Catholics from taking the declaratory oaths against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of Saints. On this occasion, for the first time, Lord Grenville supported the Catholic claims. But the Bill was thrown out by 141 to 92.]

an immense party, the most numerous ever known there. The Duchess wished it to have been prolonged, but there were no funds. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down there was no water in the house. She asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up with sand; and, as the workmen were never paid, they would not clear them out. She ordered the pipes to be cleared and the bills brought to her, which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the steward had no money to pay the tradespeople, and the Duke was prevailed on with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins.

December 24th.—The Duke of Kent gave the name of Alexandrina to his daughter¹ in compliment to the Emperor of Russia. She was to have had the name of Georgiana, but the Duke insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name. The Regent sent for Lieven and made him a great many compliments (*en le persiflant*) on the Emperor's being godfather, but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all.

The frost is intense. The town is empty. I returned from Whersted last Wednesday se'nnight, and went to Oatlands on Thursday; there was nearly the same party. Prince Leopold came and dined there on Saturday. He is very dull and heavy in his manner, and seems overcome with the weight of his dignity. This Prince will not succeed here; everybody is civil to him from the interest he excited at the time of the Princess's death—an interest which has not yet subsided. There seems to be no harm in him, but everybody contrasts his manners with those of the Duke of York, and the comparison is not to his advantage. The Duchess likes the society of men of wit and letters; more, I think, from the variety of having them around her than from any pleasure she takes in their conversation. Lord Alvanley is the man in whom she takes the greatest delight.

1820.

London, January 20th.—I went last Sunday se'nnight to Woburn. The Duke of York, Duke of Wellington, Lievens,

¹ [The Princess, afterward Queen, Victoria, born 24th of May, 1819.]

Jerseys, Worcesters, Tavistocks, Mr. Russell, Lady Sandwich, Alvanley, C. Smith, Huntleys, Frederick Ponsonby, Lauderdale, and others were there. The house, place, establishment, and manner of living are magnificent. The *chasse* was brilliant; in five days we killed 835 pheasants, 645 hares, 59 rabbits, 10 partridges, and 5 woodcocks. The Duchess was very civil and the party very gay. I won at whist, and liked it very much.

January 22d.—Just before the advance of the allied army on Paris a council of war was held, when it was unanimously resolved to retreat. The Emperor of Russia entered the room, and said he had reasons for advancing, and ordered the advance; the generals remonstrated, but the Emperor was determined. Woronzoff told Sydenham that that day a courier arrived at his outposts with a letter for the Emperor in the handwriting of Talleyrand. This was told me by Frederick Ponsonby.

February 4th.—I returned to Woburn on Sunday. We shot the whole week and killed an immense quantity of game; the last two days we killed 245 and 296 pheasants, 322 and 431 head. On Sunday last arrived the news of the King's death.¹ The new King has been desperately ill. He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood; yet he afterward had a severe oppression, amounting almost to suffocation, on his chest. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Knighton was afraid to bleed him. Bloomfield sent for Tierney,² who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him. This gave him relief; he continued, however, dangerously ill, and on Wednesday he lost twenty ounces more. Yesterday afternoon he was materially better for the first time. Tierney certainly saved his life, for he must have died if he had not been bled. Brougham sent a courier to the Queen immediately after the late King's death, and gave notice at Carlton House that he had applied for a passport for a courier to Her Majesty the Queen.

The King has given to Lady Bloomfield the Rangership of Hampton Court Park. He wished to give it to both of them with the survivorship, but Lord Liverpool submitted to him that the House of Commons had pronounced so strongly their dislike to reversionary grants that it would be unadvisable, and it was accordingly given to Lady B. only.

¹ [King George III. died on the 29th of January, 1820.]

² [Sir Matthew Tierney, one of His Majesty's physicians.]

February 14th.—The Cabinet sat till past two o'clock this morning. The King refused several times to order the Queen to be prayed for in the alteration which was made in the Liturgy. The Ministers wished him to suffer it to be done, but he peremptorily refused, and said nothing should induce him to consent, whoever might ask him. Lord Harrowby told me this last night.

I think Fleury's book¹ almost the most interesting memoir I ever read; it is excessively well written, and his partiality to Bonaparte has not blinded him to the errors he committed. This book was wanted to bring under the same view the immediate causes of his return to France and the situation in which he found himself when seated on the throne. This was essentially different from that in which he had been before his abdication; so much so that I do not believe, if he had concluded a peace with the Allies, he could have remained upon the throne. Not only his civil power was reduced within very narrow limits, but his military authority was no longer the same; men seemed to have lost that reverential submissiveness which caused all his orders to be so blindly and implicitly obeyed. During the height of his power none of his generals would have dared to neglect or oppose his orders as Ney did at the battles of the 16th of June. It is impossible now to determine what might have been the political result in France of the success of Bonaparte's arms had he gained the battle of Waterloo. He would probably have made peace with the Allies. Had he returned to Paris triumphant, he might have dissolved the Chambers and reestablished the old Imperial Government. In such a measure he must have depended upon his army for success. But a spirit of liberty had sprung up in France during his absence, which seemed to be the more vigorous from having been so long repressed. The nation, and even the army, appear to have imbibed the principles of freedom; and if upon this occasion Bonaparte was placed on the throne by the force of opinion, he could not have restored the ancient despotism without exciting universal dissatisfaction. Men seem formerly to have been awed by a conviction of his infallibility, and did not suffer themselves to reason upon the principles of action of a man who dazzled their

¹ [M. Fleury de Chabaulon was a young *auditeur* at the Conseil d'État, who had joined Napoleon at Elba, and afterward returned with him to France, when he was attached to the Imperial Cabinet during the Hundred Days. His memoir of that period is here referred to.]

imagination by the magnificence of his exploits and the grandeur of his system.

February 20th.—The Ministers had resigned last week because the King would not bear reason on the subject of the Princess. It is said that he treated Lord Liverpool very coarsely, and ordered him out of the room. The King, they say, asked him "if he knew to whom he was speaking." He replied, "Sir, I know that I am speaking to my Sovereign, and I believe I am addressing him as it becomes a loyal subject to do." To the Chancellor he said, "My Lord, I know your conscience always interferes except where your interest is concerned." The King afterward sent for Lord Liverpool, who refused at first to go; but afterward, on the message being reiterated, he went, and the King said, "We have both been too hasty." This is probably all false, but it is very true that they offered to resign.

February 24th.—The plot¹ which has been detected had for its object the destruction of the Cabinet Ministers, and the chief actor in the conspiracy was Arthur Thistlewood. I was at Lady Harrowby's last night, and about half-past one o'clock Lord Harrowby came in and told us the following particulars: A plot has been in agitation for some time past, of the existence of which, the names and numbers of the men concerned, and of all particulars concerning their plans, Government has been perfectly well informed. The conspirators had intended to execute their design about last Christmas at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Westmoreland's, but for some reason they were unable to do so and deferred it. At length Government received information that they were to assemble to the number of from twenty to thirty at a house in Cato Street, Edgeware Road, and that they had resolved to execute their purpose last night, when the Cabinet would be at dinner at Lord Harrowby's. Dinner was ordered as usual. Men had been observed watching the house, both in front and rear, during the whole afternoon. It was believed that nine o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the assault to be made. The Ministers who were expected at dinner remained at Fife House, and at eight o'clock Mr. Birnie with twelve constables was dispatched to Cato Street to apprehend the conspirators. Thirty-five foot-guards were ordered to support the police force. The constables arrived upon the spot a few moments before the soldiers, and suspecting that

¹ [The Cato Street Conspiracy.]

the conspirators had received intimation of the discovery of their plot, and were in consequence preparing to escape, they did not wait for the soldiers, but went immediately to the house. A man armed with a musket was standing sentry, whom they secured. They then ascended a narrow staircase which led to the room in which the gang were assembled, and burst the door open. The first man who entered was shot in the head, but was only wounded; he who followed was stabbed by Thistlewood and killed. The conspirators then with their swords put out the lights and attempted to escape. By this time the soldiers had arrived. Nine men were taken prisoners; Thistlewood and the rest escaped.

March 1st.—Thistlewood was taken the morning after the affair in Cato Street. It was the intention of these men to have fired a rocket from Lord Harrowby's house as soon as they had completed their work of destruction; this was to have been the signal for the rising of their friends. An oil-shop was to have been set on fire to increase the confusion and collect a mob; then the Bank was to have been attacked and the gates of Newgate thrown open. The heads of the Ministers were to have been cut off and put in a sack which was prepared for that purpose. These are great projects, but it does not appear they were ever in force sufficient to put them in execution, and the mob (even if the mob had espoused their cause, which seems doubtful), though very dangerous in creating confusion and making havoc, are quite inefficient for a regular operation.

June 4th.—I went to Oatlands on Tuesday. The Duchess continues very ill; she is not expected to recover. The King was at Ascot every day; he generally rode on the course, and the ladies came in carriages. One day they all rode. He was always cheered by the mob as he went away. One day only a man in the crowd called out, "Where's the Queen?" The Duke of Dorset was at the Cottage, and says it was exceedingly agreeable. They kept very early hours. The King always breakfasted with them, and Lady Conyngham looked remarkably well in the morning, her complexion being so fine. On Friday she said she was bored with the races and should not go; he accordingly would not go either, and sent word to say he should not be there. They stay there till tomorrow. In the mean time the Queen is coming to England, and Brougham is gone to meet her. Nobody knows what advice he intends to give her, but everybody believes that it

is his intention she should come. It was supposed that Lady Conyngham's family (her son and brother) had set their faces against her connection with the King; but Lord Mount Charles was at the Cottage, and Denison was at the levee and very well received.

June 7th.—The Queen arrived in London yesterday at seven o'clock. I rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. The road was thronged with an immense multitude the whole way from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach the whole way. She was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Women waved pocket-handkerchiefs, and men shouted wherever she passed. She traveled in an open landau, Alderman Wood sitting by her side, and Lady Ann Hamilton and another woman opposite. Everybody was disgusted at the vulgarity of Wood in sitting in the place of honor, while the Duke of Hamilton's sister was sitting backward in the carriage. The Queen looked exactly as she did before she left England, and seemed neither dispirited nor dismayed. As she passed by White's she bowed and smiled to the men who were in the window. The crowd was not great in the streets through which she passed. Probably people had ceased to expect her, as it was so much later than the hour designated for her arrival. It is impossible to conceive the sensation created by this event. Nobody either blames or approves of her sudden return, but all ask, "What will be done next? How is it to end?" In the House of Commons there was little said; but the few words which fell from Creevy, Bennett, or Denman, seem to threaten most stormy debates whenever the subject is discussed. The King in the mean time is in excellent spirits, and the Ministers affect the greatest unconcern and talk of the time it will take to pass the Bills to "settle her business." "Her business," as they call it, will in all probability raise such a tempest as they will find it beyond their powers to appease; and for all His Majesty's unconcern the day of her arrival in England may be such an anniversary to him as he will have no cause to celebrate with much rejoicing.¹

¹ [On the day that the Queen landed at Dover, a royal message was sent down to Parliament, by which the King commended to the Lords an inquiry into the conduct of the Queen. In the House of Commons there was some vehement speaking; and, on the following day, before Lord Castlereagh moved the address in answer to the message, Mr. Brougham read to the House a message from the Queen, declaring that her return to England was occasioned by the necessity her enemies had laid upon her of defending her character.]

June 9th.—Brougham's speech on Wednesday is said by his friends to have been one of the best that was ever made, and I think all agree that it was good and effective. The House of Commons is evidently anxious to get rid of the question if possible, for the moment Wilberforce expressed a wish to adjourn, the county members rose one after another and so strongly concurred in that wish, that Castlereagh was obliged to consent. The mob have been breaking windows in all parts of the town and pelting those who would not take off their hats as they passed Wood's door. Last night Lord Exmouth's house was assaulted and his windows broken, when he rushed out, armed with sword and pistol, and drove away the mob. Frederick Ponsonby saw him. Great sums of money have been won and lost on the Queen's return, for there was much betting at the clubs. The alderman showed a specimen of his taste as he came into London; when the Queen's coach passed Carlton House he stood up and gave three cheers.

It is odd enough Lady Hertford's windows have been broken to pieces and the frames driven in, while no assault has been made on Lady Conyngham's. Somebody asked Lady Hertford "if she had been aware of the King's admiration for Lady Conyngham," and "whether he had ever talked to her about Lady C." She replied that "intimately as she had known the King, and openly as he had always talked to her upon every subject, he had never ventured to speak to her upon that of his mistresses."

June 16th.—The speech which Canning made on the occasion of the King's message has been violently attacked by all parties, and is said to have given as great dissatisfaction to the Queen as to the King. It is not easy to discover what the Queen could have objected to in the speech, for it was highly favorable and flattering to her. It was generally supposed last Sunday that he would resign in the course of the week, and bets were laid that he would not be in office next Sunday. On Wednesday he had an audience of the King at the levee, which lasted fifty-two minutes by Yarmouth's watch; nobody knows what passed between them. Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Sefton have refused to act as negotiators for the Queen.

There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the 3d Guards the day before yesterday; they were dissatisfied at the severity of their duty and at some allowances that had

been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball-cartridges. They were ordered off to Plymouth, and marched at four yesterday morning. Many people went from the ball at Devonshire House to see them march away. Plymouth was afterward changed for Portsmouth in consequence of their good behavior on the route. Worcester¹ met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, "God save Queen Caroline!" There was some disturbance last night in consequence of the mob assembling round the King's mews, where the rest of the battalion that had marched to Portsmouth still remained.

June 23d.—I never remember to have seen the public curiosity so excited as on Wilberforce's motion last night.² Nearly 520 members voted in the House, and some went away; as many people as could gain admission attended to hear the debate. The speaking on the Opposition side was excellent, but as everybody differs in opinion with regard to the comparative merit of the speakers, it is impossible for one who was not present to form a correct judgment on the subject. The best speeches were Brougham's, Denman's, Burdett's and Canning's. Denman's speech was admirable, and, all agree, most judicious and effective for his client. Burdett's was extremely clever, particularly the first part of it. In the mean time it is doubtful whether any thing is gained by the resolution carried last night. Public opinion seems very equally divided as to the probability of the Queen agreeing to the expressed or implied wish of the House of Commons, and even if she refuses to consent to the omission of her name in the Liturgy, it seems doubtful whether the green bag will ever be opened, so strong is the repugnance of the House of Commons to enter upon such an investigation. It is this feeling in the House which emboldens the Queen to hold out with the firmness and constancy she has hitherto displayed. The House of Lords cuts a most ridiculous figure, having precipitately agreed to go into the Committee. They have since been obliged to put off the investigation by repeated adjournments, in order to see what steps the House of Commons will take. Lord Grey made an indignant speech last night on

¹ [The Marquis of Worcester, afterward seventh Duke of Beaufort.]

² [Mr. Wilberforce moved an address to the Queen to stop the investigation, by entreating Her Majesty, under the assurance of the protection of her honor by the Commons, to yield the point of the insertion of her name in the Liturgy. This proposal the Queen courteously declined.]

this very subject; they say Lord Liverpool spoke remarkably well in reply.

June 25th.—The Queen's refusal to comply with the desire of the House of Commons keeps conjecture afloat and divides opinions as to the opening of the bag. The Opposition call her answer a very good one; those of the other party I have seen think it too long, and not neatly and clearly worded. Brougham declined advising her as to her answer; he told her she must be guided by her own feelings, and was herself the only person capable of judging what she had best do. The discussion of the Queen's business is now become an intolerable nuisance in society; no other subject is ever talked of. It is an incessant matter of argument and dispute what will be done and what ought to be done. All people express themselves tired of the subject, yet none talk or think of any other. It is a great evil when a single subject of interest takes possession of society; conversation loses all its lightness and variety, and every drawing-room is converted into an arena of political disputation. People even go to talk about it from habit long after the interest it excited has ceased.

June 27th.—The mob was very abusive to the member who carried up the resolution to the Queen, and called Wilberforce "Dr. Cantwell." The Queen demanded to be heard by counsel at the bar of the House of Lords. Contrary to order and contrary to expectation, the counsel were admitted, when Brougham made a very powerful speech. Denman began exceedingly well; Lord Holland said his first three or four sentences were the best thing he ever heard; *si sic omnia*, he would have made the finest speech possible; but on the whole he was inferior to Brougham. If the House had refused to hear her counsel, it is said that she would have gone down to-day to the House of Lords and have demanded to be heard in person. As usual Brougham's speech is said by many of his political adversaries to have been weak in argument. Many, however, do him the justice to acknowledge that it was a very powerful appeal for his client.

June 28th.—The debate last night in the House of Lords was excellent. Lord Grey made a powerful speech, very much against the Queen, a speech for office. The manager announced at Drury Lane that the Queen would go to the play to-night. Brougham knew nothing of this; she never

told him. Mrs. Brougham told me so last night, and that he was quite worn out with the business.¹

July 6th.—Since the report of the Secret Committee public opinion is entirely changed as to the result of the proceedings against the Queen. Everybody thinks the charges will be proved and that the King will be divorced. It is impossible to discover what effect the report may have in the country; it is certain hitherto that all ranks of men have been decidedly favorable to the Queen, and disbelieve the charges against her. The military in London have shown alarming symptoms of dissatisfaction, so much so that it seems doubtful how far the Guards can be counted upon in case of any disturbance arising out of this subject. Luttrell says that "the extinguisher is taking fire."

July 8th.—I was in the House of Lords the night before last to hear Brougham and Denman speak at the bar. Brougham's speech was uncommonly clever, very insolent, and parts of it very eloquent. A very amusing episode was furnished by the Bishop of Exeter, who moved that the counsel should withdraw, and then asked the House whether they were not out of order. Lord Holland cut him up in the most beautiful style, and excited universal laughter. Nobody came to the assistance of the Bishop, and the counsel were called in again and resumed. Brougham's speech is reported in the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday word for word.

July 14th.—I have been at Newmarket, where I had the first fortunate turn this year. The conversation about the Queen begins to subside; everybody seems to agree that it is a great injustice not to allow her lists of the witnesses; the excuse that it is not usual is bad, for the proceedings are anomalous altogether, and it is absurd to attempt to adhere to precedent; here there are no precedents and no analogies to guide to a decision. London is drawing to a close, but in August it will be very full, as all the Peers must be here. They say the trial will last six months.

Luttrell's poem² has succeeded. The approbation it receives is general, but qualified; in fact, it was difficult to make such a sketch of life and manners sufficiently piquant without

¹ [The report of the Secret Committee of the Lords was made on the 4th of July. It declared that the evidence against the Queen was such as to demand a solemn inquiry. The trial, or rather investigation, began on the 17th of August. The defense was opened on the 3d of October, and the Bill was abandoned on the 6th of November.]

² [Mr. Luttrell's "Advice to Julia," published in 1820.]

the infusion of a little satire, and his fear of giving offense has induced him to be so good-natured that he is occasionally rather insipid. "Il y a des tracasseries de société." I cannot record them, though perhaps years hence, when I may look over what I now write, I might be amused with stories of long-forgotten jealousies and various interests extinguished by the lapse of time, or perhaps silenced in the grave; still it would be melancholy to retrace the days of my youth and to bring before my imagination the blooming faces and the gayety and brilliancy of those who once shone the meteors of society, but who would then be so changed in form and mind, and with myself rapidly descending to our last home.

Read "*Les Liaisons dangereuses*." Much has been said about the dangerous tendency of certain books, and probably this would be considered as one pregnant with mischief. I consider this a mere jargon, and although I would never recommend this book (because it is so grossly indecent) I should never apprehend the smallest danger to the most inexperienced mind or the warmest passions from its immoral tendency. The principle upon which books of this description are considered pernicious is the notion that they represent vice in such glowing and attractive colors as to make us lose sight of its deformity, and fill our imagination with the idea of its pleasures. No one who has any feeling or a spark of generosity or humanity in his breast, can read this book without being moved with compassion for Madame de Tourval, and with horror and disgust toward Valmont and Madame de Merteuil. It raised in my mind a detestation of such cold-blooded, inhuman profligacy, and I felt that I would rather every pleasure that can flow from the intercourse of women were debarred me than run such a course. The moral effect upon my mind was stronger than any which ever resulted from the most didactic work, and if any one wants to excite remorse in the most vicious mind I would recommend him to make use of "*Les Liaisons dangereuses*" for the purpose.

The Duchess of York died on Sunday morning of water on her chest. She was insensible the last two days. She is deeply regretted by her husband, her friends, and her servants. Probably no person in such a situation was ever more really liked. She has left £12,000 to her servants and some children whom she had caused to be educated. She has arranged all her affairs with the greatest exactitude, and left nothing undone.

The Queen's letter was brought to the King, while he was at dinner (at the Cottage). He said, "Tell the Queen's messenger that the King can receive no communication from her except through the hands of his Ministers." Esterhazy was present, and said he did this with extraordinary dignity.

Newmarket, October 2d.—I left town in the middle of August with George Fox. We went down with extraordinary rapidity. I never was happier than to escape from London and to find myself in Yorkshire. It was a new world, and the change was most refreshing. The refinement of London was not there, but there was a good-humor, gayety, and hospitality which amused and delighted me.

London, October 8th.—I came to town with Payne on Friday, having won a little at Newmarket. He told me a good story by the way. A certain bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished looked toward the clock and said, "Damn you! why couldn't you give us all that at once?" There was an end of the bishop's story.

The town is still in an uproar about the trial, and nobody has any doubt that it will finish by the Bill being thrown out and the Ministers turned out. Brougham's speech was the most magnificent display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years, and they say that the impression it made upon the House was immense; even his most violent opponents (including Lord Lonsdale) were struck with admiration and astonishment.

October 15th.—Since I came to town I have been to the trial every day. I have occupied a place close to Brougham, which, besides the advantage it affords of enabling me to hear extremely well every thing that passes, gives me the pleasure of talking to him and the other counsel, and puts me behind the scenes so far that I cannot help hearing all their conversation, their remarks, and learning what witnesses they are going to examine, and many other things which are interesting and amusing. Since I have been in the world I never remember any question which so exclusively occupied every-

body's attention, and so completely absorbed men's thoughts and engrossed conversation. In the same degree is the violence displayed. It is taken up as a party question entirely, and the consequence is that everybody is gone mad about it. Very few people admit of any medium between pronouncing the Queen quite innocent and judging her guilty and passing the Bill. Until the evidence of Lieutenant Hownam it was generally thought that proofs of her guilt were wanting, but since his admission that Bergami slept under the tent with her all unprejudiced men seemed to think the adultery sufficiently proved. The strenuous opposers of the Bill, however, by no means allow this, and make a mighty difference between sleeping dressed under a tent and being shut up at night in a room together, which the supporters of the Bill contend would have been quite or nearly the same thing. The Duke of Portland, who is perfectly impartial, and who has always been violently against the Bill, was so satisfied by Hownam's evidence that he told me that after that admission by him he thought all further proceedings useless, and that it was ridiculous to listen to any more evidence, as the fact was proved; that he should attend no longer to any evidence upon the subject. This view of the case will not, however, induce him to vote for the Bill, because he thinks that upon grounds of expediency it ought not to pass. The Ministers were elated in an extraordinary manner by this evidence of Hownam's. The Duke of Wellington told Madame de Lieven that he was very tired; "*mais les grands succès fatiguent autant que les grands revers.*" They look upon the progress of this trial in the light of a campaign, and upon each day's proceedings as a sort of battle, and by the impression made by the evidence they consider that they have gained a victory or sustained a defeat. Their anxiety that this Bill should pass is quite inconceivable, for it cannot be their interest that it should be carried; and as for the King, they have no feeling whatever for him. The Duke of Portland told me that he conversed with the Duke of Wellington upon the subject, and urged as one of the reasons why this Bill should not pass the House of Lords the disgrace that it would entail upon the King by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons. His answer was "that the King was degraded as low as he could be already." The vehemence with which they pursue this object produces a corresponding violence in

their language and sentiments. Lady Harrowby, who is usually very indifferent upon political subjects, has taken this up with unusual eagerness. In an argument which I had with her the day before yesterday, she said that if the House of Lords was to suffer itself to be influenced by the opinions and wishes of the people, it would be the most mean and pusillanimous conduct, and that after all what did it signify what the people thought or what they expressed if the army was to be depended upon? I answered that I never had expected that the day would come when I should be told that we were to disregard the feelings and wishes of the people of this country, and to look to our army for support. In proportion as the Ministers were elated by what came out in Hownam's cross-examination so were they depressed by the unlucky affair of Rastelli,¹ which has given such an important advantage to their adversaries. Mr. Powell's explanation was extremely unsatisfactory, and in his examination yesterday they elicited from him what is tantamount to a contradiction of what he had said the day before. It is not possible to doubt what is the real state of the case. Rastelli is an active, useful agent, and they had occasion for his services; consequently they sent him off, and trusted that he would be back here before he could possibly be called for, if ever he should be called for again. It was a rash speculation, which failed. The last two days have been more amusing and interesting than the preceding ones. The debates in the House, a good deal of violence, and some personalities, have given spirit to the proceedings, which were getting very dull. Lord Holland made a violent speech, and Lord Carnarvon a clever one, which was violent enough too, on Rastelli's affair. Lord Holland made one or two little speeches which were very comical. Lord Lauderdale made a violent speech the other day, and paid himself in it a great many compliments. It must be acknowledged that the zeal of many of the Peers is very embarrassing, displayed as it is, not in the elucidation of the truth, but in furtherance of that cause of which they desire the success. There is no one more violent than Lord Lauderdale,² and neither the Attorney-General nor the Solicitor-

¹ [Rastelli was a witness for the Bill—not a very important one. After his examination was over he was allowed to leave the country. Brougham found this out, and instantly demanded that he should be recalled for further cross-examination, well knowing this could not at the moment be done. This answered his purpose, and he then turned with incredible vehemence on the other side, and accused them of 'spiriting away the witness.']

² [In the course of the trial, in order to show that the Queen had associated

General can act with greater zeal than he does in support of the Bill. Lord Liverpool is a model of fairness, impartiality, and candor. The Chancellor is equally impartial, and as he decides personally all disputes on legal points which are referred to the House, his fairness has been conspicuous in having generally decided in favor of the Queen's counsel. Yesterday morning some discussion arose about a question which Brougham put to Powell. He asked him who was his principal, as he was an agent. The question was objected to, and he began to defend it in an uncommonly clever speech, but was stopped before he had spoken long. He introduced a very ingenious quotation which was suggested to him by Spencer Perceval, who was standing near him. Talking of the airy, unsubstantial being who was the principal, and one of the parties in this cause, he said he wished to meet

This shape—
If shape it could be called—that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either

What seemed its head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Paradise Lost, ii., 666.

Whersted, December 10th.—I left Woburn on Thursday night last, and got here on Friday morning. The Lievens, Worcesters, Duke of Wellington, Neumann, and Montagu were here. The Duke went away yesterday. We acted charades, which were very well done. Yesterday we went to shoot at Sir Philip Brookes's. As we went in the carriage, the Duke talked a great deal about the battle of Waterloo and different things relating to that campaign. He said that he had 50,000 men at Waterloo. He began the campaign with 85,000 men, lost 5,000 on the 16th, and had a corps of 20,000 at Hal, under Prince Frederick. He said that it was remarkable that nobody who had ever spoken of these opera-

in Italy with ladies of good character, it was stated that a Countess T— frequented her society at Florence. On cross-examination, it came out that the Countess spoke a provincial dialect, any thing but the purest Tuscan, whence it was implied that she was a vulgar person, and Lord Lauderdale especially pointed out this inference, speaking himself in very broad Scotch. Upon which Lord —, a member of the Opposition, said to the witness, "Have the goodness to state whether Countess T— spoke Italian with as broad an accent as the noble Earl, who has just sat down, speaks with in his native tongue." The late Sir Henry Holland was present when this occurred, and used to relate the anecdote.



tions had ever made mention of that corps,¹ and Bonaparte was certainly ignorant of it. In this corps were the best of the Dutch troops; it had been placed there because the Duke expected the attack to be made on that side. He said that the French army was the best army that was ever seen, and that in the previous operations Bonaparte's march upon Belgium was the finest thing that ever was done—so rapid and so well combined. His object was to beat the armies in detail, and this object succeeded in so far as that he attacked them separately; but from the extraordinary celerity with which the allied armies were got together, he was not able to realize the advantages he had promised himself. The Duke says that they certainly were not prepared for this attack,² as the French had previously broken up the roads by which their army advanced; but as it was in summer this did not render them impassable. He says that Bonaparte beat the Prussians in a most extraordinary way, as the battle³ was gained in less than four hours; but that it would probably have been more complete if he had brought a greater number of troops into action, and not detached so large a body against the British corps. There were 40,000 men opposed to the Duke on the 16th, but he says that the attack was not so powerful as it ought to have been with such a force. The French had made a long march the day before the battle, and had driven in the Prussian posts in the evening. I asked him if he thought Bonaparte had committed any fault. He said he thought he had committed a fault in attacking him in the position of Waterloo; that his object ought to have been to remove him as far as possible from the Prussian army, and that he ought, consequently, to have moved upon Hal, and to have attempted to penetrate by the same road by which the Duke had himself advanced. He had always calculated upon Bonaparte's doing this, and for this purpose he had posted 20,000 men under Prince Frederick at Hal. He said that the position at Waterloo was uncommonly strong, but that the strength of it consisted alone in the two farms of Hougomont and La Haye

¹ [The Duke of Wellington has frequently been criticised for leaving so important a body of troops at Hal, so far upon his right that they were of no use in the battle. He always defended this disposition, and maintained that the greater probability was, that Napoleon would attack his extreme right and advance by Hal. On this occasion (in 1820) he himself drew attention to it, as is explained in the text.]

² [This passage is obscure, as the pronoun *they* can hardly refer to the allied armies; but it stands so in the MS.]

³ [The battle of Ligny, 16th of June, 1815.]

Sainte, both of which were admirably situated and adapted for defense. In Hougoumont there were never more than from 300 to 500 men, who were reënforced as it was necessary; and although the French repeatedly attacked this point, and sometimes with not less than 20,000 men, they never could even approach it. Had they obtained possession of it, they could not have maintained it, as it was open on one side to the whole fire of the English lines, while it was sheltered on the side toward the French. The Duke said the farm of La Haye Sainte was still better than that of Hougoumont, and that it never would have been taken if the officer who was commanding there had not neglected to make an aperture through which ammunition could be conveyed to his garrison.

When we arrived at Sir Philip Brookes's it rained, and we were obliged to sit in the house, when the Duke talked a great deal about Paris and different things. He told us that Blücher was determined to destroy the Bridge of Jena. The Duke spoke to Müffling, the Governor of Paris, and desired him to persuade Blücher to abandon this design. However, Blücher was quite determined. He said the French had destroyed the pillar at Rossbach and other things, and that they merited this retaliation. He also said that the English had burned Washington, and he did not see why he was not to destroy this bridge. Müffling, however, concerted with the Duke that English sentinels should be placed on the bridge, and if any Prussian soldiers should approach to injure it, these sentinels were not to retire. This, they conceived, would gain time, as they thought that previous to making any attempt on the bridge Blücher would apply to the Duke to withdraw the English sentinels. This was of no avail. The Prussians arrived, mined the arches, and attempted to blow up the bridge, sentinels and all. Their design, however, was frustrated, and the bridge received no injury. At length Müffling came to the Duke, and said that he was come to propose to him a compromise, which was that the bridge should be spared and the column in the Place Vendôme should be destroyed instead. "I saw," said the Duke, "that I had got out of the frying-pan into the fire. Fortunately at this moment the King of Prussia arrived, and he ordered that no injury should be done to either." On another occasion Blücher announced his intention of levying a contribution of 100 millions on the city of Paris. To this the Duke objected, and said that the raising such enormous contributions could only

be done by common consent, and must be a matter of general arrangement. Blücher said, "Oh! I do not mean to be the only party who is to levy any thing; you may levy as much for yourselves, and, depend upon it, if you do it will be paid; there will be no difficulty whatever." The Duke says that the two invasions cost the French 100 millions sterling. The Allies had 1,200,000 men clothed at their expense; the allowance for this was 60 francs a man. The army of occupation was entirely maintained; there were the contributions, the claims amounting to ten millions sterling. Besides this there were towns and villages destroyed and country laid waste.

CHAPTER II.

Popularity of George IV.—The Duke of York's Racing Establishment—Clerk of the Council—Lord Liverpool and Mr. Sumner—Lady Conyngham—Death of Lady Worcester—Her Character—Ball at Devonshire House—The Duke of York's Aversion to the Duke of Wellington—The Pavilion at Brighton—Lord Francis Conyngham—The King and the Duke of Wellington—Death of the Marquis of Londonderry—His Policy—Sir B. Bloomfield sent to Stockholm—Mr. Canning's Foreign Secretary—Queen Caroline and Brougham—Canning and George IV.—Lord William Bentinck aspires to go to India—His Disappointment—The Duke of York's Duel with Colonel Lennox—George III. a Will—George IV. appropriates the Late King's Personal Property—The Duke of Wellington on the Congress of Verona and on the Politics of Europe—Intervention in Spain—Ferdinand VII.—M. de Villele—The Duke's Opinion of Napoleon—Sir William Knighton—The Duke of York's Anecdotes of George IV.—Death of the Marquis of Titchfield—His Character.

1821.

London, February 7th.—The King went to the play last night (Drury Lane) for the first time, the Dukes of York and Clarence and a great suite with him. He was received with immense acclamations, the whole pit standing up, hurrahing and waving their hats. The boxes were very empty at first, for the mob occupied the avenues to the theatre, and those who had engaged boxes could not get to them. The crowd on the outside was very great. Lord Hertford dropped one of the candles as he was lighting the King in, and made a great confusion in the box. The King sat in Lady Bessborough's box, which was fitted up for him. He goes to Covent Garden to-night. A few people called "The Queen," but very few. A man in the gallery called out, "Where's your wife, Georgy?"

February 11th.—I came to town from Euston the end of last month. The debates were expected to be very stormy and the minorities very large, not that anybody expected Ministers to go out. It has all ended as such anticipations usually do, in every thing going off very quietly and the Government obtaining large majorities. Their Parliamentary successes and the King's reception have greatly elated them, and they think (and with reason probably) that they are likely to enjoy their places for the term of their natural lives, not that they care about the King's popularity, except inasmuch as it may add strength to their Administration. They do not conceal their contempt or dislike of him, and it is one of the phenomena of the present times that the King should have Ministers whom he abuses and hates, and who entertain corresponding sentiments of aversion to him; yet they defend all his errors and follies, and he affords them constant countenance and protection. However, the King was delighted by his reception at the theatres, and told Lady Bessborough, as he came down-stairs, he never was more gratified.

February 23d.—Yesterday the Duke of York proposed to me to take the management of his horses, which I accepted. Nothing could be more kind than the manner in which he proposed it.¹

March 5th.—I have experienced a great proof of the vanity of human wishes. In the course of three weeks I have attained the three things which I have most desired in the world for years past, and upon the whole I do not feel that my happiness is at all increased; perhaps if it were not for one cause it might be, but until that ceases to exist it is in vain that I acquire every other advantage or possess the means of amusement.²

March 22d.—I was sworn in the day before yesterday, and kissed hands at a Council at Carlton House yesterday morning as Clerk of the Council.

March 25th.—Lord Fife has been dismissed from his place of Lord of the Bedchamber for voting against the Malt Tax, and Lord Lovaine has been appointed instead.

April 19th.—The night before last Hobhouse made his furious attack upon Canning. Last night everybody expected

¹ [Mr. Greville continued to manage the racing establishment of the Duke of York from this time till the death of his Royal Highness.]

² [One of these things was Mr. Greville's appointment as Clerk of the Council; the second was his connection with the Duke of York in his racing establishment; I am ignorant of the third.]

that Canning would speak, and was extremely anxious to hear what notice he would take of Hobhouse. The army estimates came on first in the evening, and almost all the members went away, intending to return to the Reform debate, but when Reform came on there were only 100 members in the House. "Le combat finit faute de combattants," and when everybody came crowding down at nine o'clock the House had been up half an hour, having divided 53 to 41.¹

May 2d.—When the Canoury of Windsor became vacant Lady Conyngham asked the King to give it to Mr. Sumner,² who had been Mount Charles's tutor. The King agreed: the man was sent for, and kissed hands at Brighton. A letter was written to Lord Liverpool to announce the appointment. In the mean time Lord Liverpool had sent a list of persons, one of whom he should recommend to succeed to the vacancy, and the letters crossed. As soon as Lord Liverpool received the letter from Brighton he got into his carriage and went down to the King, to state that unless he was allowed to have the distribution of this patronage without any interference, he could not carry on the Government, and would resign his office if Sumner was appointed. The man was only a curate, and never held a living at all. The King "chanta palinodie," and a sort of compromise was made, by which Lady Conyngham's friend was withdrawn, and the King begged it might be given to Dr. Clarke, to which appointment Lord Liverpool consented, although he did not approve of him; he did not, however, wish to appear too difficult.

¹ [On the 17th of April Mr. Lambton (afterward Earl of Durham) moved for a Committee of the whole House to consider the state of the representation of the people in Parliament. It was owing to the misapprehension described in the text that the division was so small.]

² [Afterward Bishop of Winchester. This was the beginning of the fortune of that amiable prelate, of whom it must be said that, if he owed his early advancement to a questionable influence, no man has filled the episcopal office with more unaffected piety, dignity, and goodness. The difference between George IV. and Lord Liverpool on this occasion was a very serious one. The Duke of Wellington referred to it in a confidential letter to Lord Liverpool, written on the 24th of October, 1821, in the following terms: "As I told you at Windsor, the King has never forgiven your opposition to his wishes in the case of Mr. Sumner. This feeling has influenced every action of his life in relation to his Government from that moment; and I believe to more than one of us he avowed that his objection to Mr. Canning was, that his accession to the Government was peculiarly desirable to you. Nothing can be more unjust or more unfair than this feeling; and, as there is not one of your colleagues who did not highly approve of what you did respecting Mr. Sumner, so there is not one of them who would not suffer with you all the consequences of that act." ("Correspondence of the Duke of Wellington," Second Series, vol. i., p. 195; published in 1867)]

Lady Conyngham lives in one of the houses in Marlborough Row. All the members of her family are continually there, and are supplied with horses, carriages, etc., from the King's stables. She rides out with her daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and Lady Elizabeth join him in another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same; particularly the mother has strings of pearls of enormous value. Madame de Lieven said she had seen the pearls of the Grand Duchesses and the Prussian Princesses, but had never seen any nearly so fine as Lady Conyngham's. The other night Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion. After dinner Lady Conyngham called to Sir William Keppel and said, "Sir William, do desire them to light up the saloon" (this saloon is lit by hundreds of candles). When the King came in she said, "Sir, I told them to light up the saloon, as Lady Bath is coming this evening." The King seized her arm and said with the greatest tenderness, "Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing every thing you please, every thing to show that you are mistress here."

May 12th.—I have suffered the severest pain I ever had in my life by the death of Lady Worcester.¹ I loved her like a sister, and I have lost one of the few persons in the world who cared for me, and whose affection and friendship serve to make life valuable to me. She has been cut off in the prime of her life and in the bloom of her beauty, and so suddenly too. Seven days ago she was at a ball at Court, and she is now no more. She died like a heroine, full of cheerfulness and courage to the last. She has been snatched from life at a time when she was becoming every day more fit to live, for her mind, her temper, and her understanding, were gradually and rapidly improving; she had faults, but her mind was not vicious, and her defects may be ascribed to her education and to the actual state of the society in which she lived. Her

¹ [Georgiana Frederica, Marchioness of Worcester, daughter of the Hon Charles Fitzroy, married to Henry, afterward seventh Duke of Beaufort, in 1814, died 11th of May, 1821. This lamented lady left two daughters, afterward Lady Augusta Neumann and Lady Georgiana Codrington.]

virtues were inherent in her character ; every day developed them more and more, and they were such as to make the happiness of all who lived with her, and to captivate the affection of all who really knew her. I have never lost any one I loved before, and though I know the grief I now feel will soon subside (for so the laws of nature have ordained), long, long will it be before I forget her, or before my mind loses the lively impression of her virtues and of our mutual friendship.

This is one of those melancholy events in life to which the mind cannot for a long time reconcile or accustom itself. I saw her so short a time ago "glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy;" the accents of her voice still so vibrate in my ear that I cannot believe I shall never see her again. What a subject for contemplation and for moralizing! What reflections crowd into the mind!

Dr. Hume told me once he had witnessed many death-beds, but he had never seen any thing like the fortitude and resignation displayed by her. She died in his arms, and without pain. As life ebbed away her countenance changed, and when at length she ceased to breathe, a beautiful and tranquil smile settled upon her face.

Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame informed by purer fire;
Let her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife.
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more.

June 24th.—The King dined at Devonshire House last Thursday se'nnight. Lady Conyngham had on her head a sapphire which belonged to the Stuarts, and was given by Cardinal York to the King. He gave it to the Princess Charlotte, and when she died he desired to have it back, Leopold being informed it was a crown jewel. This crown jewel sparkled in the head-dress of the Marchioness at the ball. I ascertained the Duke of York's sentiments upon this subject the other day. He was not particularly anxious to discuss it, but he said enough to show that he has no good opinion of her. The other day, as we were going to the races from Oatlands, he gave me the history of the Duke of Wellington's life. His prejudice against him is excessively strong, and I think if ever he becomes King the other will not be Commander-in-Chief. He does not deny his military talents, but

he thinks that he is false and ungrateful, that he never gave sufficient credit to his officers, and that he was unwilling to put forward men of talent who might be in a situation to claim some share of credit, the whole of which he was desirous of engrossing himself. He says that at Waterloo he got into a scrape and avowed himself to be surprised, and he attributes in great measure the success of that day to Lord Anglesea, who, he says, was hardly mentioned, and that in the coldest terms, in the Duke's dispatch.¹

December 18th.—I have not written any thing for months. "Quante cose mi sono accadute!" My progress was as follows, not very interesting: To Newmarket, Whersted, Riddlesworth, Sprotborough, Euston, Elveden, Welbeck, Caversham, Nun Appleton, Welbeck, Burghley, and London. Nothing worth mentioning occurred at any of these places. Sprotborough was agreeable enough. The Grevilles, Montagu, Wilmot, and the Wortleys, were there. I came to town, went to Brighton yesterday se'nnight for a Council. I was lodged in the Pavilion and dined with the King. The gaudy splendor of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold and the evening dull beyond all dullness. They say the King is anxious that form and ceremony should be banished, and if so it only proves how impossible it is that form and ceremony should not always inhabit a palace. The rooms are not furnished for society, and, in fact, society cannot flourish without ease; and who can feel at ease who is under the eternal restraint which etiquette and respect impose? The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic. Lord Wellesley did not seem to like it, but of course he bowed and smiled like the rest. I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyngham. He sat by her on the couch almost the whole evening, playing at patience, and he took her in to dinner; but Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of

¹ [The unjust and unfavorable opinion expressed of the Duke of Wellington by the Duke of York dated from the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to a high command, and afterward to the chief command of the army in Portugal. The Duke of York had at one moment entertained hopes of commanding that army, but, when he was made to understand that this was impossible, he erroneously attributed this disappointment to the intrigues of those who were preferred before him. This matter is explained with further particulars *sub* 24th of December, 1822.]

them. I was curious to see the Pavilion and the life they lead there, and I now only hope I may never go there again, for the novelty is past, and I should be exposed to the whole weight of the bore of it without the stimulus of curiosity.

December 19th.—I dined with Lord Gwydir yesterday, and sat next to Prince Lieven. He told me that Bloomfield is no longer in favor, that he has been supplanted by Lord Francis Conyngham,¹ who now performs almost all the functions which formerly appertained to Bloomfield. He is quite aware of his decline, and submits himself to it in a manly way. He is no longer so necessary to the King as he was, for a short time ago he could not bear that Bloomfield should be absent, and now his absence is unfelt. Francis goes to the King every morning, usually breakfasts with him, and receives all his orders. He was invited to go to Panshanger for two days, and was very anxious to go, but he could not obtain leave from the King to absent himself. Bloomfield does not put himself forward; "*même il se retire*," he said, and it is understood that he has made up his mind to resign his situation and leave the Court. The King is still perfectly civil and good-humored to him, but has withdrawn his confidence from him, and Bloomfield is no longer his first servant.

I asked Lieven whether Francis Conyngham, in performing the other duties which had hitherto been allotted to Bloomfield, also exercised the functions of Private Secretary, because this involved a much more serious question. He said that he did not know; all he knew was that while he was at Brighton Bloomfield was absent for five days, and that during that time the other had ostensibly occupied the place which Bloomfield used to hold about the King's person. The commencement of this revolution in the King's sentiments is to be dated from the journey to Hanover. Now Bloomfield sits among the guests at dinner at the Pavilion; the honors are done by the father on one side and the son on the other.

1822.

July 16th.—Since I wrote last I have been continually in town. I have won on the Derby, my sister is married,² and

¹ [Lord Francis Conyngham, second son of the first Marquis of Conyngham (who was raised to the British peerage in June, 1821), afterward himself Marquis of Conyngham.]

² [Miss Greville married Lord Francis Leveson Gower, afterward Earl of Ellesmere, in 1822.]

I have done nothing worth recording. How habit and practice change our feelings, our opinions; and what an influence they have upon our thoughts and actions! Objects which I used to contemplate at an immeasurable distance, and to attain which I thought would be the summit of felicity, I have found worth very little in comparison to the value my imagination used to set upon them. . . . London is nearly over, has been tolerably agreeable; but I have been very often bored to death by the necessity of paying some attention to keep up an interest.

July 30th.—Madame de Lieven is ill with the King, and is miserable in consequence. Lady Cowper is her *confidante*, and the Duke of Wellington; but this latter pretends to know nothing of it, and asked me the other day what it was, I am sure in order to discover what people say. When the Duke was at Brighton in the winter, he and the King had a dispute about the army. It began (it was at dinner) by the King's saying that the Russians or the Prussians (I forget which) were the best infantry in the world. The Duke said, "Except your Majesty's." The King then said the English cavalry were the best, which the Duke denied; then that an inferior number of French regiments would always beat a superior number of English, and, in short, that they were not half so effective. The King was very angry; the dispute waxed warm, and ended by his Majesty rising from table and saying, "Well, it is not for me to dispute on such a subject with your Grace." The King does not like the Duke, nor does the Duke of York. This I know from himself.

August 13th.—I went to Cirencester on Friday and came back yesterday. At Hounslow I heard of the death of Lord Londonderry.¹ When I got to town I met several people who had all assumed an air of melancholy, a *visage de circonstance*, which provoked me inexpressibly, because it was certain that they did not care; indeed, if they felt at all, it was probably rather satisfaction at an event happening than sorrow for the death of the person. It seems Lord Londonderry had been unwell for some time, but not seriously, and a few days before this catastrophe he became much worse, and was very much dejected. He told Lord Granville some time ago that he was worn out with fatigue, and he told Count Münster the

¹ [Lord Castlereagh, far better known by that name, succeeded as second Marquis of Londonderry on the 11th of April, 1821—only sixteen months before his death.]

other day that he was very ill indeed. The Duke of Wellington saw him on Friday, and was so struck by the appearance of illness about him that he sent Bankhead to him. He was cupped on Saturday in London, got better, and went to Foot's Cray. On Sunday he was worse, and the state of dejection in which he appeared induced his attendants to take certain precautions, which unfortunately, however, proved fruitless. They removed his pistols and his razors, but he got hold of a penknife which was in the room next his, and on Sunday night or early on Monday morning he cut his throat with it. There is not a Minister in town but Lord Liverpool, Vansittart, and the Chancellor. Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, the Duke of Wellington in Holland, Lord Sidmouth in Yorkshire, Peel and Lord Melville in Scotland with the King. No event ever gave rise to more speculation with the few people there are left to speculate, and the general opinion seems to be that Canning will not go to India,¹ but will be appointed in his room. It certainly opens a door to his ambition as well as to that of Peel, who, unless Canning comes into office, must of necessity lead the House of Commons. Another speculation is that Lord Liverpool will take this opportunity of resigning, and that the King will form a Whig Ministry. I do not believe Lord Liverpool wishes to resign, and my opinion is that Canning will come into office.

I had hardly any acquaintance with Lord Londonderry, and therefore am not in the slightest degree affected by his death. As a Minister he is a great loss to his party, and still greater to his friends and dependants, to whom he was the best of patrons; to the country I think he is none. Nobody can deny that his talents were great, and perhaps he owed his influence and authority as much to his character as to his abilities. His appearance was dignified and imposing; he was affable in his manners and agreeable in society. The great feature of his character was a cool and determined courage, which gave an appearance of resolution and confidence to all his actions, and inspired his friends with admiration and excessive devotion to him, and caused him to be respected by his most violent opponents. As a speaker he was prolix, monotonous, and never eloquent, except, perhaps, for a few minutes when provoked into a passion by something which had fallen out in debate. But, notwithstanding these defects, and

¹ [Mr. Canning had just accepted the office of Governor-General of India, and was about to go out to that country.]

still more the ridicule which his extraordinary phraseology had drawn upon him, he was always heard with attention. He never spoke ill; his speeches were continually replete with good sense and strong argument, and though they seldom offered much to admire, they generally contained a great deal to be answered. I believe he was considered one of the best managers of the House of Commons who ever sat in it, and he was eminently possessed of the good taste, good-humor, and agreeable manners which are more requisite to make a good leader than eloquence, however brilliant. With these qualities, it may be asked why he was not a better Minister, and who can answer that question? or who can aver that he did not pursue the policy which he conscientiously believed to be most advantageous to his country? Nay, more, who can say but from surmise and upon speculation that it was not the best? I believe that he was seduced by his vanity, that his head was turned by emperors, kings, and congresses, and that he was resolved that the country which he represented should play as conspicuous a part as any other in the political dramas which were acted on the Continent. The result of his policy is this, that we are mixed up in the affairs of the Continent in a manner we have never been before, which entails upon us endless negotiations and enormous expenses. We have associated ourselves with the members of the Holy Alliance, and countenanced the acts of ambition and despotism in such a manner as to have drawn upon us the detestation of the nations of the Continent; and our conduct toward them at the close of the war has brought a stain upon our character for bad faith and desertion which no time will wipe away, and the recollection of which will never be effaced from their minds.

August 19th.—I went to Brighton on Saturday to see the Duke [of York]; returned to-day. The Pavilion is finished. The King has had a subterranean passage made from the house to the stables, which is said to have cost £3,000 or £5,000; I forget which. There is also a bath in his apartment, with pipes to conduct water from the sea; these pipes cost £600. The King has not taken a sea-bath for sixteen years.

The Marquis of Londonderry is to be buried to-morrow in Westminster Abbey. It is thought injudicious to have any thing like an ostentatious funeral, considering the circumstances under which he died, but it is the particular wish of

his widow. She seems to consider the respect which is paid to his remains as a sort of testimony to his character, and nothing will pacify her feelings or satisfy her affection but seeing him interred with all imaginable honors. It seems that he gave several indications of a perturbed mind a short time previous to his death. For some time past he had been dejected, and his mind was haunted with various apprehensions, particularly with a notion that he was in great personal danger. On the day (the 3d of August) he gave a great dinner at Cray to his political friends, some of them finding the wine very good, wished to compliment him upon it, and Arbuthnot called out, "Lord Londonderry!" He instantly jumped up with great vivacity, and stood as if in expectation of something serious that was to follow. When he was told that it was about the wine they wished to speak to him, he sat down; but his manner was so extraordinary that Huskisson remarked it to Wilmot as they came home. In the last interview which the Duke of Wellington had with him he said he never heard him converse upon affairs with more clearness and strength of mind than that day. In the middle of the conversation, however, he said, "To prove to you what danger I am in, my own servants think so, and that I ought to go off directly, that I have no time to lose, and they keep my horses saddled that I may get away quickly; they think that I should not have time to go away in a carriage." Then ringing the bell violently, he said to the servant, "Tell me, sir, instantly who ordered my horses here; who sent them up to town?" The man answered that the horses were at Cray, and had never been in town. The Duke desired the man to go, and in consequence of this strange behavior wrote the letter to Bankhead which has been since published.

August 20th.—Knighton went with the King to Scotland, and slept in one of his Majesty's own cabins, that next to him. He is supposed to have been appointed Privy Purse. Bloomfield has got the mission to Stockholm. When Bloomfield was dismissed a disposition was shown to treat him in a very unceremonious manner; but he would not stand this, and displayed a spirit which he was probably enabled to assume in consequence of what he knows. When they found he was not to be bullied they treated with him, and gave him every honor and emolument he could desire.

September 22d.—I saw Lady Bathurst on the 13th. Canning had not then sent his answer, and greatly surprised were

the Ministers at the delay. Lord Liverpool's proposal to him was simple and unclogged with conditions—the Foreign Office and the lead in the House of Commons. The King's repugnance to his coming into office was extreme, and it required all the efforts of his Ministers to surmount it. The Duke of Wellington and Peel have all the credit of having persuaded the King to consent, but Lord Bathurst's arguments influenced him as much as those of any person, and he told Lady Conyngham that he was more satisfied by what Lord Bathurst had said to him on the subject than by any of the Ministers. I know that among the Canning party Lord Bathurst is supposed to have joined with the Chancellor in opposing his appointment. The danger in which the Duke of Wellington was sensibly affected the King, because at this moment the Duke is in high favor with him; and when he heard he was so ill he sent Knighton to him to comfort him with a promise that he would reconsider the proposal of receiving Canning, and the next day he signified his consent. I saw a note from Lady Conyngham to Lady Bathurst, in which she gave an account of the uneasiness and agitation in which the King had been in consequence of the Duke's illness, saying how much she had suffered in consequence, and how great had been *their* relief, when Knighton brought word that he was better. The "dear King," she said, was more composed. She added that she (Lady B.) would hear that evening what would give her pleasure, and this was that the King had agreed to take Canning. In a conversation also Lady C. said that she did hope, now the King had yielded his own inclination to the wishes and advice of his Ministers, that they would behave to him better than they had done. Canning was sworn in on Monday. His friends say that he was very well received. The King told Madame de Lieven that having consented to receive him, he had behaved to him, *as he always did*, in the most gentlemanlike manner he could, and that on delivering to him the seals, he said to him that he had been advised by his Ministers that his abilities and eloquence rendered him the only fit man to succeed to the vacancy which Lord Londonderry's death had made, and that, in appointing him to the situation, he had only to desire that he would follow the steps of his predecessor. This Madame de Lieven told to Lady Jersey, and she to me. It seems that the King was so struck with Lord Londonderry's manner (for he said to the King nearly what he said to the Duke of Wellington),

and so persuaded that some fatal catastrophe would take place, that when Peel came to inform him of what had happened, he said to him before he spoke, "I know you are come to tell me that Londonderry is dead." Peel had just left him, and upon receiving the dispatches immediately returned; and when Lady Conyngham was told by Lord Mount Charles that there was a report that he was dead, she said, "Good God! then he has destroyed himself." She knew what had passed with the King, and was the only person to whom he had told it.

September 23d. — George Bentinck, who thinks there never existed such a man as Canning, and who probably has heard from him some circumstances connected with his resignation at the time of the Queen's trial, told — that it was in consequence of a dispute between the King and his Ministers concerning the payment of the expenses of the Milan Commission. The Ministers wished the King to pay the expenses himself, and he wished them to be defrayed by Government. Lord Londonderry promised the King (without the concurrence of the other Ministers) that the expenses should be paid by Government, but with money ostensibly appropriated to other purposes. This Canning could not endure, and resigned. Such is his story, which probably is partly true and partly false.

November 5th. — I have been to Newmarket, Euston, Riddlesworth, Rendlesham, Whersted, besides going to town several times and to Brighton. Since I left London for the Doncaster races, I have traveled near 1,200 miles. At Riddlesworth the Duke of York told me a great deal about the Queen and Brougham, but he was so unintelligible, that part I could not make out, and part I do not remember. What I can recollect amounts to this, that the Emperor of Austria was the first person who informed the King of the Queen's conduct in Italy; that, after the inquiry was set on foot, a negotiation was entered into with the Queen, the basis of which was that she should abdicate the title of Queen; and that to this she had consented. He said that Brougham had acted a double part, for that he had acquiesced in the propriety of her acceding to those terms, and had promised that he would go over to her and confirm her in her resolution to agree to them; that he had not only not gone, but that, while he was making these promises to Government, he had written to the Queen, desiring her to come over. The Duke

told me that a man (whose name he did not mention) came to him and said, "So the Queen comes over?" He said, "No; she does not." The man said, "I know she does, for Brougham has written to her to come; I saw the letter." If Lord Liverpool and Lord Londonderry had thought proper to publish what had been done on the part of Brougham, he would have been covered with infamy; but they would not do it, and he thinks they were wrong. The rest I cannot remember.¹

Welbeck, November 16th.—I have had a great deal of conversation with Titchfield,² particularly about Canning, and he told me this curious fact about his coming into office: When the King had consented to receive him, he wrote a letter nearly in these words to Lord Liverpool: "The King thinks that the brightest jewel in the crown is to extend his forgiveness [I am not sure that this was the word³] to a subject who has offended him, and he therefore informs Lord L. that he consents to Mr. Canning forming a part of the Cabinet." This letter was communicated by Lord Liverpool to Canning, and upon reading it he was indignant, as were his wife and his daughter. The consequence was that he wrote a most violent and indignant reply, addressed to the same person to whom the other letter had been addressed, and which was intended in like manner to be shown to the King, as the

¹ [This is an erroneous and imperfect account of this important transaction, the particulars of which are related by Lord Brougham in his "Memoirs," cap. xvi., vol. ii., p. 352, and still more fully by Mr. Yonge in his "Life of Lord Liverpool," vol. iii., p. 52. Mr. Brougham had sent his brother James to the Queen at Geneva to dissuade her from setting out for England, but, as he himself observes, "I was quite convinced that if she once set out she never would stop short." He met her himself at St. Omer, being the bearer of a memorandum dated the 15th of April, 1820, which contained the terms proposed by the King's Government. He went to St. Omer in company with Lord Hutchinson, but Mr. Brougham, and not Lord Hutchinson, was the bearer of these propositions. Lord Hutchinson, had no copy of the document. The extraordinary part of Mr. Brougham's conduct was that he never at all submitted or made known to the Queen the memorandum of the 15th of April; and she knew nothing of it till she had reached London, when all negotiation was broken off. This fact Lord Brougham does not explain in his "Memoirs;" but Lord Hutchinson declared in his report to Lord Liverpool that in truth Brougham "did not appear to possess the smallest degree of power, weight, or authority over the mind of the Queen, when at St. Omer.]

² [The Marquis of Titchfield, eldest son of the fourth Duke of Portland, Mr. Greville's first cousin, died in the twenty-eighth year of his age.]

³ [The exact words in the King's letter to Lord Liverpool are "extend his grace and favor to a subject who may have incurred his displeasure." This letter, Lord Liverpool's letter transmitting it to Mr. Canning, and Mr. Canning's answer to Lord Liverpool, are now all published in Mr. Yonge's "Life and Administration of Lord Liverpool," vol. iii., p. 200.]

King's letter was to him. Upon hearing what had passed, however, down came Lord Granville and Mr. Ellis in a great hurry, and used every argument to dissuade him from sending the letter, urging that he had entirely misunderstood the purport of the letter which had offended him; that it was intended as an invitation to reconciliation, and contained nothing which could have been meant as offensive; that the country would be so dissatisfied (which ardently desired and expected that he should come into office) if he rejected this overture, that he would not be justified in refusing his services to the public, who so anxiously wished for them. These arguments, vehemently urged and put in every possible shape, prevailed, and the angry reply was put in the fire, and another written, full of gratitude, duty, and acquiescence.

London, November 24th.—The morning I left Welbeck I had a long conversation with Titchfield upon various matters connected with politics and his family, particularly relating to Lord William's correspondence with Lord Liverpool about the Government of India. He showed me this correspondence, in which, as I anticipated, Lord William had the worst of it. Lord Liverpool's answer was unanswerable. He showed me also a very long letter which he had received from Lord William, together with the copies of the correspondence, which was written the evening before he went abroad. In this letter (which I only read once, and which was so long that I cannot recollect it) he gave a detailed account of his sentiments upon the Indian matter, with the reasons for his having acted as he did, also his feelings with regard to the manner in which Canning had behaved upon the occasion and a conversation which he had with Mrs. Canning.¹ This latter I think exceedingly curious, because it serves to show what the object and the pretensions of Canning are in taking office, and exhibit that ambition the whole extent of which he dares not show. It seems that the Directors were anxious that Lord William should be appointed Governor-General, and this he knew through friends of his in the Court. Government,

¹ [Mrs. Canning was the younger sister of Henrietta, wife of the fourth Duke of Portland, both of them being the daughters and coheirresses of Major-General John Scott, of Balcomie. Lord William Bentinck, the Duke's brother, was therefore a near connection, and Lord George Bentinck and Lord John Bentinck, the Duke's sons, were, by their mother's side, Mrs. Canning's nephews. Lady Charlotte Greville, Mr. Charles Greville's mother, was of course connected with Mrs. Canning in the same degree as her brother Lord William Bentinck.]

however, having signified their dissent to his nomination, Lord Amherst was nominated by the Court and accepted. Lord William's displeasure with Canning arises from an idea that Canning was backward in supporting his interests in this matter, and that he kept aloof from Lord William, and acquiesced in his rejection without ever communicating with him on the subject. Had Canning stated to him the difficulties under which he labored, from his anxiety to serve him on the one hand and his obligation of coinciding with his colleagues on the other, Lord William would not have hesitated to *desire* him to abandon his interests rather than involve himself in any embarrassment on his account. He wrote to Lord Liverpool to complain that the Court of Directors being inclined to nominate him, Lord L. had interposed his influence to prevent that nomination; that he did not ask Lord L. to consent to his appointment, but he did ask him not to interpose his influence to prevent his nomination, because that nomination was essential to his character, as proving that the Court of Directors were satisfied of the injustice with which he had been treated in the affair of the Vellore mutiny. Lord Liverpool's answer was short and civil, assuring him that he had neither directly nor indirectly exerted any influence at all, maintaining his right to give his opinion to the Directors in case it had been asked, and stating that Lord Amherst had been proposed by the Court and accepted by Government.¹ While this matter was still pending, and before Lord Amherst's appointment had been made known, Lord William went to Gloucester Lodge. He saw Mrs. Canning, and being anxious to acquire information concerning the Indian appointment, he told her that she had an opportunity of obliging him by telling him any thing she knew concerning it. She answered very quickly and in a very bad humor: "Oh, it is all settled; Lord Amherst is appointed." She then put into his hand a letter which Canning had received that morning from the Duke of Portland, declining his offer of the Private Secretaryship for John and George, alleging as a

¹ [Lord Liverpool's letter to the King on this appointment has been published by Mr. Yonge, in his *Life of that statesman*. He stated strongly to George IV. his opinion that, although Lord William Bentinck was supported by a powerful party in the Court of Directors, he thought it would be "humiliating to the Government, and productive of the very worst effects, to appoint to such a station a man who had taken so strong a part in Parliamentary Opposition." George IV. replied that he thought it "highly inadvisable that Lord William Bentinck should be the successor of the Marquis of Hastings." (Yonge's "*Life of Lord Liverpool*," vol. iii., p. 204.) Lord William Bentinck had previously been Governor of Madras at the time of the mutiny at Vellore.]

reason the hostile politics of Lord William and Titchfield. Mrs. Canning said that she had no idea that they would not have supported Canning, that she was aware they differed on some matters of minor importance, but that she had imagined their general opinions to be similar; that she had conceived Lord William's opposition to have been directed against Lord Londonderry, and that it would have ceased with his death; that "the present must be considered as a new Administration, and that Canning must be virtually Minister of the country." Lord William replied that he could not view it in that light, that he thought it likely the introduction of Canning into the Cabinet might effect a beneficial influence on the measures of Government, and more particularly that a system of foreign policy might be adopted more congenial to his sentiments upon that subject; that it would give him the greatest pleasure to see such a change of measures as would enable him to give his support to a Government of which Canning was so conspicuous a member, but that he could not think that to be a new Administration which was composed (with the sole exception of Canning) of precisely the same persons of which it consisted before he joined them.

George,¹ after having refused the Private Secretaryship, was talked over by Canning and accepted it. He tried to gain over John, but he refused to share it.

Canning wished that Manners Sutton should be appointed Governor-General, in order that Wynn might be made Speaker, and room made for Huskisson in the Cabinet; but Wynn would not have given up his situation, and it is very much suspected that, if he had, the strength of Government would have been insufficient to procure his election as Speaker, so unpopular is he in the House.

December 24th.—The other day I went to Bushy with the Duke [of York], and, as we passed over Wimbledon Common, he showed me the spot where he fought his duel with the Duke of Richmond. He then told me the whole story and all the circumstances which led to it, most of which are in print. That which I had never heard before was, that at a masquerade three masks insulted the Prince of Wales, when the Duke interfered, desired the one who was most prominent to address himself to him, and added that he suspected him

¹ [Lord George Bentinck, third son of the fourth Duke of Portland; born 1802, died 1848; afterward distinguished as the leader of the Protectionist party.]

to be an officer in his regiment (meaning Colonel Lennox), and, if he was, he was a coward and a disgrace to his profession; if he was not the person he took him for, he desired him to unmask, and he would beg his pardon. The three masks were supposed to be Colonel Lennox, the Duke of Gordon, and Lady Charlotte. This did not lead to any immediate consequences, but perhaps indirectly contributed to what followed. The Duke never found out whether the masks were the people he suspected.

The last time I was with him he told me a variety of particulars about the Duke of Wellington's conduct at the siege of Seringapatam, of Lord Harris's reluctance to intrust the command of a storming party to him, of his not arriving at the place of rendezvous the first night, of Lord Harris's anger and the difficulty with which he was brought to consent to his being employed the second night, when he distinguished himself so signally. Among various other matters, of which it was impossible to bring away a perfect recollection, from his confused manner of narrating, and particularly his inaccuracy as to dates, he told me (with many recommendations to secrecy) that which immediately explained to me the dislike which he certainly bears to the Duke and (which I did not know before) to Lord Londonderry. He said that after the retreat of our army under Sir J. Moore from Spain (he was not quite certain himself as to the exact period, though a reference to the history of that period will probably elucidate the matter) Lord L. sent for him, and communicated to him that it was the intention of Government to send out an expedition to Portugal, and to confer the command of it upon him. He replied that if called upon he should consider it his duty to serve, but he should never solicit any command. Nothing more passed at that time, but the newspapers by some means immediately got hold of this project and violently attacked the Government for thinking of sending him out. He does not appear to have known what intermediate deliberation led to a change in the determination of the Ministers in regard to himself. He says that Lord Chatham, who was much attached to him, and was then a Cabinet Minister, came to him one day, and told him he was betrayed, and that he was sacrificed to make way for Sir A. Wellesley; that soon after this Lord L. sent for him, and said that he was extremely sorry that public opinion was so strongly against his appointment to the command of the army that it was impossible

for Government to confer it upon him. Soon after this the expedition was formed, and Sir A. Wellesley was appointed to the command. This was the Duke's own version of the transaction.

1823.

Some particulars concerning the late King's will were told me by the Duke of York as we were going to Oatlands to shoot on Wednesday, the 8th of January, 1823. The King was empowered by Act of Parliament to make a will about the year 1766. In 1770 he made a will, by which he left all he had to the Queen for her life, Buckingham House to the Duke of Clarence, some property to the Duke of Kent, and to the Duke of York his second best George and some other trifling remembrance. He considered the Duke of York provided for by the Bishopric of Osnaburgh. Of this will three copies were made; one was deposited in the German *chancellerie* in England, one in Hanover, and the other it was believed the King kept himself. He afterward resolved to cancel this will, and two of the copies of it were destroyed, the third still existing (I could not make out by what means—if he told me I have forgotten—or which copy it was that survived). In 1810 the King made another will, but for various reasons he always put off signing it, once or twice because he wished to make alterations in it; at length he appointed a day to sign it, but when the Chancellor brought it one of the witnesses was absent, and the signature was again postponed. Other days were afterward fixed for this purpose, but before the signature was affixed the King was taken ill, and consequently the will never was signed. After the death of the King the only good will, therefore, was his original will of 1770, which was produced and read in the presence of the King, the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Lord Liverpool, the Duke of York, Adair, the King's solicitor (Spyer his name), and one or two others whom he mentioned. Buckingham House, which had been left to the Duke of Clarence, had been twice sold; the Queen and the Duke of Kent were dead; the only legatee, therefore, was the Duke of York. Now arose a difficulty—whether the property of the late King demised to the King or to the Crown. The Chancellor said that the only person who had any thing to say to the will was the Duke of York; but the Duke and the King differed with regard to the right of inheritance, and the Duke, wishing to avoid any dispute or

discussion on the subject, begged to wash his hands of the whole matter. The King conceives that the whole of the late King's property devolves upon him personally, and not upon the Crown, and he has consequently appropriated to himself the whole of the money and jewels. The money did not amount to more than £120,000. So touchy is he about pecuniary matters that his Ministers have never dared to remonstrate with him, nor to tell him he has no right so to act. The consequence is that he has spent the money, and has taken to himself the jewels as his own private property. The Duke thinks that he has no right thus to appropriate their father's property, but that it belongs to the Crown. The King has acted in a like manner with regard to the Queen's [Charlotte's] jewels. She possessed a great quantity, some of which had been given her by the late King on her marriage, and the rest she had received in presents at different times. Those which the late King had given her she conceived to belong to the Crown, and left them back to the present King; the rest she left to her daughters. The King has also appropriated the Queen's [Caroline's] jewels to himself, and conceives that they are his undoubted private property. The Duke thinks that the Ministers ought to have taken the opportunity of the coronation, when a new crown was to be provided, to state to him the truth with regard to the jewels, and to suggest that they should be converted to that purpose. This, however, they dared not do, and so the matter remains. The King had even a design of selling the library collected by the late King, but this he was obliged to abandon, for the Ministers and the Royal Family must have interfered to oppose so scandalous a transaction. It was therefore presented to the British Museum.

January 25th.—I came from Gorhambury with the Duke of Wellington last Wednesday, and he was very communicative. He gave me a detailed history of the late Congress, and told me many other things which I should be glad to recollect.

After the two treaties of Paris and Vienna the Allied Powers agreed to meet in Congress from time to time to arrange together any matters of general interest which might arise, and to settle and discuss any differences which might occur between any two Powers, a rule being laid down that the affairs of no Power should be discussed without that Power being invited to the deliberation. The affairs of Naples were

the first that attracted their attention. Austria complained that the ramifications of the secret political societies which had sprung up at Naples tended to disturb and revolutionize the Italian possessions, and demanded the consent of the Allied Powers that she should abate the nuisance. The cause was deemed sufficient to justify her interference, and the events followed which are known. The Congress at Verona was assembled for the purpose of taking into consideration the affairs of Italy, and for discussing the propriety of relieving Naples from the burden of that military force which had been maintained there for the purpose of extinguishing the revolutionary spirit. At this Congress France came forward and complained that the revolution which had taken place in Spain menaced her internal tranquillity, and demanded the advice of Congress as to the measures she should adopt. In this it will be observed that the rule of every Power being called upon to attend a deliberation in which its affairs were to be discussed was dispensed with. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, immediately replied that if she considered the Spanish revolution to be dangerous to her repose, she would be justified in stifling that revolution by force of arms, and offered to coöperate with her in the attempt. England refused to give any answer to the demands of France, and demanded in return what was her case against Spain. To this no answer was given. The part then taken by the Duke was to deprecate hostilities, both publicly as Plenipotentiary of England and privately in the various conversations which he had with the Emperor of Russia, who seems to have been the strongest advocate for making war with Spain. The imprudence of the Spaniards has afforded some color to the right assumed by their enemies of interfering with their affairs, for they have upon several occasions attempted to foment the troubles which either existed or threatened to appear both in Naples and Piedmont; and the Emperor of Russia told the Duke that he had detected the Spanish Minister at St. Petersburg in an attempt to corrupt his soldiers at the time of the mutiny of the Guards, and that he had consequently sent him out of the country. The Duke replied that if the Emperor of Russia had reasonable grounds of complaint against Spain, he would be fully justified in declaring war against her, and that he would advise him to do so if he could march 150,000 men into Spain; but in suffering three years to elapse without making any complaint he had virtually renounced his

right to complain, and that it was unfair to rake up a forgotten grievance against Spain at a time when she was menaced by another Power upon other grounds. The Duke said that the Emperor of Russia once talked to him of the practicability of marching an army into Spain, and seemed to think he might do so. The Duke said that the French Government would never allow it, when he said he could send them by sea. The Duke told him it would take 2,000 ships. One of the arguments of the Emperor of Russia was this: that constituted as their Governments were (military Governments) it was impossible for them to tolerate consistently with their own security any revolution which originated in military insubordination.

After the Congress the Duke returned to Paris, and found that not only Monsieur de Villèle was averse to war, but that the King, Monsieur, and the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, were equally disinclined to commence hostilities. His endeavors have been incessantly directed to confirm their pacific dispositions, and to induce the Spanish Government to display moderation in their language and conduct. I asked him if such were the sentiments of the ruling powers in France upon what the question now turned, and why all idea of war was not abandoned, since both parties were pacifically inclined. He said¹ that France had been led into a dilemma by a series of erroneous measures, that hers was a false position, that having made the demands she had done to the Allied Powers, having held such lofty language, and having made such a show of military preparation, her difficulty was how to retract and retrace her steps with honor and credit to herself;

¹ [All this reasoning appears to me exceedingly false, and I do not understand a Government being compelled to adopt measures adverse to her inclinations and injurious to her interests, by circumstances which she could not control. A wise and vigorous statesman would break through such a web as that in which the French politics are entangled, and I cannot comprehend how the honor of a nation is to be supported by an obstinate adherence to measures which she had been led incautiously to adopt, and which were afterward found to militate with her true interests. If the councils of France were directed by a Minister of a vigorous and independent character if such a Minister were to come forward and state frankly to Spain, and announce to all Europe, that he would not invade the liberty and the rights of Spain, and instantly put a stop to all hostile preparations, finding arguments for an act of magnanimity, moderation, and justice, which are never wanting when some deed of lawless ambition and violent aggression is to be perpetrated, would not such a man acquire a more solid reputation than he who sacrifices to some punctilio the interests of his own country and the happiness and repose of millions, how great soever might be the success with which his efforts should be crowned?—(C. G.)

that she was a nation whose character depended in great measure upon her military renown, and that it would reflect disgrace upon her to have made such mighty preparations and assumed so peremptory a tone without performing any action commensurate with the expectations she had raised. He said that appearances certainly became more warlike, but that he still hoped peace would be maintained; that if war ensued it would be entered into contrary to the interests and inclinations of all the parties concerned, and that it would have been brought about by a succession of circumstances over which they had no control; that it was impossible for two armies to remain for a length of time so near each other without mutual incursions being made, insults and injuries exchanged, which must inevitably end in a state of warfare and hostility; that the recall of the French Minister from Madrid would contribute to this result, for both in the Cortes and the Andalusian Junta expressions would be uttered offensive to the French Government, and misrepresentations would be made which would have the effect of exasperating the parties and of widening the breach; and that there being no agent of France at Madrid to furnish explanations and destroy the effect of the misrepresentations, there would be a constant correspondence between Madrid and Paris, in which vent would be given to all the angry feelings that ever existed.¹ The Duke advised that no answer should be given to the notes of the three Powers, nor to that of the French Minister. Had the Spanish Government declined to take notice of the notes, they would have imposed upon them the difficulty of taking the next steps. However, he admitted that the answer to the French note was very moderate. There is no statesman in Spain. There are some eloquent men in the Cortes, particularly Torreno and Arguelles. Torreno is the ablest man, but he has injured his character by speculation. The state of Spain is such that the most violent and turbulent possess the greatest share of influence. Portugal is in a state of greater intellectual improvement, and among the Portuguese there are some men of ability—Palmella, and another whose name I have forgotten. But Spain is not only deficient in men of education and talent to direct her councils,

¹ These notes were addressed, by the respective Courts, to their own Ministers at Madrid. The Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs need not have taken any notice of them whatever according to the forms of diplomatic communication.—[C. C. G.]

but she has no army, and not one officer of capacity. Not one was formed by the late war, for such were their vanity and ignorance that they would learn nothing from the English.

Upon one occasion only the Spaniards gained a victory, the day on which St. Sebastian was stormed. Soult attacked a Spanish corps commanded by General Freyre. When the Duke was informed of the attack he hastened to the scene of action and placed two British divisions in reserve, to support the Spaniards, but did not allow them to come into action. He found the Spaniards running away as fast as they could. He asked them where they were going. They said they were taking off the wounded. He immediately sent and ordered the gates of Irun, to which they were flying, to be shut against them, and sent to Freyre to desire he would rally his men. This was done, and they sustained the attack of the French; but General Freyre sent to the Duke to beg he would let his divisions support him, as he could not maintain himself much longer. The Duke said to Freyre's aide-de-camp: "If I let a single man fire, the English will swear they gained the victory, and he had much better do it all himself; besides, look through my glass, and you will see the French are retreating." This was the case, for a violent storm of rain had occurred, and the French, who had crossed a river, finding that it began to swell, and that their bridges were in danger of being carried away, had begun to retreat. The Spaniards maintained their position, but the Duke said he believed they owed it to the storm more than to their own resolution.

The Duke wrote to Alava some time ago (three years, I think) and desired him to advise the King from him, now that he had accepted the Constitution, to throw himself upon his Ministers. He has not written to Alava, nor Alava to him, for three years, because he knows that all letters are opened and read. He says the King of Spain is not clever, but cunning; his manners are good. He is in correspondence with the Allied Sovereigns, and is playing false. He has the means of corresponding, because, although his household is composed of men friendly to the revolution, there is no restraint upon his person, and he sees whomsoever he pleases. In case of war the French would obtain complete success. He conceives their object would be to obtain possession of the person of the King, to overthrow the Constitution, establish the King upon the throne with a Constitution perhaps similar

to the French Charte, and to establish an army of occupation to maintain such an order of things till he should be able to form an army of his own.

The Duke saw the King of France twice while he was in Paris. He was much broken, but talked of living twelve or fourteen years. The second time he was in better health and spirits than the first time. Madame du Cayla sent to the Duke to ask him to call upon her; he went twice and she was not at home. At his levee the King said, "Il y a une personne qui regrette beaucoup de n'avoir pas eu le plaisir de vous voir." The courtiers told him the King meant Madame du C. He went the same evening and saw her. She is a fine woman, about forty, and agreeable. She sees the King every Wednesday; he writes notes and verses to her, and he has given her a great deal of money. He has built a house for her, and given her a *terre* near St. Denis which is valued at 1,500,000 francs. The King likes M. de Villèle¹ exceedingly. He has occasionally talked to the Duke of Bonaparte. One day, when they were standing together at the window which looks upon the garden of the Tuileries, he said: "One day Bonaparte was standing here with —, and he said, pointing to the Chamber of Deputies, 'Vous voyez ce bâtiment là: si je les démuselais, je serais détrôné.' I said, 'The King has given them freedom of debate, and I think I go on very well with it.'"

The Duke said he had been struck down by a musket-shot while reconnoitring the enemy as they were retreating in the Pyrenees. The people round him thought he was killed, but he got up directly. Alava was wounded a few minutes before him, and Major Brooke nearly at the same time. He is of opinion that Massena was the best French general to whom he was ever opposed.

He said that Bonaparte had not the patience requisite for defensive operations. His last campaign (before the capture of Paris) was very brilliant, probably the ablest of all his performances. The Duke is of opinion that if he had

¹ Villèle was a lieutenant in the navy, and afterward went to the Isle of France, where he was a member of the council (or whatever the legislation was called). At the revolution he returned to France and lived with his family near Toulouse, became a member of the departmental body, and subsequently Mayor of Toulouse; he was afterward elected a Member of the Chamber, where he distinguished himself by his talents for debate, and became one of the chiefs of the Ultra party. He was a member of the Duc de Richelieu's Government, which he soon quitted, and was one of the principal instruments in overturning it. He anticipates a long administration.—[C. C. G.]

possessed greater patience he would have succeeded in compelling the Allies to retreat; but they had adopted so judicious a system of defense that he was foiled in the impetuous attacks he made upon them, and after a partial failure which he met with, when he attacked Blücher at Laon and Craon, he got tired of pursuing a course which afforded no great results, and leaving a strong body under Marmont to watch Blücher, he threw himself into the rear of the Grand Army. The march upon Paris entirely disconcerted him and finished the war. The Allies could not have maintained themselves much longer, and had he continued to keep his force concentrated, and to carry it as occasion required against one or other of the two armies, the Duke thinks he must eventually have forced them to retreat, and that their retreat would have been a difficult operation. The British army could not have reached the scene of operations for two months. The Allies did not dare attack Napoleon; if he had himself come up he should certainly have attacked him, for his army was the best that ever existed.

The Duke added that he traced back the present politics of France to their chagrin at the dissolution of the Family Compact. At the general pacification the Duke, on the part of the English Government, insisted upon that treaty not being renewed, and made a journey to Madrid for the purpose of determining the Spanish Government. Talleyrand and the King of France made great efforts to induce the Duke to desist from his opposition to the renewal of the treaty, and both were exceedingly mortified at being unable to shake the determination of our Government on this point.

The Duke of Wellington told me that Knighton¹ managed the King's affairs very well, and that he was getting him out of debt very quickly, and that the Ministers were well satisfied with him. When he was appointed to the situation he now holds, he called at Apsley House to announce it to the Duke, and expressed his hopes that the appointment would not displease him. The Duke said that he could have no objection, but he would give him a piece of advice he trusted he would take in good part: this was, that he would confine himself to the discharge of the functions

¹ [Sir William Knighton, who was originally the King's physician, had been appointed Keeper of the King's Privy Seal and Receiver of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, but in fact he acted as the King's Private Secretary, and it was to the duties of that delicate office that the Duke's advice applied.]

belonging to his own situation, and that he would not in any way interfere with the Government; that as long as he should so conduct himself he would go on very well, but that if ever he should meddle with the concerns of the Ministers he would give them such offense that they would not suffer him to remain in a situation which he should thus abuse. Knighton thanked him very much for his advice, and promised to conform himself to it. It seems that he told this to the King, for the next time the Duke saw him the King said he had heard the advice which he had given to "a person," and that he might depend upon that person's following it entirely.

November 29th.—In the various conversations which I have with the Duke of York he continually tells me a variety of facts more or less curious, sometimes relating to politics, but more frequently concerning the affairs of the Royal Family, that I have neglected to note down at the time, and I generally forget them afterward. I must acknowledge, however, that they do not interest me so much as they would many other people. I have not much taste for Court gossip. Another reason, too, is the difficulty of making a clear narrative out of his confused communications. The principal anecdotes he has told me have been, as well as I recollect, relative to the Duchess of Gloucester's marriage, to the Duke of Cumberland's marriage and all the dissensions to which that event gave rise in the Royal Family, the differences between the King and Prince Leopold, and other trifling matters which I have forgotten. In all of these histories the King acted a part, in which his bad temper, bad judgment, falseness, and duplicity, were equally conspicuous. I think it is not possible for any man to have a worse opinion of another than the Duke has of the King. From various instances of eccentricities I am persuaded that the King is subject to occasional impressions which produce effects like insanity; that if they continue to increase he will end by being decidedly mad. The last thing which I have heard was at Euston the other day. I went into the Duke's room, and found him writing; he got up and told me that he was thrown into a great dilemma by the conduct of the King, who had behaved extremely ill to him. The matter which I could collect was this: Upon the disturbances breaking out in the West Indies it became necessary to send off some troops as quickly as possible. In order to make the necessary arrangements without delay, the Duke

made various dispositions, a part of which consisted in the removal of the regiment on guard at Windsor and the substitution of another in its place. Orders were expedited to carry this arrangement into effect, and at the same time he communicated to the King what he had done and desired his sanction to the arrangement. The Duke's orders were already in operation, when he received a letter from the King to say that he liked the regiment which was at Windsor, and that it should not move; and in consequence of this fancy the whole business was at a stand-still. Thus he thought proper to trifle with the interests of the country to gratify his own childish caprice. He gave, too, great offense to the Duke in hindering his dispositions from being carried into effect at the same time.

The Duke told me another thing which he thought was indirectly connected with the first. It seems one of the people about the Court had ordered some furniture to be removed from Cumberland Lodge to Windsor (something for the Chapel). Stephenson, as head of the Board of Works, on being informed this was done, wrote to the man to know by what orders he had done it. The man showed the letter to the King, who was exceedingly incensed, and wrote to Lord Liverpool to say that Stephenson's letter was insulting to him, and desired he might be turned out. After some correspondence on the subject Lord Liverpool persuaded the King to reinstate him; but he was obliged to make all sorts of apologies and excuses for having done what it was his duty to do. Stephenson is a friend and servant of the Duke's, and in his ill-humor he tried to revenge himself upon the Duke as well as on Stephenson, and he thwarted the Duke in his military arrangements. What made his conduct the less excusable was that it was important that these things should be done quickly, and as the Duke was out of town a correspondence became necessary, by which great delay would be caused.

1824.

March 6th.—Poor Titchfield¹ died last night at eight o'clock, having lingered for some days in a state which gave to his family alternate hopes and fears. He was better till yesterday afternoon, when he was removed into another room; soon after this he grew weaker, and at eight o'clock he ex-

¹ [William Henry, Marquis of Titchfield, eldest son of the fourth Duke of Portland.]

pired. He is a great loss to his family, of which he was by much the cleverest member, and he was well calculated to fill the situation in which fortune had placed him. His talents were certainly of a superior description, but their efficacy was counteracted by the eccentricity of his habits, the indolence of his mind, and his vacillating and uncertain disposition. He was, however, occasionally capable of intense application, and competent to make himself master of any subject he thought fit to grapple with; his mind was reflecting, combining, and argumentative, but he had no imagination, and to passion, "the sanguine credulity of youth, and the fervent glow of enthusiasm," he was an entire stranger. He never had any taste for society, and attached himself early to politics. He started in life with an enthusiastic admiration for Mr. Canning, but after two or three years, being thrown into the society of many of his political opponents, he began to entertain opinions very different from those of Mr. Canning. He never, however, enlisted under any political banner, and his great object seemed to be to prove to the world that he belonged to no party. After Mr. Canning came into office he took the earliest opportunity of informing his constituents that he was unfettered by any political connection with him. Titchfield was never at a public school, but was educated at home. Such an education—the most injudicious which can be given to a young man destined to fill a great situation—was not without its effect upon his mind. The superior indulgences and the early habits of authority and power in which he was brought up, without receiving correction from any of those leveling circumstances which are incidental to public schools, threw a shade of selfishness and reserve over his character, which time, the commerce of the world, and a naturally kind disposition, had latterly done much to correct. The subject to which he had principally devoted his attention was political economy, and in the discussions in the House of Commons upon currency he had particularly distinguished himself. Whatever he attempted he had done so well that great expectations were entertained of his future success, and the indications he had given of talent will insure to his memory a lasting reputation. He has died at a moment the most fortunate, perhaps, for his fame as a public man; but his loss to his family is very great, and by them will be long felt and deeply lamented.

[An interval of two years occurs in the Journal, during which Mr. Greville wrote nothing.]

CHAPTER III.

The Panic of 1825—Death of Emperor Alexander—The Duke of Wellington's Embassy to St. Petersburg—Robinson Chancellor of the Exchequer—Small Notes Bill—Death of Arthur de Ros—George III and Lord Bute—Illness and Death of the Duke of York—His Funeral—Lord Liverpool struck with Paralysis—Rundell's Fortune and Will—Copley and Philpotts—The Cottage—Formation of Mr Canning's Administration—Recession of the Tories—The Whigs join him—Dinner at the Royal Lodge—Difficulties of Canning's Government—Duke of Wellington visits the King—Canning's Death—Anecdotes of Mr Canning—Recognition of South American States—His Industry—The Duke of Wellington on Canning—Lord Goderich's Administration formed—The Difficulty about Herries—Position of the Whigs—The King's Letter to Herries—Peel and George IV.—Interview of Lord Lansdowne with the King—Weakness of the Government—First Resignation of Lord Goderich—Lord Harrowby declines the Premiership—Lord Goderich returns—Brougham and Rogers—Conversation and Character of Brougham—Lord Goderich's Ministry dissolved—Cause of its Dissolution—Hostility of Herries—Position of Huskisson and his Friends—Herries and Huskisson both join the New Cabinet.

1826.

February 12th.—The last three months have been remarkable for the panic in the money market, which lasted for a week or ten days—that is, was at its height for that time. The causes of it had been brewing for some months before, and he must be a sanguine and sagacious politician who shall predict the termination of its effects. There is now no panic, but the greatest alarm, and every prospect of great distress, and long continuation of it. The state of the City, and the terror of all the bankers and merchants, as well as of all owners of property, is not to be conceived but by those who witnessed it. This critical period drew forth many examples of great and confiding liberality, as well as some of a very opposite character. Men of great wealth and parsimonious habits came and placed their whole fortunes at the disposal of their bankers, in order to support their credit. For many days the evil continued to augment so rapidly, and the demands upon the Bank were so great and increasing, that a Bank restriction was expected by every one. So determined, however, were Ministers against this measure, that rather than yield to it they suffered the Bank to run the greatest risk of stopping; for on the evening of the day on which the alarm was at its worst, there were only 8,000 sovereigns left in the till.¹ The

¹ [Mr. Baring (Lord Ashburton) stated in his pamphlet on this crisis: "The gold of the Bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds, for although the public returns showed a result rather less scandalous, a certain Saturday night closed with nothing worth mentioning. It was then that the Bank applied to Lord Liverpool for an Order in Council to suspend cash payment. A conference took place between Lord Liverpool, Mr. Huskisson, the governor of the Bank, and Mr. Baring. The suspension of cash payments was happily averted, chiefly as it was said by the accidental discovery of a box of one-pound

next day gold was poured in, and from that time things got better.

In the midst of all this the Emperor Alexander died, and after a short period of doubt concerning his successor, it was found that Nicholas was to mount the throne. The first act of the Russian Government was to communicate to ours their resolution no longer to delay a recognition of the independence of Greece, and their determination to support that measure if necessary by the force of arms. They invited us to coöperate in this object, but intimated that if we were not disposed to join them, they should undertake it alone. The Duke of Wellington is gone to Russia, ostensibly to compliment the new Emperor, but really to concert measures with the Russian Ministry for carrying this measure into effect; and it is remarkable that the Duke, upon taking leave of his friends and family to set out on this journey, was deeply affected, as if he had some presentiment that he should never return. Alava told me that he had frequently taken leave of him, when both expected that they should never meet again, yet neither upon that occasion nor upon any other in the course of the seventeen years that he has known him did he ever see him so moved. Lady Burghersh said, that when he took leave of her the tears ran down his cheeks; he was also deeply affected when he parted from his mother.

In the discussion which took place on Friday night in the House of Commons, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer¹ opened his financial plan, he is deemed to have made a very bad speech, and Huskisson a very good one. Robinson is probably unequal to the present difficult conjuncture; a fair and candid man, and an excellent Minister in days of calm and sunshine, but not endowed with either capacity or experience for these stormy times, besides being disqualified for vigorous measures by the remissness and timidity of his character. However, though it is the peculiar province of the Finance Minister to find a remedy for these disorders, he may well be excused for not doing that which the united wis-

Bank of England notes, to the amount of a million and a half, which had never been issued, and which the public were content to receive." Mr. Tooke, however, states in his "History of Prices" (Continuation, vol. iv., p. 342) that the lowest amount of the banking treasure was on the 24th of December, 1825: Coin, £426,000; bullion, £601,000; in all, £1,027,000. The passage in the text refers of course to the banking department only.]

¹ [Right Hon. Frederick John Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer from January, 1823, to April, 1827; afterward Viscount Goderich and Earl of Ripon.]

dom of the country seems unequal to accomplish. All men agree as to the existence of the evil, and all differ as to the causes of it and the measures which will effect its removal; not one man seems to see his way clearly through the difficulty; however, "time and the hour runs through the roughest day," and probably the country will what is called right itself, and then great credit will be given to somebody or other who deserves none.

February 20th.—The Small Notes Bill,¹ as it is called, lowered the funds and increased the alarm among the moneyed men. Numerous were the complaints of the inefficacy of the measure for present relief, numerous the predictions of the ultimate impossibility of carrying it into effect. In the City, however, on Thursday afternoon things began to improve; there was more confidence and cheerfulness. On Friday evening the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes down to the House and surprises every one by abandoning one part of his plan, and authorizing the Bank to issue one-pound notes till October. The immediate cause of this alteration was a communication which Hudson Gurney made to the Chancellor, that if he persisted in his Bill he should send up £500,000 which he had in Bank of England notes and change them for sovereigns, and that all country bankers would follow his example. From this he found that it would be impossible to persist in his original plan. The great evil now is a want of circulating medium, and as the immediate effect of the measure would be another run upon the Bank, and that probably all the gold drawn from it would disappear—for men now are anxious to hoard gold—this evil would be increased tenfold. The whole country is in distress from the absence of circulating medium for the common purposes of life; no country banker will issue notes, for they are instantly returned upon his hands and exchanged for gold. The circulation of country notes being generally confined within a very limited extent, the holders of them can easily present them for payment.

¹ [On the 10th of February the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved in Committee "That all promissory notes payable on demand issued by licensed bankers in England or by the Bank of England for less than £5 shall not be issued or circulated beyond the 5th of April next." Mr Huskisson made an able speech in support of the proposal, showing that the inflation produced by the small note paper currency had greatly contributed to cause and aggravate the panic, ("Huskisson's Speeches," vol. ii., p. 444). Mr. Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, opposed the restriction of small notes, but with small success. The period allowed for the contraction of their circulation was, however, extended to the 10th of October.]

The circulation of a quantity of Bank of England paper will relieve the immediate distress arising from this necessity, and the difficulty of exchanging them for gold will insure the continuance of their circulation. When men find that they must take notes, and that gold is not to be had without so much pain and trouble, they will be contented to take the notes to which they have been accustomed, and will think the paper of their own bankers as good as that of the Bank of England, besides the advantage of being less exposed to the losses arising from forgery. This is the argument of the opponents of Robinson's Bill. It is generally thought that the Ministers have disgraced themselves by their precipitation and by the crudeness of their measures. Hitherto they have done nothing toward removing the present distress, or satisfying the minds of men, but the contrary. Robinson is obviously unequal to the present crisis. His mind is not sufficiently enlarged, nor does he seem to have any distinct ideas upon the subject; he is fighting in the dark.

Everybody knows that Huskisson is the real author of the finance measure of Government, and there can be no greater anomaly than that of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is obliged to propose and defend measures of which another Minister is the real though not the apparent author. The funds rose nearly two per cent. upon this alteration in the Bill before the House, on account of the prospect of an abundance of money. Still it is thought that nothing will be sufficient to relieve the present distress but an issue of Exchequer bills. So great and absorbing is the interest which the present discussions excite that all men are become political economists and financiers, and everybody is obliged to have an opinion.

February 24th.—I have been since yesterday the spectator of a melancholy scene and engaged in a sad office. Arthur de Ros,¹ who was taken ill a fortnight ago, became worse on Monday night. After this time he was scarcely ever sensible, and yesterday, at a quarter-past two, he expired. After they had given up all hopes they were induced again to suffer them to revive from the disappearance of the most unfavorable symptoms; but this was only the weakness which preceded dissolution, and a few moments after his brother Henry had told me that he did not despair he came and said that all was over, and a little while after Rose announced that he had

¹ [Colonel the Hon. Arthur John Hill de Ros, born 1793, died February 1826. He was aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Duke of York.]

ceased to breathe. He died tranquilly, and did not suffer at all. I never saw such a distress. His father, mother, sisters, William, and his wife, went immediately to Boyle Farm. Henry would have followed them, but I persuaded him to go home. He went first to Mrs. —, to whom Arthur had been attached for ten years, and after a painful interview with her he came to his own house; he has since been too ill to move. I have never seen grief so strong and concentrated as his; it has exhausted his body and overwhelmed his mind, and though I knew him to have been much attached to his brother, I did not believe him capable of feelings so acute as those which he has evinced. William is much more calm and resigned, a strange, unaccountable thing considering the characters of the two men—the one so indifferent, and with feelings so apparently deadened to the affections of this world, and the other with a sensibility so morbid, and such acute susceptibility and strong feelings, that the least thing affects him more deeply than very serious concerns do other men.

Arthur was an excellent creature, and will be regretted by the Duke and deeply lamented by all who knew him intimately. His talents were not brilliant, but he had good sound sense, and was besides modest, diligent, honest, and trustworthy in a high degree. There breathed not a more honorable man, and as his ambition did not extend beyond the sphere in which fortune had placed him and he was contented with his destiny, but for this illness his career might have been long and prosperous. I went last night to sleep at the house, that it might not appear to have been entirely abandoned to the care of servants. The only wish he expressed was that Francis Russell should succeed him, which I have no doubt he will do.

February 25th.—Received a letter from the Duke of York (to whom I had written to announce poor Arthur's death) expressive of the greatest regret for his loss.

March 2d.—I am just come from poor Arthur's funeral. There were present William de Ros, the two Hills, Craufurd, Torrens, Taylor, Francis Russell, Campbell, and B. Paget. The Duke appointed Francis his aide-de-camp directly.

July 2d.—Four months since I have written any thing. The Duke of York has been dangerously ill, and it is still doubtful whether he will recover. I was with him at Frogmore before Ascot; we went with the King to see Windsor Castle. His Majesty has since been very much annoyed

about the Duke, cried a great deal when he heard how bad he was, and has been twice to see him.

The elections have been particularly violent and the contests very numerous. A batch of Peers has been made; everybody cries out against Charles Ellis's peerage¹ (Lord Seaford); he has no property and is of no family, and his son is already a Peer. The King, when these other Peers were created, asked Canning to name somebody. He said he had nobody about whom he was interested but Charles Ellis, and the King consenting to his elevation, it was all arranged without his knowledge. However, it is thought very ridiculous, and that he would have done much better to have declined it. Clanricade, too, being made a Marquis and an English Peer is thought an indirect exertion of Canning's influence.

London, December 14th.—The Duke of York very ill; has been at the point of death several times from his legs mortifying. Canning's speech the night before last was most brilliant; much more cheered by the Opposition than by his own friends. He is thought to have been imprudent, and he gave offense to his colleagues by the concluding sentence of his reply, when he said, "*I* called into existence the new world to redress the balance of the old." The *I* was not relished. Brougham's compliment to Canning was magnificent, and he was loudly cheered by Peel; altogether it was a fine display.

Yesterday the Duke [of York] told me that the late King [George III.] was walking with him one day at Kew, and his Majesty said, "The world tells many lies, and here is one instance. I am said to have held frequent communication with Lord Bute, and the last time I ever saw or spoke to him was in that pavilion in the year 1764." The King went over to breakfast with his mother, the Princess Dowager, and she took him aside and said, "There is somebody here who wishes very much to speak to you." "Who is it?" "Lord Bute." "Good God, mamma! how could you bring him here? It is impossible for me to hold any communication with Lord Bute

¹ [Charles Rose Ellis, created Baron Seaford in 1826. Lord Seaford was the father of Charles Augustus Ellis, who succeeded to the title of Lord Howard de Walden through his mother, Elizabeth Catherine Caroline Hervey, granddaughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol, who was the last Baron Howard de Walden, as heir-general of Thomas, first Baron. The son of Lord Seaford had married a daughter of the fifth Duke of Portland, and was consequently a connection of Mr. Canning.]

in this manner." However, he did see him, when Lord Bute made a violent attack upon him for having abandoned and neglected him. The King replied that he could not, in justice to his Ministers, hold any communication with him unknown to them, when Lord Bute said that he would never see the King again. The King became angry in his turn, and said, "Then, my Lord, be it so, and remember from henceforth we never meet again." And from that day he never beheld Lord Bute or had any communication with him.

1827.

Friday night, January 5th, half-past one.—I am just come from taking my last look at the poor Duke.¹ He expired at twenty minutes after nine. Since eleven o'clock last night the physicians never left his room. He never moved, and they repeatedly thought that life was extinct, but it was not till that hour that they found it was all over. The Duke of Sussex and Stephenson were in the next room; Taylor, Torrens and Dighton, Armstrong and I, were up-stairs. Armstrong and I had been there about half an hour when they came and whispered something to Dighton and called out Taylor. Dighton told Torrens and they went out; immediately after Taylor came up, and told us it was all over and begged we would go down-stairs. We went directly into the room. The Duke was sitting exactly as at the moment he died, in his great arm-chair, dressed in his gray dressing-gown, his head inclined against the side of the chair, his hands lying before him, and looking as if he were in a deep and quiet sleep. Not a vestige of pain was perceptible on his countenance, which, except being thinner, was exactly such as I have seen it a hundred times during his life. In fact, he had not suffered at all, and had expired with all the ease and tranquillity which the serenity of his countenance betokened. Nothing about or around him had the semblance of death; it was all like quiet repose, and it was not without a melancholy satisfaction we saw such evident signs of the tranquillity of his last moments.

In about a quarter of an hour Taylor and Halford set off to Windsor to inform the King; the Duke of Sussex went to the Princess Sophia; letters were written to all the Cabi-

¹ [His Royal Highness the Duke of York, second son of King George III., died on the 5th of January, 1827.]

net Ministers, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Orders were given that the great bell of St. Paul's should toll. The servants were then admitted to see the Duke as he lay. Worley¹ was very much affected at the sight, and one woman, the wife of Kendal, cried bitterly, and I saw her stoop down and kiss his hand. The room was then cleared and surrendered to the Lord Chamberlain's people. Thus did I take my last leave of the poor Duke. I have been the minister and associate of his pleasures and amusements for some years, I have lived in his intimacy and experienced his kindness, and am glad that I was present at this last sad occasion to pay my poor tribute of respect and attachment to his remains.

After the October meetings of 1825 the Duke came to town, not in good health. At the end of November the Duchess of Rutland died, which was a great blow to him, and probably made him worse. A short time after her funeral he went to Belvoir, when the Duke of Rutland took him down into the vault, where he staid an hour and returned excessively chilled. From that moment he grew worse till the time of the Ascot races. We went to Frogmore two days before the party began, and for those two days he led a quiet life. When the party was assembled he lived as he had been used to do, going to the races, sitting at table, and playing for hours at whist. He slept wretchedly and seldom went to bed, but passed the greater part of the night walking about the room or dozing in his chair. I used to go into his room, which was next to mine, the moment I was out of bed, and generally found him in his dressing-gown, looking harassed and ill. He showed me his legs, which were always swelled. Still he went on till the last day of the party, and when we got to town he was so ill that M^cGregor, who came to him that night, thought him in danger. From that moment the illness was established which has ended in his death. They began by putting him through several courses of mercury, and they sent him to the Greenwoods' villa at Brompton. Here he continued to receive everybody who called on him, and went out in his carriage every day. They always said that he was getting better. In August he went to Brighton, and soon after his arrival his legs mortified. It was then that Taylor

¹ [Worley was the Duke's stud-groom.]

went down to him and told him that he was in great and immediate danger. He received the information with perfect composure. The gangrene, however, was stopped, and he came to town to the Duke of Rutland's house. The dropsy continued to make rapid progress, and some time in September he was tapped; twenty-two pints of water were drawn from him. This operation was kept secret, for the Duke did not like that his situation should be known. He recovered from the operation and regained his strength; no more water formed in his body, but there was still water in his system, and a constant discharge from his legs, which occasioned him great pain and made wounds which were always open and extending. These wounds again produced gangrene, but they always contrived to stop its progress, and put the legs in a healing condition. As often, however, as the legs began to heal the water began to rise, and the medicines that were given to expel the water drove it again to the legs, through which it made its way, making fresh sores and entailing fresh mortification. In this way he went on, the strength of his constitution still supporting him, till toward the end of December, when the constitution could resist no longer; his appetite totally failed, and with loss of appetite came entire prostration of strength, and, in short, a complete break-up. From that moment it was obvious that his recovery was impossible, but he continued to struggle till the 5th of January, although he had tasted no solid food whatever for above a fortnight. At all the different periods at which his state was critical it was always made known to him, and he received the intimation with invariable firmness and composure. He said that he enjoyed life, but was not afraid to die. But though perfectly acquainted with his own danger he never could bear that other people should be informed of it, and, so far from acknowledging it, he always told his friends that he was better, and his language was invariably that of a man who did not doubt of his recovery. He was particularly anxious that nobody should know he had been tapped, and it was not till many weeks after that operation that he talked of it one day to me. Up to the last moment that I saw him (the day week before he died) he told me he was better, and he desired me to tell Montrond, who had called upon him, that he would see him as soon as he was well enough. He held the same language to everybody until the day previous to his death, when he sent for Taylor and Stephenson into his room.

He could then hardly speak, but he took hold of Stephenson's hand, and, looking at Taylor, said, "I am now dying." He tried to articulate something else, but he was unintelligible. About a fortnight before his death, soon after his appetite began to fail, Taylor had to announce to him his danger. He received the intelligence with the same coolness he had before shown, but it was not without difficulty that he admitted the conviction. A few days after he received the Sacrament, which was administered by the Bishop of London, in the presence of Sir H. Halford, Taylor, and the Princess Sophia. He was then very weak, but calm and collected during the ceremony. When it was over he shook hands with the men and kissed the Princess. The King saw him the next day, but he was in a lethargic state nearly the whole time that he was there. For many days before his death the physicians thought that every day must close the scene, but such was the natural strength of his constitution that he evinced a tenacity of life and maintained a struggle which astonished them all, and of which they unanimously declared that their practice had never furnished them with a similar instance. It seems that three years ago, when he was very unwell, M'Gregor told him that unless he was more prudent he would certainly be afflicted with dropsy. He had been subject to spasms, and in consequence of them was averse to lie down in bed, and to this pernicious habit, and that of sitting for many hours together at table, or at cards, they attribute the origin of the complaint which has terminated so fatally. Had he been a more docile patient, from the amazing vigor of his constitution he might have looked forward to a very long life. His sufferings in the course of his illness have been very great, and almost without cessation. Nothing could exceed the patience and courage with which he endured them; his serenity and good-humor were never disturbed, and he never uttered a word or complaint, except occasionally at the length of his confinement. He not only saw all the visitors who chose to call upon him, even those with whom he was not in habits of intimacy, but he transacted the whole of his public business every day, and every paper was laid before him and every detail gone through as if he had been in perfect health. This he continued to within a few days of his death, till his strength was so entirely exhausted that he lay in a state of almost complete insensibility. It is remarkable that from the beginning to the end of his illness I never saw him that he did not tell

me that he was a great deal better, and he never wrote to me without assuring me that he was going on as well as possible.

February 12th.—The Duke of York was no sooner dead than the public press began to attack him, and while those private virtues were not denied him for which he had always been conspicuous, they enlarged in a strain of severe invective against his careless and expensive habits, his addiction to gambling; and above all they raked up the old story of Mrs. Clark and the investigation of 1809, and published many of his letters and all the disgusting details of that unfortunate affair, and that in a manner calculated to throw discredit on his character. The newspapers, however, soon found they had made a mistake, that this course was not congenial to public feeling, and from that moment their columns have been filled with panegyrics upon his public services and his private virtues. The King ordered that his funeral should be public and magnificent; all the details of the ceremonial were arranged by himself. He showed great feeling about his brother and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke himself was unable to provide for. He gave £6,000 to pay immediate expenses, and took many of the old servants into his own service. There appeared a few days after the Duke's death an infamous forgery, purporting to be a letter or declaration written by him a short time before his death (principally upon the subject of the Catholic question), which, however, was disavowed by Taylor, but not till after many thousand copies had been sold. I dare say many people believe still that he was the author of this pamphlet. All his effects either have been or will be sold by auction. The funeral took place a fortnight after his death. Nothing could be managed worse than it was, and except the appearance of the soldiers in the chapel, which was extremely fine, the spectacle was by no means imposing; the cold was intense, and it is only marvelous that more persons did not suffer from it. As it is, the Bishop of Lincoln has died of the effects of it; Canning has been dangerously ill, and is still very unwell; and the Dukes of Wellington and Montrose were both very seriously unwell for some days after. The King was very angry when he heard how miserably the ceremony had been performed. I have been this evening to hear Peel move the address of condolence to the King, which Canning would have done if he had been here; and it is a pity he was not, for Peel did it very ill: it was poor and jejune, and undistin-

guished by eloquence or the appearance of deep feeling. I was greatly disappointed, for I expected to hear a worthier tribute to his merits. Canning was very anxious to have been here to have performed this duty himself. The letters which he wrote to the Royal Family abroad, announcing the event of his death, were admirable and gave great satisfaction to the King.

February 21st.—Three days ago Lord Liverpool was seized with an apoplectic or paralytic attack. The moment it was known every sort of speculation was afloat as to the probable changes this event would make in the Ministry. It was remarked how little anybody appeared to care about the *man*; whether this indifference reflects most upon the world or upon him, I do not pretend to say. A report was generally circulated that the Duke of Cumberland was dead, which was believed, but turns out to be untrue.

Old Rundell (of the house of Rundell and Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewelers) died last week, and appointed Robarts one of his executors. Robarts called on me this morning, and told me he had been yesterday to Doctors' Commons to prove the will. Rundell was eighty years old, and died worth between £1,400,000 and £1,500,000, the greater part of which is vested in the funds. He has left the bulk of his property to his great-nephew, a man of the name of Neal, who is residuary legatee and will inherit £900,000—this Mr. Neal had taken care of him for the last fourteen years—to a woman who had lived with him many years, and in whose house he died, and to two natural sons by her he only left £5,000 apiece. The old man began the world without a guinea, became in the course of time partner in that house during its most flourishing period, and by steady gains and continual parsimony amassed this enormous wealth. He never spent any thing and lived wretchedly. During the panic he came to Robarts, who was his banker, and offered to place at his disposal any sum he might require. When the executors went to prove the will, they were told at Doctors' Commons that it was the largest sum that ever had been registered there.

March 13th.—Since the debate on the Catholic question there has been a great expectation that Canning would resign. Many of his friends think he made an imprudent speech that night, and if he had not lashed the Master of the Rolls so

severely that he would have got more votes.¹ The truth is he was mightily nettled by Dr. Philpots's pamphlet and at Copley making a speech taken entirely from it. The Master protested that he had no idea of offending Canning, and until he got up had no notion that Canning had taken offense at his speech. The question was lost by accident; several pro-Catholics were suddenly taken ill or arrived too late for the division, and the election petitions went all against them.

March 16th.—On Wednesday at the Council at St. James's the King desired I would go down to Windsor, that he might speak to me. I went down on Thursday to the Cottage, and, after waiting two hours and a half, was ushered into his bedroom. I found him sitting at a round table near his bed, in a *douillette*, and in pretty good health and spirits. He talked about his horses and told some old stories, lamented the death of the Duke of York, which he said was a loss to him such as no one could conceive, and that he felt it every instant. He kept me about an hour, was very civil, and then dismissed me.

Canning made an apology to the Master of the Rolls for his severity in the debate on the Catholic question.

March 25th.—When the King heard of Lord Liverpool's illness he was in great agitation. He sent for Peel in the night, and told him he must see the Duke of Wellington. Peel endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain. The Duke was sent for, but he refused to go. He sent the King word that he had nothing to say to him, and that it would not be fair to his colleagues that he should see the King at such a moment. Consequently he saw none of his Ministers till he saw Canning, who was taken to the Pavilion in a chair one day. There have been a variety of reports about Lord Liverpool's successor and a new Administration, as always happens on such occasions.

The King is in very good health and excellent spirits. He had a large party at the Lodge last week, and Canning, the Granvilles, Carlisles, Lievens, are going there next week. Mount Charles told me yesterday that next week he thinks something must be decided, and he told me what I did not know, that the King's opinions on the Catholic question are just the same as those of the Duke of York, and equally strong.

¹ [Sir John Copley was then Master of the Rolls, but this occurrence did not prevent Canning from making him Lord Chancellor on the 2d of May following, when he was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Lyndhurst.]

This is the great difficulty which Canning has to get over with him. He does not much like Canning, though C. does every thing he can to gratify and please him. Mount Charles told me that his mother (Lady Conyngham) has strong opinions in favor of the Catholics, but that she never talks to the King on the subject, nor indeed upon politics at all.

April 13th.—The King came to town a week ago. From the moment of his arrival every hour produced a fresh report about the Administration; every day the new appointment was expected to be declared, and the Ministers Peel, Lord Bathurst, Duke of Wellington, and Canning, were successively designated as the persons chosen to form a Government. He had no sooner arrived than he saw his Ministers *seriatim*, but nothing could induce him to come to any determination. He wavered and doubted, and to his confidants, with whom he could bluster and talk big, he expressed in no measured terms his detestation of Liberal principles, and especially of Catholic Emancipation. He begged his Ministers to stand by him, and day after day elapsed and nothing was settled. In the mean time London was alive with reports; and the *on dit* of the day, repeated with every variety of circumstance, and with the usual positiveness of entire ignorance, would fill a volume. Time crept on, and Parliament was to adjourn on the 13th (this day). On the 9th Canning went to the King, and, after a long audience, he came away without any thing being settled. On the 10th he went again, and told his Majesty that longer delay was impossible, and that he must come to some determination. On the evening of the 10th we received a note from Lord Bathurst, saying that the King had desired Canning to form an Administration on the principles of that of which Lord Liverpool had been at the head. This was not generally known that evening. Last night it was said that the Duke of Wellington would not remain in the new Cabinet, and we heard that Peel had resigned. To-day every thing will probably be known. Canning and his friends say that the King has behaved admirably in this business, and they affect to consider his appointment unconditional and unfettered; but this is by no means the view which the others take of it. The King, however, has acted in such a way that all his Ministers (except those whose interest it now is to laud him to the skies) are disgusted with his doubting, wavering, uncertain conduct, so weak in action and so intemperate in language. It is now supposed that he has been influenced by Knighton in coming

to this determination, in which he certainly has acted in a manner quite at variance with his professions and the whole tenor of his language. It must be owned, if this is so, that although Canning has gained his point—has got the power into his hands and is nominally Prime Minister—no man ever took office under more humiliating circumstances or was placed in a more difficult and uncertain situation; indeed, a greater anomaly cannot be imagined. Canning, disliked by the King, opposed by the aristocracy and the nation, and unsupported by the Parliament, is appointed Prime Minister. The King, irresolute and uncertain, is induced to nominate a man whose principles and opinions he fears and dislikes by the advice and influence of his physician. The measure which is of paramount importance Canning cannot carry as he desires and believes to be necessary; he must form a Cabinet full of disunion, and he is doubtful what support he can expect from the old adherents of Government, by whom he is abhorred.

The writ was moved for Canning yesterday by Wynne, "he having accepted the office of First Commissioner of the Treasury." This morning the Chancellor, Peel, Lord Westmoreland, and the Duke of Wellington, resigned. Lord Bathurst immediately wrote to Canning, saying that, finding they had resigned, he could not avoid sending in his resignation also; that it was unnecessary to enter into explanations, which could only tend to widen the breach such a separation must make. Afterward Lord Melville resigned, although well with Canning and a friend to the Catholics; he said he could not desert the men with whom he had acted for so many years. The Whigs seem greatly elated at the breaking up of this Administration. The Tories evidently think Canning is in a scrape, that he will not be able to form a Government, and that the power will return into their hands. How Canning and his friends feel is not yet known, nor what the King feels at being deserted by half his Cabinet. The opinion prevalent with the Opposition is that Canning has been deserted by his colleagues, who induced him to accept the Government by promising their support and adherence, and that when he had taken the final step they left him to make the arrangements and fill up their places as best he could. This, however, is not the case. I saw George Dawson¹ this evening, and he assured

¹ [The Right Hon. George Robert Dawson was Secretary of the Treasury from 1828 to 1830, and was made a Privy Councillor on resigning that office. He married, in 1816, Mary, the eldest daughter of the first Sir Robert Peel, and was consequently the brother-in-law of Mr. Peel, the Minister.]

me that Canning had received ample notice from all these Ministers that they would not hold office under him, and that if he was appointed Prime Minister they should resign. Peel told him this three weeks ago: "That he could not, with a due regard to his own character, continue in office under a man whose opinions are so diametrically opposite to his own upon the most important question; that he had no views of personal ambition, but that as the administration of Ireland was his peculiar province, it was impossible they should not come into constant collision upon that subject." They had no objection to act with Canning, always considering him as one of the most influential members of the Cabinet, but they could not hold office *under* him. He said he could not imagine how Canning with his knowledge could take such a step, and it is evident that he has no idea of his being able to carry on the Government at all.

April 30th.—From the period of Canning's acceptance of office up to Thursday night there have been continual negotiations between Canning and the Whigs, and it is not possible to imagine greater curiosity and more intense anxiety than have been exhibited during the interval. The violence and confusion of parties have been extreme—the new Ministers furious with their old colleagues, the ex-Ministers equally indignant with those they left behind them.

May 12th.—It is necessary to go back to the first formation of the Government.¹ As soon as Canning had got the King's commission he began to negotiate, and the Whigs readily enough entered into negotiation. The friends of Ministers resigned one after another, and for some time it

¹ [The Cabinet formed by Mr. Canning was thus constituted:
Mr. Canning, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor.

Earl of Harrowby, Lord President of the Council.

Duke of Portland, Lord Privy Seal, and afterward the Earl of Carlisle.

Lord Dudley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Lord Goderich, Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs and War.

Mr. Sturges Bourne, Secretary of State for the Home Department (this office was shortly afterward transferred to the Marquis of Lansdowne).

Mr. Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Wynn, President of the Board of Control.

Lord Bexley, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Mr. Tierney, Master of the Mint.

The Duke of Clarence was named Lord High Admiral.

The office of Commander-in-Chief remained vacant during the Administration of Mr. Canning. This Administration lasted ninety-eight days, until the death of Mr. Canning.]

seemed very doubtful whether Canning would be able to form a Government at all. His first measure was, however, very judicious—that of appointing the Duke of Clarence Lord High Admiral—nothing served so much to disconcert his opponents. The negotiations went on (through the Duke of Devonshire) up to the end of the Easter recess, when Lord Lansdowne came to town, and after much delay it was announced that the Whigs would support the new Government, but that none of them would take office immediately. The places were all filled up, but the appointments were understood to be only provisional, and the Duke of Portland, Lord Dudley, and Sturges Bourne, were considered to hold their offices until Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, and Tierney, should join the Cabinet. With this arrangement Parliament met, and the rage which had been accumulating in the minds of the seceders soon burst forth in a furious attack on this provisional arrangement. The Whigs have nearly in a body joined Government, with the exception of Lord Grey in the House of Lords, who in a speech full of eloquence attacked Canning's political life and character and announced his intention of remaining neuter. In the mean time it was understood that there was a reason for Lord Lansdowne not joining Government immediately, which was not to be made public till that event took place, and this secret was only imparted to a very few people; it was even concealed from Brougham and the leaders of the party. The secret, however, turns out to be this: Lord Lansdowne insisted upon modeling the Irish Government as he pleased—that is, in putting a Lord-Lieutenant, a Chancellor, and a Secretary there favorable to the Catholic claims, to which the King would not consent. Canning entreated Lord Lansdowne to have patience, to allow time to elapse, during which the King's scruples might be removed, and promised that every endeavor should be made to reconcile the King to the arrangement Lord Lansdowne desired. After much discussion it was resolved that Lord Lansdowne should support Government, but that he should not take office until this point was settled; and so the matter has remained.

June 3d.—Soon after writing this Lord Lansdowne came into the Cabinet, together with Tierney and Lord Carlisle, McDonald and Abercromby also taking places. They found so many objections to the unsettled state of the Cabinet, and the provisional arrangements had brought so much odium and rid-

icule upon the Government, that it was thought necessary to settle this matter without loss of time, but Lord Lansdowne would not consent to take the Home Office except upon the conditions on which he had before insisted. He therefore came into the Cabinet without a place. But it is quite evident that the present state of affairs is far from satisfactory; the Government is not established on a firm or secure basis, and the members of it are not altogether satisfied with each other or themselves. Lord Lansdowne particularly does not feel comfortable where he is, and does not think that he has been well treated by his own friends. It seems that when first overtures were made to him by Canning he called a meeting of his friends at Lansdowne House, at which he declared his own sentiments and the conditions on which he would join the Government. The persons there assembled unanimously agreed with him, but a few days after a meeting was called at Brooks's, which was more numerous attended, and there certain resolutions were agreed upon which were not in conformity with the opinions expressed in Lansdowne House, and these resolutions were communicated to Canning as the sentiments of the great body of the Whigs, but without the same being imparted to Lord Lansdowne, who was then at Bowood (this fact I had last night from Duncannon¹ and Hobhouse²). Matters, however, went on quietly enough till the other night, when the Government was beat in the House of Lords upon the clause in the Corn Bill, and this defeat it is obvious has enraged and embarrassed them to the greatest degree.³ Duncannon, who is entirely in the confidence of the moderate Whig party, says that it is impossible the thing can go on in this way; three Lords in the King's household (Errol, Macclesfield, and Delawarr) voted against the Bill, and if they are not dismissed it will be such a proof of the feebleness of Government as will disgust all the Whigs and make their support very lukewarm.⁴ Bardett, who was more active and zealous

¹ [John Williams, Viscount Duncannon, afterward fourth Earl of Bessborough.]

² [Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, M. P. for Westminster, afterward Sir John C. Hobhouse, Bart., raised to the peerage in 1851 by the title of Baron Broughton de Giffard.]

³ [It was with reference to this defeat that Canning said soon afterward, in the House of Commons, that "the Duke of Wellington had been made the instrument of others for their own particular views," and he pledged himself to bring in another Corn Bill in the following session. But these were almost the last words uttered by Canning in Parliament.]

⁴ [Lord Delawarr resigned of his own accord, Lord Errol was obliged to re-

than anybody in bringing about the Coalition, is very much disgusted already, and there appears altogether such a want of confidence and unanimity among them as must lead to the dissolution of the Government unless Canning can by some vigorous measures establish his credit and convince the world of his strength. In Ireland the Chancellor¹ has refused to put the Great Seal to the appointment of Doherty as Solicitor-General. It is supposed that he will take this occasion to resign, and it will then be seen what part the King will take in the nomination of his successor. The King sees numbers of people, talks incessantly, and does nothing. Canning was with him yesterday evening, and the result of his audience will be very interesting, because it will appear whether he has insisted upon, and the King consented to, the dismissal of the refractory Lords, as well as what he will do about the Irish Chancellor. Government are indignant with the Duke of Wellington and the other ex-Ministers for opposing the Corn Bill, which they had been themselves (when in office) instrumental in framing, as well as for the use which the Duke made of Huskisson's letter.

June 17th.—I was at the Royal Lodge for one night last Wednesday; about thirty people sat down to dinner, and the company was changed nearly every day. It is a delightful place to live in, but the rooms are too low and too small for very large parties. Nothing can exceed the luxury of the internal arrangements; the King was very well and in excellent spirits, but very weak in his knees, and could not walk without difficulty. The evening passed off tolerably, owing to the Tyrolese, whom Esterhazy brought down to amuse the King, and he was so pleased with them that he made them sing and dance before him the whole evening; the women kissed his face and the men his hand, and he talked to them in German. Though this evening went off well enough, it is clear that nothing would be more insupportable than to live at this Court; the dullness must be excessive, and the people who compose his habitual society are the most insipid and uninteresting that can be found. As for Lady Conyngham, she looks bored to death, and she never speaks, never appears to have one word to say to the King, who, however, talks him-

sign, and Lord Macclesfield came over and voted with Government on the second reading of the Corn Bill.]

¹ [Lord Manners was still Lord Chancellor of Ireland, as he had been since 1807. Mr. Doherty was made Solicitor-General for Ireland on the 18th of June.]

self without ceasing. Canning came the day I went away, and was well received by his Majesty; he looked dreadfully ill. The only thing which interested me was the account I heard from Francis Conyngham about Knighton. He is seldom there, and when he comes scarcely stays above a night or two. But he governs every thing about the house, and cannot endure anybody who is likely to dispute his empire. The King certainly does not like him, is always happier when he is away, and never presses him to stay or to return. When he is there he has constant access to the King at all times, and whenever he pleases. He is on bad terms with Mount Charles, he bullies Lord Conyngham, and he is barely civil to Lady C. He knows that Mount Charles is independent of him, and that the King likes him and admits him continually and familiarly to his presence, and of this it seems he is jealous. I was more struck with one word which dropped from him than with all he told me of Sir W. Knighton. While the Tyrolese were dancing and singing, and there was a sort of gay uproar going on, with which the King was greatly delighted, he said, "I would give ten guineas to see Knighton walk into the room now," as if it were some master who was absent, and who should suddenly return and find his family and servants merry-making in his absence; it indicates a strange sort of power possessed by him.

The King was very civil to the Duke of Dorset, and repeatedly told him that what had passed would make no difference in their private friendship. In the mean time the Corn Bill has been thrown out, and I think political animosities are fully as strong as ever, though they have taken rather a sulky than a violent tone. I had a long conversation with Duncannon yesterday, who is fully possessed of the sentiments of all the Whigs, and by what he says it is clear that they are extremely dissatisfied; they want Canning to display his power by some signal act of authority, and to show that he is really supported cordially by the King. The opposite party are persuaded that the King is secretly inclined to them and averse to his present Government, and this opinion obtains more or less with the public in consequence of the impunity with which Canning has been braved by the Chancellor in Ireland. The appointment of Doherty as Solicitor-General has never yet passed the Great Seal, and Lord Manners refuses to sanction it; he has likewise refused to put Sir Patrick Bellew (a Catholic) in the Commission of the

Peace, though he is a respectable man, and he has been strongly pressed to do it even by Protestants. This refusal so disgusted Duncannon that he was very near withdrawing his name from the Commission, and if he had his example would have been followed by many others; but Lord Spencer dissuaded him from doing so. Lord Grey is in such a state of irritation that he will hardly speak to any of his old friends, and he declares that he will never set his foot in Brooks's again. All this is the more extraordinary, and the vivacity of his temper the more unaccountable, because he has constantly declined taking an active part in politics when invited to do so for a long time past; and whenever Duncannon has asked his advice, or consulted his opinions or wishes, he has invariably referred him to Lord Lansdowne as the person whom his friends were to look upon as their leader, asserting that he had withdrawn himself from public life and would have no more concern with politics. More than this, when first overtures were made by Canning to the Whigs, it was the unanimous opinion of all those who have since joined the Government, that Lord Lansdowne and his friends could not join an Administration of which Peel was to be a member (for at that time the resignation of Peel was not contemplated as a probable event), and this opinion was warmly combated by Lord Grey, who contended that there was no reason why they should not coalesce with Canning and Peel. What induced him to alter his opinion so decidedly, and to become so bitter an enemy to the present arrangements, does not appear, unless it is to be attributed to a feeling of pique and resentment at not having been more consulted, or that overtures were not made to himself. The pretext he took for declaring himself was the appointment of Copley to be Chancellor, when he said that it was impossible to support a Government which had made such an appointment.

July 5th. —The session is over, and has been short but violent enough. There is apparently a majority against the Ministry in the House of Lords, though they seem safe in the House of Commons. All depends upon Canning's prudence and firmness during the recess. As to the King, he seems desirous of living a quiet life and disposing of all patronage; public measures and public men are equally indifferent to him. The Duke of Wellington, who knows him well, says he does not care a farthing about the Catholic question, but he does not like to depart from the example of his father and the

Duke of York, to which they owed so much of their popularity. His conduct is entirely influenced by selfish considerations, and he neither knows nor cares what measures the exigencies of the country demand. The present state of parties is so extraordinary that it cannot last, and it remains to be seen whether Lord Grey and the other Whigs will reunite themselves to the main body and support Canning's Government, or whether they will join with the Tories in their efforts to overturn it. Lord Grey's temper, irritated by the attacks which have been made on him, seems likely to urge him to the latter alternative.

July 25th. -Canning is gone to Chiswick, where he has had the lumbago, and could not go to the Council last week. He is very unwell, and in a very precarious state, I think. I was at the Council last Monday week; it was held for the appointment of Lords Lansdowne and Carlisle, Lord Lansdowne having consented to take the Home Office, and Lord Carlisle the Privy Seal; the only Cabinet Ministers present were the four who changed places. It was the first time the King had given Lord Lansdowne an audience, but I believe he was very civil to him. The King gave him an account of the Duke of Buckingham's visit to him (from Dropmore), the result of which was that he sent his proxy to Lord Goderich, but not with a good grace.

The Duke of Wellington has been to the Lodge, and great is the speculation thereupon.¹ It is fiercely debated whether he went by invitation or not, and how long he staid. He was only with the King twenty minutes, for so Prince Leopold, who was there, told Lambton, who told me. I don't know if he was invited or no. The King has taken from Prince Leopold the plate that was given, or, as they now say, lent to him, on his marriage. The Chamberlain sent to Sir R. Gardiner for it in the Prince's absence, and he refused to give it up without his Royal Highness's orders, but the Prince, as soon as he heard of it, ordered it to be sent to the Chamberlain.

The Irish Chancellor has given way about Doherty's appointment, and put the Great Seal to it before his own resignation. He did it with a good grace, Lord Lansdowne told me.

¹ [The causes and consequences of this visit, which was by invitation from the King, are related in the Duke of Wellington's "Correspondence," New Series, vol. iv., p. 83, *et seq.*]

We went all over the Castle the other day; his Majesty will not let anybody see it now. I don't think enough is effected for the enormous sums expended, though it is a fine and will be a good house; still, how far (as a palace) from Versailles, St.-Cloud, and the other palaces in France! The external terrace has spoilt the old one, and is altogether a frightful excrescence, and should never have been made.

August 9th.—Canning died yesterday morning at four o'clock. His danger was only announced on Sunday night, though it had existed from the preceding Wednesday. When he saw the King on Monday his Majesty told him he looked very ill, and he replied that "he did not know what was the matter with him, but that he was ill all over." Nothing could exceed the consternation caused by the announcement of his danger and the despair of his colleagues. From the first there was no hope. He was aware of his danger, and said, "It is hard upon the King to have to fight the battle over again." The Cabinet met on Monday, and great unanimity prevailed among them. They all agreed to stand by each other in the event of his death. As soon as it happened Lord Lansdowne went down to Windsor and saw the King. His Majesty spoke with great affection of Canning, and said something of the difficulties in which he was again involved. Lord L. replied that he had come down, as it was his official duty to do, to announce to him the event; that nothing could be further from his wish or intention than to elicit from him any opinion as to the future, and he begged his Majesty would not say one word upon that subject. The King said that the first thing he should do would be to show every mark of respect to the memory and attachment to the person of Canning, and that he should therefore send for those of his Ministers who had been the most closely connected with him in public and private life. He sent immediately for Lord Goderich and Sturges Bourne, who went down to him when Lord Lansdowne returned.

Yesterday I saw some letters from Mr. Arbuthnot¹ (Gosh) giving an account of the break-up of the old Government, and of the reasons by which they had been influenced in resigning. They were three in number, very violent and indignant, defending the Duke and attacking Canning, but they con-

¹ [Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, the most confidential friend of the Duke of Wellington, with whom he lived. He was known in society by the nickname of "Gosh," by which he is frequently described in these Journals.]

tained little more than has since appeared and been made public. The only fact that appeared to me of consequence was this: that Peel, although he had resigned on different grounds, was indignant at the way in which the Duke had been treated, and was resolved never to take office till full reparation had been made to him; that Lord Bathurst had begged Gosh (Mr. Arbuthnot) not to mention this, as it might do harm. The next letter was a long tirade with a great deal of wrath and indignation, such as might be expected. He says that they knew Canning was negotiating with the Whigs while he was pretending that he wished the old Government to go on; and that in the course of the negotiation with his old colleagues he offered Peel, if he would stay with him, to recall the pro-Catholic Lord-Lieutenant and send a Protestant. Peel wanted the Duke to give up the army and take the Treasury, which he would not hear of. He was miserable at the idea, and opposed it so strongly that they could not press it upon him. However, the Peers—meaning all the Lords who had made such a stir—applied to the Duke to put himself at the head of the Government, but he hardly sent an answer to their application—he would not hear of it.

I may here introduce some anecdotes of Canning told me by Lord George Bentinck, his private secretary:

Some time after they had been in office (after Lord Londonderry's death) they found in a drawer, which apparently had been forgotten or overlooked, some papers, which were dispatches and copies of correspondence between Lord Castlereagh and Lord Stewart. These dispatches were very curious, and more particularly so after his attack last year on Canning for misappropriating the secret service money, for they gave an account of his own employment of the secret service money in getting Italian witnesses for the Queen's trial. There was likewise an account of the discovery Stewart had made of the treachery of an office messenger, who had for a long time carried all his dispatches to Metternich before he took them to England, and Lord Stewart says, "I tremble when I think of the risk which my dispatches have incurred of coming before the House of Commons, as there were letters of Lord Londonderry's written expressly 'to throw dust in the eyes of the Parliament.'" These were his own expressions, and he said, "You will understand this and know what to say to Metternich." In fact, while Lord Castlereagh was obliged to pretend to disapprove of the Continental system

of the Holy Alliance, he secretly gave Metternich every assurance of his private concurrence, and it was not till long after Mr. Canning's accession that Metternich could be persuaded of his sincerity in opposing their views, always fancying that he was obliged to act a part, as his predecessor had done, to keep the House of Commons quiet.

From the moment Mr. Canning came into the Cabinet he labored to accomplish the recognition of the South American Republics, but all the Cabinet were against him except Lord Liverpool, and the King would not hear of it. The King was supported in his opposition by the Duke of Wellington and by Lieven and Esterhazy, whom he used to have with him; and to them he inveighed against Canning for pressing this measure. The Duke of Wellington and those Embassadors persuaded his Majesty that if he consented it would produce a quarrel between him and his allies, and involve him in inextricable difficulties. Canning, who knew all this, wrote to Mrs. Canning in terms of great bitterness, and said if the King did not take care he would not let him see these Embassadors except in his presence, and added, "I can tell his Majesty that his father would never have acted in such a manner." At length, after a long contest, in the course of which Peel came round to him, he resolved to carry the measure or resign. After a battle in the Cabinet which lasted three hours, and from which he came heated, exhausted, and indignant, he prepared a memorial to the King, and Lord Liverpool another, in which they tendered their resignations, alleging at length their reasons, and this they submitted to the Cabinet the following day. When their colleagues found they were in earnest they unanimously surrendered, and agreed upon a declaration to the King that they would all resign unless the measure was adopted. This communication was made to his Majesty by the Duke of Wellington, who told him that he found Canning was in earnest, and that the Government could not go on without him, and he must give way. The King accordingly gave way, but with a very ill grace.¹ When he saw Canning he received him very ill, and in a letter to him, signifying his assent to the measure, he said that it must be his business to have it carried into effect

¹ [The memorial of Mr. Canning on this subject, the counter-opinions of the Duke of Wellington, and the King's minute upon them, have been published in the second volume of the New Series of the "Duke of Wellington's Correspondence," pp. 354, 364, and 402.]

in the best way it would admit of. Canning took fire at the ungracious tone of the letter, and wrote for answer that he feared he was not honored with that confidence which it was necessary that the King should have in his Ministers, and that his Majesty had better dismiss him at once. The King sent no answer, but a gracious message, assuring him he had mistaken his letter, and desiring he would come to the Cottage, when he received him very well. From that time he grew in favor, for when the King found that none of the evils predicted of this measure had come to pass, and how it raised the reputation of his Minister, he liked it very well, and Canning dexterously gave him all the praise of it, so that he soon fancied it had originated with himself, and became equally satisfied with himself and with Canning.

Canning concealed nothing from Mrs. Canning, nor from Charles Ellis. When absent from Mrs. C. he wrote every thing to her in the greatest detail. Canning's industry was such that he never left a moment unemployed, and such was the clearness of his head that he could address himself almost at the same time to several different subjects with perfect precision and without the least embarrassment. He wrote very fast, but not fast enough for his mind, composing much quicker than he could commit his ideas to paper. He could not bear to dictate, because nobody could write fast enough for him; but, on one occasion, when he had the gout in his hand and could not write, he stood by the fire and dictated, at the same time, a dispatch on Greek affairs to George Bentinck, and one on South American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could, while he turned from one to the other without hesitation or embarrassment.

August 10th.—The Cabinet sat yesterday morning and again at night. It is generally believed that Lord Goderich will succeed Canning at the Treasury, and Lord Lansdowne has no objection to serve under him. The Tories were full of hope and joy at first, but in proportion as they were elated at first so were they dejected yesterday, when they found that the King sent for Lord Goderich and not for the Duke of Wellington. He never seems to have thought of the Duke at all. It will all be out to-day or to-morrow. The Tories may now give the King up. They have taken leave of office, except Peel, who will come in some day or other.

[They remained out of office five months. What a prophecy!—*January 28, 1828.*]

The Duke of Wellington talked of Canning the other day a great deal at my mother's. He said his talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable, that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary and passing over those topics on which it was not advisable to touch, his fertility and resources inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard; though he prided himself extremely upon his compositions, he would patiently endure any criticisms upon such papers as he submitted for the consideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered in any way that was suggested; he (the Duke) particularly had often "cut and hacked" his papers, and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of his colleagues. It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. Any difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which, the Duke said, had often compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation. He said that Canning was usually very silent in the Cabinet, seldom spoke at all, but when he did he maintained his opinions with extraordinary tenacity. He said that he was one of the idlest of men. This I do not believe, for I have always heard that he saw every thing and did every thing himself. Not a dispatch was received that he did not read, nor one written that he did not dictate or correct.

August 20th. —There was a Council at Windsor Castle on Friday last, which was a very curious scene. What I saw puzzled me very much till matters have since been explained to me.

On Tuesday morning Drummond, Lord Goderich's private secretary, came to me at my office and told me the Council would be held on Friday, and that Herries was to be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was going down that day with Lord Goderich to Windsor. Accordingly, when I arrived at the Castle I found Herries in the room, and I asked him if he was to take an oath as Chancellor of the Exchequer, because there was none in the oath-book for Chancellor, but one for the Treasurer of the Exchequer, and whether he was to take that. He said he did not know, upon which I asked Wynn if he knew. He did not; when we all agreed to wait till Lord Bexley came,¹ and inquire of him what he had

¹ [Lord Bexley as Mr. Vansittart had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, from 1812 to 1823.]

done. When Lord Bexley arrived we asked him, and he said that Herries would only be sworn then as a Privy Councillor, and must take the oath of Chancellor of Exchequer in the Court of Exchequer. Shortly after we walked round the Castle, and some conversation occurring about the elevation of the Round Tower, which Wyattville was anxious to accomplish, Herries said to him: "But it is my business now to ask you what you will do it for, how much it will cost. Will you do it for £10,000?" Wyattville said, "You must give me £15,000," so that I could have no doubt that Herries was Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the mean time all the Ministers arrived, the whole Cabinet being present except the Chancellor and Lord Anglesey, who arrived afterward. As soon as Lord Goderich and Lord Lansdowne were come they retired into the next room and had a long conference. Shortly afterward the King came, when Lord Goderich went into his room. He staid some time, when the Duke of Portland went in, then Herries. When Lord Goderich came out he had another conference with Lord Lansdowne, at the end of which he went again to the King. He came out, and at the end of three-quarters of an hour went a third time, and after him Herries a second time, and with him Lord Bexley. Another very animated conversation took place between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Goderich, when the latter went to the King a fourth time, and after him Lord Lansdowne, Goderich whispering something to him as he went in. Previous to this I remarked a conference between Lord Lansdowne, Goderich, and Carlisle, after which Carlisle took Tierney into the next room, evidently communicating what had passed. Something was clearly going on, but I could not make out what. I fancied that Lord Lansdowne insisted upon Lord Holland's being in the Cabinet. Yesterday, however, I discovered that it was all about Herries and his appointment. The appointment was the King's, with whom Herries had ingratiated himself by transacting some of his pecuniary business, and getting odds and ends for him out of *droits*, etc. The King then named him, and Goderich made no objection. Herries came to Windsor, not doubting but that he was to receive the seals, which in fact Goderich brought down with him on purpose. Lord Lansdowne, however, declared that he would not consent to the appointment, and hence arose all the conferences and audiences for which I could not account at the time. The Whigs dislike Herries's politics, and still more do they object to the King taking upon

himself to nominate the members of the Government without consulting his Ministers. They are determined to resist this nomination, and the consequence of Lord Lansdowne's remonstrance was the suspension at least of the appointment. Such is the state of affairs, and not a very agreeable state certainly.

The Whigs are satisfied of the candor, fairness, and plain dealing of Goderich, but dissatisfied with his facility and want of firmness. The King is grasping at power and patronage, and wants to take advantage of the weakness of the Government and their apparent dependence upon him to exercise all the authority which ought to belong to the Ministers. The Whigs are not easy in their places. They feel that they are not treated with the consideration to which they are entitled. But they have got too far to recede, and they evidently are alarmed lest, if they exasperate the King, he should accept their resignation and form a Government by a junta of the old Tories with the rest of his Administration, by which their exclusion would be made certain and perpetual. I find that the Duke of Portland was likewise named by the King himself. They do not object to the Duke, on the contrary, but they object greatly to his being so appointed. All this I have from Tierney, who added, if the Duke had been proposed to the King by Lord Goderich, not a member of the Cabinet would have objected, but they don't like his being named by the King. At the end of the Council, on Friday, Lord Anglesey arrived, having traveled day and night, and brought with him the Duke of Wellington's acceptance of the command of the army. Altogether it was a day of unusual interest, and unlike the dullness of ordinary Councils.

September 1st.—Since the Council on the 17th, the affair of Herries has still been going on. It appears that, when Goderich went in to the King (at the Council) to announce to him the objection that had been raised, his Majesty was very angry—angry at having been so committed and at being obliged to give up a nomination he liked. Herries naturally felt himself very ill treated and nettled by the attacks upon him in the newspapers. He has ever since insisted upon being admitted to the Cabinet as the only thing which could afford due reparation to his honor, and prove that he had not been rejected for the reasons which had been assigned. This the Ministers opposed, and it was at length determined that this matter should rest till Huskisson's return. Huskisson agreed with his colleagues about Herries, went to the King, and

spoke to him openly and firmly on the subject. The King consented that another arrangement should be made; the one proposed was, that Sturges Bourne should be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Herries take the Woods and Forests without a seat in the Cabinet. Herries, who had constantly refused to accede to any arrangement by which he was to be excluded from the Cabinet, said he would consider of it; but in the mean time Sturges took fright, and refused to take the Exchequer. In vain Huskisson offered to take all the trouble on himself, and they all tried to persuade Sturges. He would not do it, and so this arrangement fell to the ground. They went again to the King yesterday to report progress and state to him what had occurred. When they came back (Goderich, Huskisson, Sturges, Herries, and the Chancellor) Goderich wrote a long letter to Lord Lansdowne, and he is to go to the King again this evening.

I had a long conversation with Tierney yesterday, and I find that the Whig Ministers are sick to death of their situation and anxious to resign. They think they are not treated with the consideration which is due to them whether as individuals or as the representatives of a great party who are supporting the Government. Then they think Goderich has behaved so ill in this affair that they can have no confidence in him. They believe so much in the integrity of his character that they do not suspect him of any duplicity in what has passed, but his conduct has been marked by such deplorable weakness as shows how unfit he is for the situation he occupies. He has acted equally ill to the King, to his colleagues, and to Herries himself. The history of the transaction is this: While Goderich was Chancellor of the Exchequer Herries was the man upon whose assistance he relied to carry on the business of his office, and who in fact did it all for him. As soon as he was at the head of the Treasury he felt that Herries would be equally necessary to him, and he accordingly pressed him to take the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which Herries declined. After repeated solicitations, Herries told him that he had no objection to belong to his Government, and that he would take the office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and do all his Treasury business for him (this is the account of Herries's friends, which seems to be somewhat doubtful), though he did not wish to be in the Cabinet. At last, however, Goderich prevailed on Herries to let him propose him to the King, which was done

The appointment was particularly agreeable to the King, who wrote a letter with his own hand to Herries, desiring him to take the place. When Goderich returned to town, with this letter in his pocket, he went (before he delivered it) to the Cabinet, and then mentioning Herries, without saying what had passed, he found that the Cabinet would not approve of the appointment, on which he went to Herries, and said that he found that it would not do, and begged him to allow his appointment to be canceled. Herries told him that he had never desired it, and was quite ready to give it up. As soon as Herries had agreed to give it up, Goderich pulls out of his pocket the King's letter, and says, "By-the-by, here is a letter which I ought to have given you before." When Herries had read this letter he said, "This puts me quite in another situation, and though I am still ready to give up being Chancellor of the Exchequer, I must have my conduct explained to the King, and you must take me down to Windsor to-morrow for that purpose." This Goderich refused to do, when Herries said he should go down by himself. He did so, and then passed all which I have described above in the account of the Council on the 19th. I ought to have mentioned, as not the least curious circumstance of the Council, that in the middle of it the King sent for Sir William Knighton, who was closeted with him for an hour. I see this account is not altogether the same as the preceding, a proof of the inaccuracy of anecdotes and historical facts whenever they differ. This is the true one.

Henry de Ros told me that he saw George Dawson, Peel's brother-in-law, at Brighton, who told him that he believed there was nobody the King was more exasperated against than Peel, and for this reason: When the late Government (Canning's) was forming, Peel went to the King, and in reply to his desire that he should form a part of it told him he could not continue in any Government the head of which was a supporter of Catholic Emancipation. The King proposed to him to remain, with a secret pledge and promise from him that the question should not be carried. This of course Peel refused, and the King, who construed his rejection of the disgraceful proposal as conveying a doubt of his word, dismissed him with much resentment.

September 15th.—Taking up the account from where I left off, Goderich went to the King, and it was settled Herries was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. He returned and wrote to Lord Lansdowne, entreating him to acquiesce. Lord

Lansdowne went to the King, and the result of his interview was that he retained office together with his friends. He wrote a letter to one of them, which he intended might be communicated to others, giving an account of his conduct and motives. I saw this letter. He said the King received him very well and spared no entreaties to him to keep office. The King said that he was most anxious the present Government should continue on every account, but more particularly on account of what was now passing on the Continent; that Lord Lansdowne's holding office was indispensable for this object, and he asked him in his own name and for the sake of the country not to resign; that what had occurred had arisen out of a series of blunders which, "let me say," he added, "were neither yours nor mine." Lord Lansdowne said it was put to him in such a way that he could not do otherwise; that he had insisted with Goderich that Stanley and Mackintosh¹ should be employed. This was the pith of his letter. I have been with Huskisson for a week in the country; he is in good health and excellent spirits. Capo d Istria was there, going to Greece. Huskisson told me he wanted money. He owned to me that he considered Greece as a great humbug. I discovered from what he said that they only interfered that they might keep the Russians quiet and prevent a war between Russia and Turkey. The Sultan had announced his intention of sending any Minister to the Seven Towers who should communicate the treaty to him.² Every thing is now quiet for the moment, and will probably continue so till the meeting of Parliament.

December 13th.—Three months have passed since the above was written. I went to Doncaster and Chatsworth, then to Newmarket, and returned to town the middle of last month. The battle of Navarino has been fought, and after three weeks' expectation we know very little about the matter. The strong part of the Cabinet, with Huskisson at the head, are for letting things take their course, and for suffering Russia to go to war with Turkey, and leaving it to her to en-

¹ {Mr. Stanley, afterward Earl of Derby, had taken office under Mr. Canning, and was Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies from April, 1827, till January, 1828. Lord Lansdowne must have recommended him for a higher office.}

² {The Treaty of London for the Settlement of the Affairs of Greece was signed by England, France, and Russia, on the 7th of July, 1827. It was, of course, received with indignation by the Porte, and led, three months afterward, to the battle of Navarino, which was fought on the 20th of October.}

force the articles of the Treaty of London. The plan is that Russia should occupy Moldavia and Wallachia; that the terms should then be offered to the Sultan, and that on his yielding the Greek independence these provinces should be evacuated by the Russians; this is what they propose that our mediation shall effect. In the mean time the Ministers are uneasy about the approaching meeting of Parliament. They anticipate a violent opposition in the House of Lords; they are by no means sure of a majority in that House, and there is not one among them who has spirit and character enough to face it. Lord Dudley is terrified to the greatest degree at the notion of being attacked by Lord Grey. Then, though they are not disunited, they derive no strength from mutual co-operation and support, and the tone which the King has assumed, and the peremptory manner in which he has claimed the disposal of every sort of patronage, is both a proof of the weakness of Government, a source of discord among themselves, and the cause of distrust mixed with contempt on the part of many of their friends. The King and the Duke of Clarence made the promotions and dispensed the honors after the battle of Navarino without consulting the Ministers. 'The King gave Sumner the Bishopric of Winchester in the same way,' and there is a very general opinion that the Cabinet is weak, that they do not act together with cordiality, that they have neither energy nor authority, and are not likely to keep their places. It has been currently reported that they would willingly have censured Codrington, and have thrown the responsibility of the battle from their own shoulders upon his, if they had dared, but that they were prevented by the precipitate approbation expressed by the King. These things are greatly exaggerated, but are not without foundation.

December 15th.—The Ministry is at an end. Goderich resigned either by letter to the King yesterday or at the Council on Thursday. They have been going on ill together for some time. Goderich has no energy, and his colleagues are disgusted at his inefficiency, and at the assumption by the King of all power in disposing of patronage. Huskisson is away, and wishes to be out. They are embarrassed with the Greek question, and have to meet Parlia-

¹ [*Vide supra*, p. 38, when Lord Liverpool caused the nomination of Mr. Sumner to a canonry of Windsor to be canceled, because he had not been consulted. The King took the earliest opportunity of appointing him to the See of Iilandaff, whence he was soon afterward translated to that of Winchester. He died in 1874.]

ment with an immense deficiency in the revenue. This state of things and mutual irritation and dissatisfaction have at length produced Goderich's resignation. Yesterday the Chancellor, Dudley, and Huskisson, were backward and forward to the King all day, and when he went to Windsor at half-past five they were still in the Palace, and he left them there in consultation. He is gone, but Knighton remains behind to negotiate and communicate. In the mean time I find that the King is quite mad upon the Catholic question, and that his real desire is to get rid of the Whigs, take back the Duke of Wellington, and make an anti-Catholic Government. This seems to be quite impossible in the present state of affairs, but a few days will probably produce some decisive change.

1828.

January 2d.—As soon as Lord Goderich had resigned they sent to Lord Harrowby and offered him the premiership. He came to town directly, and went to the King, but refused the place. His refusal was immediately known, and of course there were a variety of conjectures and opinions afloat as to the man who would be chosen. A few days, however, put an end to these, for it was announced, to the astonishment of everybody, that Goderich had returned to town, and that he would not resign. Here ended this matter, which made a great noise for a few days; but the effects of what passed are yet to be seen when Parliament meets. The injury which Goderich's conduct has done to the Government is incalculable, for it has brought them into such low estimation that it is the general opinion they will not be able to retain their places, and there are a great variety of persons in both Houses of Parliament who are disposed to withdraw from them the support which they did give to Canning's Government, and which they were previously inclined to give to this. As matters now stand they do not themselves know upon whom they can count, nor who are their friends and who their foes. They are, however, to have Lord Holland in the Cabinet, to help them on in the House of Lords, but it is very doubtful whether his appointment will not lead to the resignation of some of the Tory members of the Government and the secession of some of its Tory supporters. Nothing can exceed the alarm which they feel at the prospect of the approaching contest in Parlia-

ment, and thus, full of fears and weakness, neither inspiring nor feeling confidence, there seems a bad chance of their getting through the session.

I have heard no more of the King and of his intentions, except that he said he did not see why he was to be the only gentleman in his dominions who was not to eat his Christmas dinner in quiet, and he was determined he would. Dom Miguel has been with him at the Cottage these two days. He has been received with great magnificence; they say he behaves well enough, but is very shy. He went out stag-hunting in red coat and full hunting-costume, and rode over the fences like anybody else.

M^rGregor told me the other day that not one of the physicians and surgeons who attended the Duke of York through his long and painful illness had ever received the smallest remuneration, although their names and services had been laid before the King. He told me in addition that during sixteen years that he attended the Duke and his whole family he never received one guinea by way of fee or any payment whatever.

About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure he never ceased talking. The party was agreeable enough—Luttrell, Rogers, etc.—but it was comical to see how the latter was provoked at Brougham's engrossing all the talk, though he could not help listening with pleasure. Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gayety and animal spirits, his humor mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject, from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied and extensive information and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it, I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, "this morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more went away in one post-chaise." He told us a great many details relating to the Queen's trial, and among other things (which I do not believe) his conviction that the Queen had never had any intrigue with Bergami. He told us the whole

story of his finding out the departure of Rastelli, which happened from a friend of his accidentally seeing Rastelli, in the street, recognizing him, and telling Brougham.¹ Brougham told none of his colleagues, and at first did not believe the story, but by putting artful questions, and watching their effect, he found it was so, and then out he came with it. There was a grand discussion whether they should not throw up their briefs and stop there, and he was all for it, but was overruled and gave way. The person who was most anxious they should go on was Lord Grey, for he had got a notion that they could not any of them speak to evidence, and he wanted to make such a speech, which he fancied he could do very well. Brougham said that as leading counsel for the Queen he always reserved to himself the power of acting as he thought fit, whatever the opinions of his colleagues might be, though they always consulted together and gave their sentiments upon every debated point *seriatim*. He and Denman invariably thought alike. The Queen never could bear him, and was seldom civil to him. When she had to answer the address of the House of Commons she appealed to her counsel for their advice, which they declined to give, and she was furious, for she wanted to make them advise her to accept the propositions of the House, which would have been very unpopular, and then throw the odium of doing so on them.² He spoke very highly of Alderman Wood, who behaved very well, never annoyed or interfered with them, and seems to have been altogether a *brave homme*.

If it had been possible to recollect all that Brougham said on this and a hundred other subjects, it would be well worth writing down, but such talk is much too evanescent, and I remember no more.

After all, Brougham is only a living and very remarkable instance of the inefficacy of the most splendid talents, unless they are accompanied with other qualities, which scarcely admit of definition, but which must serve the same purpose that ballast does for a ship. Brougham has prospered to a certain degree; he has a great reputation and he makes a considerable income at the bar; but as an advocate he is left behind by

¹ [For the use made by Mr. Brougham of the accidental departure of Rastelli during the Queen's trial *vide supra*, p. 32.]

² [This was the address moved by Mr. Wilberforce on the 22d of June, 1820 (*vide supra*, p. 26). Lord Brougham states, in his "Memoirs," that the Queen resolved to reject the advice of Parliament without consulting her lawyers. In one of Lord Brougham's letters written at the time he calls Wood "the ass and alderman called *Thistle-wood*," and attributed to him the intrigue which brought the Queen to England.]

men of far inferior capacity, whose names are hardly known beyond the precincts of their courts or the boundaries of their circuits. As a statesman he is not considered eligible for the highest offices, and however he may be admired or feared as an orator or debater, he neither commands respect by his character nor inspires confidence by his genius, and in this contrast between his pretensions and his situation more humble abilities may find room for consolation and cease to contemplate with envy his immense superiority. To suppose that his ambition can be satisfied in the possession of natural and acquired powers far greater than the majority of mankind, would be contrary to all experience. Such men consider their acquirements as means for the attainment of greater ends, and the disappointments which they frequently meet with in the pursuit of their objects of ambition more than counteract all the feelings of pride and satisfaction which conscious superiority is calculated to inspire. The life of a politician is probably one of deep mortification, for the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and few things can be more galling than to see men far inferior to ourselves enabled by fortune and circumstances to attain what we toil after in vain, and to learn from our own experience how many things there are in this life of greater practical utility than splendid abilities and unwearied industry.

London, January 19th.—The Ministry is at last settled, and now for its history. Early in last week Goderich went down to the King and told him there was such a quarrel in the Cabinet between Huskisson and Herries about the Finance Committee that both could not remain, and that Huskisson would resign if he had not his own way. The King was furious at this new disturbance, and said he could not understand it; if Huskisson resigned, the Government was at an end. "Go," he ended, "and send the Chancellor to me." The Chancellor [Lord Lyndhurst] went, and was desired to bring the Duke of Wellington. The Government was dissolved and the King desired the Duke to form a new one. All this was immediately known, and first it was asked, "What is the quarrel between Huskisson and Herries which broke up the old Cabinet?" The friends of each put about a story, one of which appeared in the *Times*, the other in the *Morning Chronicle*. The question was Lord Althorp's appointment as chairman of the Finance Committee. Huskisson's story is this: In November Tierney went to Goderich and proposed

Althorp as a good man to be in the chair of that Committee. Goderich assented, and said, "But you had better speak to Huskisson about it, as it is a House of Commons matter." He did so, and Huskisson approved of it. A few days after Tierney called on Huskisson and found Herries with him, when they discussed the matter generally, as well as the particular appointment of Althorp, and Herries made no objection, and, as they thought, agreed with them; but shortly after Herries went to Goderich, complained that this matter had been settled without his knowledge and concurrence, that it was a slight put upon him, and said he would not agree to Althorp's nomination, nor stay in office if it were persisted in.

This is one story told me by Sefton, who had it (I am sure) from Brougham, and *verbatim* the same by Robarts, who had it (he told me himself) from Tierney. Herries's story only differs in this: it omits the interview between the three Ministers, and declares the matter was never mentioned to him at all till they had decided on it, when it was shown him as a plan which was not to be discussed, but which he was at once to assent to. It appears difficult to know which to believe, and at first my impression was that they had probably not treated Herries with as much consideration as he was entitled to as Finance Minister, and that he had been prone to take offense and touchy from old recollections, which were probably not effaced. But a circumstance I heard afterward convinced me that Herries has been all along full of ill-will toward his colleagues, and not a little desirous of breaking up the Ministry. When he found, too, with what difficulties they would have to contend in Parliament and the weakness of Goderich, he probably thought they would never be able to go on, and was not sorry to find an opportunity of accelerating their dissolution. The circumstance is this: In the old business of his appointment to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, when he thought he was *not* to be appointed, he wrote to Arbuthnot, telling him how ill he had been treated, and promising to send him all the correspondence on the subject. Subsequently he *was* appointed, when he wrote again to A., saying that as it was settled and he was appointed, he did not think it would be right to send him the correspondence, which he was sure he would understand; that there he was, and he should do his best to act cordially with his new colleagues; but he finished, "I shall hail the day which brings all of you back again." Such an expression to a man who

was the bitterest enemy of the Government of which he was a member did not evince much cordiality toward his colleagues.

The first thing to be done by the Duke was to negotiate with Huskisson. He sent forthwith for his own friends, Peel, Lord Bathurst, and Melville, and for many days the great question was whether Huskisson would join or not, the Whigs of course most anxious he should refuse, the new Government ready to make great concessions to tempt him to join them. He has acceded, however, but much to the disgust of many of his friends, some of whom think he has behaved shabbily in abandoning the Whigs, who supported him, and who had supported Canning at his utmost need. Some think he was pledged never to act with the men who they consider to have behaved so ill to Canning, and some think he has compromised his dignity and independence by not insisting on higher terms, particularly the lead in the House of Commons. At present the exact terms of his bargain are not known, and without being acquainted with all that has passed *de part et d'autre* it is impossible to form a judgment as to the wisdom or the fairness of his conduct. Those who think he would have acted a wiser part and have made himself of greater importance by heading a third party in the House of Commons and keeping aloof, judge too hastily. He would have been followed by all those who call themselves Canning's personal friends, and probably by a considerable body of neutrals, who would not have been disposed to support a Tory Government, and still less to join a Whig Opposition. But however weak the Ministry (without Huskisson) might have appeared at first sight in the House of Commons, it would very possibly have proved stronger than was imagined. Strength and weakness are relative terms, and it remained to be seen what sort of power would have been brought against it, and to what attacks the Government would have exposed itself. The old Tory Ministry, which was voted out for incapacity by the House of Commons, was the strongest and longest that we have seen for many years, though opposed by all the talent and power of an Opposition more formidable than this can be. To be sure it must always be remembered that they floated through their difficulties on the tide of the Duke of Wellington's victories. Of all the party who would have ranged themselves under Huskisson, only Canning's friends, a select

few, would have considered themselves bound to him, and the rest, if they found the Government strong and likely to last, would probably have dropped off and gradually joined it. In that case Huskisson would never have been able to treat as an independent power, and though they might have been glad to take him into the Administration, he could not have made his own terms. I do not think he ever could have looked to overturning the Tory Government and coming in with the whole body of the Whigs, for he has no natural partiality (any more than Canning had) for that party, and he is fully aware how odious they are to the King and how unpopular in the country, which is always more inclined to the Tories than to them. If the Tories have agreed to those measures (except the Catholic question, for that is to remain on its old footing) which he deems necessary, and of which he is the author—that is, of Free Trade, etc.—he would probably rather act with them than with the Whigs; and in joining Government he is liable to no reproach but that of having shaken off his Whig colleagues too easily. But it remains to be proved whether they could have gone on, and at all events Lords Lansdowne and Carlisle might have remained in office if they pleased, though certainly it was not probable that they would do so. The part of the transaction which will appear extraordinary is, that the Government having been broken up by a quarrel between Huskisson and Herries, the opposite party come in and both these Ministers remain with them. In private life the transaction would look very like a fraud, and be open to great suspicion. It would appear as if they had got up a sham quarrel in order to get out their colleagues and stay in themselves with the Tories. This, however, I believe, not to have been the case, at least as far as Huskisson is concerned, though perhaps Herries may not be altogether so clear.

CHAPTER IV.

The Duke of Wellington's Administration—Huskisson's Speech—Irritation of Mr. Canning's Friends—Tom Duncombe's Maiden Speech—Mr. Huskisson resigns and the Canningites quit the Government—Princess Lieven hostile to the Duke—The Catholic Question—Jockey Club Dinner at St. James's—Lord Lyndhurst—Sir Robert Adair—Fox and Burke—Fox and Pitt—The Lord High Admiral dismissed by the King—Dawson's Speech on Catholic Emancipation—The King's Health—His Pages—State of Ireland—Marquis of Anglesey—O'Connell—His Influence in Ireland—Lord Belmore Governor of Jamaica—The Duke's Letter to Dr. Curtis—Recall of Lord Anglesey from Ireland—Causes of this Event—Excitement of the King on the Catholic Question—His Aversion to Sir William Knighton—Character of George IV.—Denman's Silk Gown—Pension to Lady Westmeath—Duke of Wellington on Russia—The Reis-Effendi—Duke of Northumberland goes to Ireland—Privy Council Register—State Paper Office—The Gunpowder Plot—Catholic Emancipation—Navarino.

January 28th.—Until the Duke of Wellington's commission as First Lord of the Treasury appeared many people doubted that he would take the office.¹ The Ordnance was offered to Lord Rosslyn, who refused it, and then given to Lord Beresford, but without a seat in the Cabinet (as Lord Bathurst told me) by his own particular desire. Some days have now elapsed, and time has been afforded for the expression of popular feeling and opinion on the late changes. Lady Canning and many of Canning's friends are very much dissatisfied with Huskisson, and think he deserted his principles and outraged the memory of Canning. Lady C. particularly is much hurt at what has passed. She has not seen Huskisson, but he is aware of her sentiments, though he says she has so high an opinion of him that she is sure he is acting for what he believes to be the best. The majority of Canning's

¹ [The Duke of Wellington's Administration was at first constituted as follows:

Duke of Wellington, First Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor.

Earl Bathurst, Lord President of the Council.

Earl of Ellenborough, Lord Privy Seal.

Mr. Peel, Home Secretary.

Lord Dudley, Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Huskisson, Colonial Secretary.

Earl of Aberdeen, Duchy of Lancaster.

Mr. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Charles Grant, President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Herries, Master of the Mint.

Viscount Melville, President of the India Board.

Lord Dudley, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Grant, and Lord Palmerston (Secretary at War, not in the Cabinet), were the four Canningite members who resigned in May following. They were replaced by Lord Aberdeen, Sir George Murray, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, and Sir Henry Hardinge respectively.]

friends have adhered to the Government. The great body of the Whigs who belonged to or supported the late Government are indignant and violent, particularly with Huskisson, who they think has betrayed them. An interview has taken place between Huskisson and Lord Lansdowne, in which the former explained his conduct, and (as far as I can learn) the latter said but little, neither condemning nor approving. But the great body of the party are resolved to oppose the new Government in every way, though without attempting to form a party, which they do not think feasible in their present condition. They intend a desultory and harassing warfare, particularly attacking Huskisson upon Liberal measures, to which he stands pledged, but which they think he will now be prevented by his colleagues from carrying into effect. The seceding Whigs are triumphant, because they assert that what has happened is a full justification of their conduct. They forget, however, that all this is mainly attributable to them and to Canning's death, which occurred in the interim. On the other hand the old Tories are not altogether satisfied, and, though rejoiced at the restoration of the party, cannot bear to see Huskisson and his friends members of the Government from abhorrence of Canning and all Liberal principles. However, the principal men have sent in their adhesions in very civil letters to the Duke.

All the Ministers (old and new) were at Windsor the other day; but it was contrived that they should not meet, the *ins* being in one room and Lansdowne and Carlisle in another, and it was afterward discovered that in a third room by himself was Goderich. This Lord Sefton told me, and he had it from Lord Lansdowne, who had it from the King and confirmed by Lord Conyngham. His Majesty was remarkably civil to Lords Lansdowne and Carlisle. The King had a scene with the Duke of Devonshire, whom he could not persuade to stay in his place, though he tried hard. Scarlett has resigned the Attorney-Generalship, but not very willingly. He wrote to Milton and asked his advice. Milton advised him to resign, and so he did. One thing that has angered the Tories is the Duke's not having consulted Lord Eldon, nor offered him any place; and it seems he is extremely mortified, for though he did not want the seals again, he would have been very glad to take office as President of the Council.

February 25th.—There is one advantage in writing at

intervals of some time instead of keeping a regular diary; I can take a more bird's-eye view of events, and avoid falling into many errors, which it would be afterward necessary to correct. I went to Newmarket and staid there three weeks for my health. While I was there Huskisson made his speech at Liverpool.¹ The Tories were furious, and in the House of Lords the Duke of Wellington contradicted it, or rather said he did not believe it was faithfully reported, for all that he was reported to have said about *the guarantee* was untrue. I returned to town in time for the House of Commons, and found the greatest excitement, curiosity, and violence generally prevailing. As to Huskisson, he had offended the Tories, the Whigs, and Lady Canning, and everybody condemned him. Parties were split to pieces, there was no Opposition, and no man could tell what were the politics of his neighbor, scarcely what his own. Lady Canning was in a state of great rage and resentment, and had inspired George Bentinck with the same sentiments. Clanricarde had been sent down by her to the House of Lords furnished with extracts of Canning's letters to throw in the teeth of his old friends and his old enemies, and she threatened fresh disclosures and fresh documents which were to confound all whom she deemed worthy of her indignation. A very angry colloquy took place at a dinner at Warrender's between Lord Seaford and George Bentinck, in which the latter violently attacked Mr. Canning's friends for joining the present Government, and quoted Huskisson's declaration that he would never act with the men who had abandoned him. Lord Seaford grew angry, and asked George what he knew of that declaration and what his authority was for quoting it. To which George replied that he had it from himself—from Lord Seaford at Paris. This confounded the noble Lord, and

¹ [The speech made by Mr. Huskisson on his reelection at Liverpool on the 5th of February, 1828, is printed in vol. iii. of his "Collected Speeches," p. 673. It contains a full account of these transactions. The passage which gave so much offense to the Tories was that "if the Government was such as satisfied the view I took of the interests of the country, and provided such arrangements were made in its construction as afforded a guarantee that the principle I approved should not be departed from, I was not precluded from joining it;" and again, "The presence in office of such men as Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Grant, and Mr. Lamb, is the most satisfactory of all guarantees that the general principles of our foreign and commercial system would remain unchanged, and that Ireland would be governed with the strictest impartiality in respect to the Catholic question."

These declarations of Mr. Huskisson had a material effect on the occurrences which not long afterward took place.]

altogether there was a pretty violent altercation, which greatly annoyed both him and Howard, who was present, and was regretted by all their common friends. Two days after this came on the debate in the House of Commons and the explanations of Huskisson and Herries. Their speeches were both satisfactory enough till Tierney spoke, who entirely knocked over their cases, or at least that of Herries, for against Huskisson he proved nothing, except that he might perhaps have been more communicative, though I think this reproach applies more to Lord Goderich than to him. The impression left with regard to Herries was as unfavorable as possible.

The great event of the night was Duncombe's¹ speech, which was delivered with perfect self-possession and composure, but in so ridiculous a manner that everybody laughed at him, although they were amused with his impudence and at the style and objects of his attack. However, the next day it was discovered that he had performed a great exploit; he was loudly applauded and congratulated on all sides, and made into the hero of the day. His fame was infinitely increased on a subsequent night, when Herries again came before the House and when Tommy fired another shot at him. The newspapers were full of his praises. The Whigs called at his door and eagerly sought his acquaintance. Those who love fun and personality cheered him on with loud applause, and he now fancies himself the greatest man going, and is ready to get up and abuse anybody on the Treasury bench. To me, who knew all the secret strings that moved this puppet, nothing can be more amusing.

The history of Tom Duncombe and his speech is instructive as well as amusing, for it is a curious proof of the facility with which the world may be deceived, and of the prodigious effect which may be produced by the smallest means, if they are aided by some fortuitous circumstances and happily applied. Tommy came to Henry de Ros and told him that his constituents at Hertford were very anxious he should make a speech, but that he did not know what to say, and begged Henry to supply him with the necessary materials. He advised him to strike out something new, and having received his assurance that he should be able to recollect any thing

¹ {Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, nephew of the first Lord Faversham, distinguished for his Radical opinions, M. P. for Finsbury after the Reform Bill. He sat at this time for Hertford; and the incident related in the text appears to have been his *début* in political life.}

that he learned by heart, and that he was not afraid of his courage failing, Henry composed for him the speech which Duncombe delivered. But knowing the slender capacity of his man, he was not satisfied with placing the speech in his hands, but adopted every precaution which his ingenuity suggested to avert the danger of his breaking down. He made him learn the speech by heart, and then made him think it over again and put it into language of his own, justly fearing that if he should forget any of the more polished periods of the original it would appear sadly botched by his own interpolations. He then instructed him largely as to how and when he was to bring it in, supplying him with various commonplace phrases to be used as connecting links, and by the help of which he might be enabled to fasten upon some of the preceding speeches. I saw Henry de Ros the day before the debate, when he told me what he was doing, and asked me to suggest any thing that occurred upon the subject, and at the same time repeated to me the speech with which he had armed his hero. I hinted my apprehensions that he would fail in the delivery, but though he was not without some alarm, he expressed (as it afterward appeared a well-grounded) confidence in Duncombe's extraordinary nerve and intrepidity.

His speech on the second night was got up precisely in the same manner, and although it appeared to arise out of the debate and of those which preceded it, the matter had been all crammed into him by his invisible Mentor. The amusement to him and to me (especially at the honors that have been thickly poured upon him and the noise which he has made in the world) is indescribably pungent.

Thus Duncombe and his speech have made what is called a great sensation, and he has the reputation (no matter whether justly or not) of having thrown the enemy's camp into greater confusion by the boldness of his language than anybody has ever done, because nobody has ever before dared to mention those whom he dragged forward. To the ignorant majority of the world he appears a man of great promise, of boldness, quickness, and decision, and the uproar that is made about him cannot fail to impress others as well as himself with a high notion of his consequence.

Knighton is gone abroad, I have very little doubt, in consequence of what passed, and as nobody inquires very minutely into the real causes of things where they get apparent

ones with ease, it is said and believed at once that Duncombe is the man who has driven him out, and that he has given the first blow to that secret influence which has only been obscurely hinted at before and never openly attacked. These are great and important matters, far exceeding any consequences which the authors of the speech anticipated from its delivery at the time. And what are the agents who have produced such an effect? A man of ruined fortune and doubtful character, whose life has been spent on the race-course, at the gaming-table, and in the green-room, of limited capacity, exceedingly ignorant, and without any stock but his impudence to trade on, only speaking to serve an electioneering purpose, and crammed by another man with every thought and every word that he uttered.

June 12th.—We have now got a Tory Government, and all that remained of Canning's party are gone.¹ The case of the Duke of Wellington and Huskisson is before the world, but nobody judges fairly. Motives are attributed to both parties which had no existence, and the truth is hardly ever told at first, though it generally oozes out by degrees. After the explanations in February the Government went on to all appearance very well, but there lurked under this semblance of harmony some seeds of jealousy and distrust, not I believe so much in the mind of the Duke as in those of his Tory colleagues, and the Canningites on their side certainly felt no cordiality even toward the Duke himself. They said that he never could nor would understand any thing; that he said a thing one day and forgot it the next, and instead of that clearness of intellect for which he had credit, nothing could be more puzzled and confused than he was; that nothing could absolve him from the suspicion of duplicity and insincerity but the conviction that his ambiguous conduct on various occasions arose from a confusion of ideas. On the other

¹ [Bills had been brought into Parliament for the disfranchisement of the boroughs of Penryn and East Retford, and the transfer of those seats to Manchester and Birmingham. On the East Retford case, which came before the House of Commons on the 19th of May, Mr. Huskisson felt bound in honor to support the measure, and voted against his colleagues. On his return home after the debate he wrote a hasty letter to the Duke of Wellington, in which he said that he "owed it to the Duke and to Mr. Peel to lose no time in affording them an opportunity of placing his office in other hands." The Duke regarding this as a formal act of resignation, laid it before the King and filled up the appointment. The correspondence is published in the Duke of Wellington's "Correspondence," New Series, vol. iv., p. 449. The resignation of Lord Palmerston, Charles Grant, and Lord Dudley, followed. The details of this transaction are sufficiently alluded to in the text.]

hand, Lord Bathurst told my father that he thought they (Huskisson and his friends) were too much disposed to act together as a party in the Cabinet; and it is clear that the Duke thought so too, and that this feeling and the resentment it engendered in his mind are the real reasons of his conduct on the late occasion.

There had been a dispute in the Cabinet about the Corn Bill, which occasioned the discussion of it to be put off for a few days at the time, and upon that occasion Grant resigned his office. The matter was made up and he staid. But when upon the East Retford affair Huskisson resigned, and in such an extraordinary manner, the Duke felt that there was a disposition to embarrass him by these perpetual tenders of resignation, which he believed they thought he would not venture to accept. Upon receiving Huskisson's letter he went to Lord Bathurst and consulted him, and Lord Bathurst advised him to take him at his word. Everybody looks for some cause which does not appear for important events, and people with difficulty admit of very simple solutions and very trifling causes, though such are not unfrequently the real ones. I believe that Huskisson had no intention of embarrassing the Duke and none of resigning; but for a cool and sensible man his conduct is most extraordinary, for he acted with the precipitation of a school-boy and showed a complete want of all those qualities of prudence and calm deliberation for which he has the greatest credit. But though this breach might have been avoided, from the sentiments which have been expressed by both parties, it is evident other differences would have arisen which must have dissolved the Government before long. After putting aside the violent opinions on both sides, the conclusion is that Huskisson acted very hastily and imprudently, and that his letter (say what he will) was a complete resignation, and that the Duke had a right so to consider it; that in the Duke's conduct there appeared a want of courtesy and an anxiety to get rid of him, which it would have been more fair to avow and defend than to deny; that on both sides there was a mixture of obstinacy and angry feeling, and a disposition to treat the question rather as a personal matter than one in which the public interests were deeply concerned. But the charge which is made on one side that Huskisson wanted to embarrass the Duke's Government and enhance his own importance, and that on the other of the Duke's insincerity, are both unfounded.

Some circumstances, however, contributed to place the Duke's conduct in an unfavorable point of view. These were the extravagant and unconcealed joy of the High Tories and of his immediate friends, and his attending at the same time the Pitt dinner and sitting there while Lord Eldon gave his famous "one cheer more" for Protestant ascendancy. That he treated Huskisson with some degree of harshness there is no doubt, but he was angry, and not without reason; the former brought it all upon himself. During the debate upon East Retford, when Huskisson was called upon by Sandon to redeem his pledge, he told Peel that he could not help himself, and must vote against him; but he begged him to put off the question till the following week, that it might be considered again. This Peel refused; had he acceded, all this would not have taken place.

When the King saw Huskisson he was extremely gracious to him, expressed the utmost regret at losing him, and said that he had wished not to see him at first, that he might avoid receiving his resignation, and in hopes that the matter would have been arranged.¹ However, the other party say that the King is very glad to have got rid of him and his party.

In the middle of all this Madame de Lieven is supposed to have acted with great impertinence, if not imprudence, and to have made use of the access she has to the King to say all sorts of things against the Duke and the present Government. Her dislike to the Duke has been increasing ever since that cessation of intimacy which was caused by Canning's accession to power, when she treated him very uncivilly in order to pay court to Canning. Esterhazy told me last night that although her position here was now greatly changed, and that it was far from being so agreeable as it was, he could not accuse her of imprudence in having taken the part she had done, because he thought that it had answered very well, and that the objects of her Court had been in great measure accomplished through her means.

June 18th.—The Duke of Wellington's speech on the Catholic question is considered by many to have been so moderate as to indicate a disposition on his part to concede emancipation, and bets have been laid that Catholics will sit in

¹ [Huskisson solicited an audience, which his Majesty refused for some days to grant; he would not see him until he had written again to the Duke of Wellington.]

Parliament next year. Many men are resolved to see it in this light who are anxious to join his Government, and whose scruples with regard to that question are removed by such an interpretation of his speech. I do not believe he means to do any thing until he is compelled to it, which if he remains in office he will be; for the success of the Catholic question depends neither on Whigs nor Tories, the former of whom have not the power and the latter not the inclination to carry it. The march of time and the state of Ireland will effect it in spite of every thing, and its slow but continual advance can neither be retarded by its enemies nor accelerated by its friends. In the mean time men affect to consider his expressions as of importance enough to influence their conduct in taking or refusing office. Frankland Lewis,¹ who refused the Irish Secretaryship, said that after that speech he regretted his refusal and would be glad to take it, and now he wants to join the Government again. Certainly at this moment the Tories are triumphant, and so far from the Duke's Government having any difficulty in standing, there does not appear to be a disposition in any quarter to oppose it. Not only in Parliament there is no Opposition, but the press is veering round and treating him with great civility. The Government seem well disposed to follow up the Liberal policy, to which they have been suspected of being adverse, and have already declared that they do not intend to deviate either in their foreign or domestic policy from the principles on which the Government was understood to act previous to the separation. Arbuthnot told my father yesterday that they all regret now having resigned in 1827, and Huskisson owned to A. that he had acted with unfortunate precipitancy.

June 29th.—I dined yesterday with the King at St. James's—his Jockey Club dinner. There were about thirty people, several not being invited whom he did not fancy. The Duke of Leeds told me a much greater list had been made out, but he had scratched several out of it. We assembled in the Throne Room, and found him already there, looking very well and walking about. He soon, however, sat down, and desired everybody else to do so. Nobody spoke, and he laughed and said, "This is more like a Quaker than a Jockey Club meeting." We soon went to dinner,

¹ [Right Hon. T. Frankland Lewis, a member of the Grenville and Canning section of the Tory party; made a baronet by Sir Robert Peel; the father of the Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis.]

which was in the Great Supper Room and very magnificent. He sat in the middle, with the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton on each side of him. I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table and recommending all the good things; he made me (after eating a quantity of turtle) eat a dish of crawfish-soup, till I thought I should have burst. After dinner the Duke of Leeds, who sat at the head of the table, gave "The King." We all stood up, when his Majesty thanked us, and said he hoped this would be the first of annual meetings of the sort to take place, there or elsewhere under his roof. He then ordered paper, pens, etc., and they began making matches and stakes; the most perfect case was established, just as much as if we had been dining with the Duke of York, and he seemed delighted. He made one or two little speeches, one recommending that a stop should be put to the exportation of horses. He twice gave "The Turf," and at the end the Duke of Richmond asked his leave to give a toast, and again gave "The King." He thanked all the gentlemen, and said that there was no man who had the interests of the turf more at heart than himself, that he was delighted at having this party, and that the oftener they met the better, and he only wanted to have it pointed out to him how he could promote the pleasure and amusement of the turf, and he was ready to do any thing in his power. He got up at half-past twelve and wished us good-night. Nothing could go off better, and Mount Charles told me he was sure he was delighted.

I dined with the Chancellor [Lord Lyndhurst] three days ago; he talked to me a great deal about his acceptance of the Great Seal and of the speculation it was. He was Master of the Rolls with £7,000 a year for life when it was offered to him; he debated whether it was worth while to give this up to be Chancellor for perhaps only one year, with a peerage and the pension. He talked the matter over with his wife, and they agreed that if it only lasted one year (which he evidently thought probable) it was worth while, besides the contingency of a long Chancellorship. He asked me if the Government was popular and reckoned strong. I told him it was apparently popular and reckoned strong, because there was no Opposition and little chance of any. I said that, however hazardous his speculation might have been, it had turned out well, for he had a good chance of being Chancellor as long as his predecessor had

been, there being so few candidates for the office. He said this was true, and then he talked of his Court, and said it was impossible for one man to do the business of it. In talking of the speculation he had made, political opinions and political consistency seemed never to occur to him, and he considered the whole matter in a light so business-like and professional as to be quite amusing. He talked of the Duke, said he was a good man to do business with, quick and intelligent, and "how well he managed that little correspondence with Huskisson," which was droll enough, for Huskisson dined there and was in the room.

August 6th.—About three weeks ago I went to Windsor to a Council. The King had been ill for a day or two, but was recovered. Rob Adair¹ was sworn in Privy Councilor, and he remained in the room and heard the speech, which he ought not to have done. The Duke attacked me afterward (in joke) for letting him stay; but I told him it was no business of mine, and his neighbor ought to have told him to go. That neighbor, however, was Vesey Fitzgerald, who said it was the first time he had attended a Council, and he could not begin by turning another man out. I brought Adair back to town, and he told me a great many things about Burke, and Fox, and Fitzpatrick, and all the eminent men of that time with whom he lived when he was young. He said what I have often heard before, that Fitzpatrick was the most agreeable of them all, but Hare the most brilliant. Burke's conversation was delightful, so luminous and instructive. He was very passionate, and Adair said that the first time he ever saw him he unluckily asked him some question about the wild parts of Ireland, when Burke broke out, "You are a fool and a block-head; there are no wild parts in Ireland." He was extremely terrified, but afterward Burke was very civil to him, and he knew him very well.

He told me a great deal about the quarrel between Fox and Burke. Fox never ceased to entertain a regard for Burke, and at no time would suffer him to be abused in his presence. There was an attempt made to bring about a reconciliation, and a meeting for that purpose took place of all the leading men at Burlington House. Burke was on the point of yielding

¹ [Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, the friend of Fox, formerly ambassador at Constantinople and Vienna. It was he whom Canning once called "Bobadare-a-dool-fowla."]

when his son suddenly made his appearance unbidden, and on being told what was going on said, "My father shall be no party to such a compromise," took Burke aside and persuaded him to reject the overtures. That son Adair described as the most disagreeable, violent, and wrong-headed of men, but the idol of his father, who used to say that he united all his own talents and acquirements with those of Fox and everybody else. After the death of Richard Burke, Fox and Burke met behind the throne of the House of Lords one day, when Fox went up to Burke and put out both his hands to him. Burke was almost surprised into meeting this cordiality in the same spirit, but the momentary impulse passed away, and he doggedly dropped his hands and left the House.

Adair told me that Lord Holland has written very copious memoirs of his own time, and particularly characters of all the eminent men who have died, in the delineation of which he excels. Soon after Pitt's resignation in 1801, there was an attempt made to effect a junction between Pitt and Fox, to which they were neither of them averse. The negotiation was, however, intrusted to subordinate agents, and Adair said that he had always regretted that they had not met, for if they had he thought the matter would have been arranged. As it was, the design was thwarted by the King through the intervention (I think he said) of Lord Loughborough.

There was another Council about a week ago. On these occasions the King always whispers to me something or other about his race-horses or something about myself, and I am at this moment in high favor. We had Howley and Bloomfield¹ at this Council, with the latter of whom I made acquaintance, to the great amusement of the Duke. He laughed at seeing me conversing with this bishop.

I hear from Frederick Lamb that the Duke is greatly alarmed about Ireland. By-the-by, he, Frederick,² is come back from Portugal, thinking that our Government have acted very ill and very foolishly, first encouraging and then abandoning these wretched Constitutionalists to their fate, and he is no particular friend to Liberalism.

August 14th.—Just returned from Goodwood, where I went on the 11th, and heard on arriving that the Lord High Admiral had resigned, but no particulars. It is a very good thing at all events.

¹ [The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.]

² [Sir Frederick Lamb, afterward created Lord Beauvale, and who became Lord Melbourne on the death of his brother William.]

August 16th.—The Lord High Admiral was turned out.¹ The Duke told him that he must go, but that he might resign as if of his own accord. The Duke is all-powerful. It is strongly reported that Peel will resign, that the Duke means to concede the Catholic question and to negotiate a *concordat* with the Pope. Many people think Lord Grey will join the Government, and that he will be First Lord of the Admiralty. The Duke gave his brother Dr. Bloomfield's living without any solicitation. Esterhazy told me to-night that Palmella entertains from twenty to thirty of his countrymen at dinner every day, of whom there are several hundred in London, of the best families, totally destitute. All Palmella's property is sequestrated, but he receives the appointment of Portuguese Minister from the Brazilian Government.

August 22d.—Went to Stoke on the 19th and came back yesterday. There were the Dowager Lady Salisbury, Duchess of Newcastle, Worcester and Lady W. Russell, Giles, Billy Churchill. On the 18th Dawson's speech² at Derry reached us, and I never remember any occurrence which excited greater surprise. The general impression was that he made the speech with the Duke's knowledge and concurrence, which I never believed. I thought from what he said to me just before he went to Ireland that he had changed his own opinion, and now many people say they knew this; but I was little prepared to hear of his making such a speech at such a place as Derry, and on such an occasion as a "Prentice Boy" commemoration. The rage and fury of the Orangemen there and of the Orange press here are boundless, and the violence and scurrility of their abuse are the more absurd because Dawson only described in glowing colors, and certainly without reserve, the actual state of Ireland, but did not argue the question at all further than leaving on his hearers the inevitable inference that he thought the time for granting emancipation was come. The truth

¹ [The King's letter dismissing the Duke of Clarence from the office of Lord High Admiral was dated the 11th of August, 1828. It is published in the Duke of Wellington's "Correspondence," New Series, vol. iv., p. 595.]

² [Mr. Peel's confidential letter to the Duke of Wellington, stating his reluctant conviction that it was indispensably necessary for the Government to change its policy on the Catholic question, was written on the 11th of August, 1828. The letter is published in Sir Robert Peel's "Posthumous Memoirs," vol. i., p. 189. It is a remarkable circumstance that Mr. Dawson's speech at Derry was made *just one week afterward*; but there is no evidence that he knew of the change in his brother-in-law's opinion. See for further details as to the effect of Dawson's speech *infra*.]

is that the conversion of one of the most violent anti-Catholics must strike everybody as a strong argument in favor of the measure, and they know not by how many and by whom his example may be followed. The Orangemen are moving heaven and earth to create disturbances, and their impotent fury shows how low their cause is sunk. The Catholics, on the contrary, are temperate and calm, from confidence in their strength and the progressive advance of their course. But, although I think the Catholics are now in a position which renders their ultimate success certain, I am very far from participating in the sanguine expectations of those who think the Duke of Wellington is convinced that the question must be settled directly, and that he will carry it through in the ensuing session. In the first place, I see clearly that the Government are extremely annoyed at Dawson's speech. I saw Goulburn to-day, and though he did not say much, what he did say was enough to satisfy me of this: "he hoped that it had been incorrectly reported." Dawson has written to the Duke,¹ and the letter was sent to him to-day. But what has put me in despair about it is a letter of the Duke's which Drummond read to me to-day, addressed, I do not know to whom, but upon that subject. It began, "My dear sir," and, after other matter, proceeded nearly as follows: "This subject has been more discussed and more pamphlets have been written upon it in the course of the last twenty-five years than any other that I can remember. No two people are agreed upon what ought to be done, and yet the Government is expected at once to settle the question." This is the old argument, as if, after thirty years' discussion in every shape, it was not time to settle the question. As if those who undertake to govern the country were not the men who are bound to find the means of settling it and allaying the irritation it causes. And as if, instead of no two persons being agreed upon the subject, all the ablest and wisest men in the country were not cordially agreed that complete emancipation is the only remedy for the evils that exist, and that they are opposed by the most base and sordid motives. This letter was read to me as conveying the Duke's opinions, which his secretary

¹ [This letter is published in the Duke of Wellington's "Correspondence," New Series, vol. iv., p. 633. The Duke said: "Dawson's speech is too bad. Surely a man who does such things ought to be put in a strait-waistcoat." *Ibid.*, p. 636.]

thought were very sound and sensible, and which, I think, evinced a degree of aility quite pitiable, and proves how little there is to expect from any liberality and good sense on his part.

I do not yet know the whole truth of the Lord High Admiral's resignation, but it seems that it is not yet certain. Negotiations on the subject are still going on. I believe he quarreled with his council, particularly Cockburn, and that Government took part with Cockburn. The Duke of Clarence wants to promote deserving officers, but they oppose it on account of the expense, and they find in every thing great difficulty in keeping him in order. His resignation will be very unpopular in the navy, for his system of promotion was more liberal and impartial than that of his predecessor, whose administration was one perpetual job, and who made the patronage of the Admiralty instrumental to governing Scotland. Hitherto the appointments of Government have not been the most judicious—Lord Belmore to Jamaica, because he is a Lord, and a very dull one; Lord Strangford to the Brazils, though the Duke knows as well as anybody that he cannot be trusted, and was recalled by Canning because he said and did all sorts of things at Constantinople for which he had no authority, and they found that no reliance whatever was to be placed in him. Lord Stuart de Rothesay, too, is sent back to Paris, though personally obnoxious to the King and universally disliked.

Stoke, August 25th.—Went to Windsor to-day for a Council and came on here after it. There were the Chancellor, Peel, Fitzgerald, Ellenborough, Sir G. Murray, the Archbishop, and Bishop of London, who came to do homage. The King gave the Chancellor a long audience, and another to Peel, probably to talk over Dawson's speech and Orange politics. After the Council the King called me and talked to me about race horses, which he cares more about than the welfare of Ireland or the peace of Europe. We walked over the Castle, which is nearly finished, but too gaudy. The King told me he would go to Egham races to-morrow. I talked to Fitzgerald about Dawson's speech. He said he believed Dawson had never told the Duke or Peel what he meant to do, that he thought he was very bold and imprudent. However, he was glad of it, as it must assist the cause, and the moral effect in Ireland would be produced before the Duke's sentiments could be known. Lord Mount Charles told me the day before yes-

terday that the reason the Duke of Clarence had resigned was, that he had in many instances exceeded his powers, which had produced remonstrances from the Duke of Wellington, whereupon the Duke of Clarence tendered his resignation, and the Duke immediately carried it to the King without asking him to stay.¹ Afterward there were some negotiations, when the Duke of Clarence refused to stay if Cockburn did. They would not, however, part with Cockburn, but subsequently the Duke shook hands with him and asked him to dine at Bushy on his birthday. He said that his successor was not appointed, but it will probably be Lord Melville. The King has not been well; he goes fishing and dining at Virginia Water, stays out late, and catches cold.

August 29th.—Came from Stoke last night. There were the Lievens, Cowper, Lord Melbourne, Luttrell, Pierre d'Arenberg, Creevy, Russell, Montrond. The King went to Egham races Tuesday and Thursday, was very well received and pleased. He was very gracious to me. Madame de Lieven went over to the Lodge to see Lady Conyngham, who finding she had never seen Clifden, carried her off there, ordered luncheon and the pony-carriage, took her all over the place, and then carried her back to Salthill, where the King's carriage met her and took her back to Virginia Water to dinner. Lieven told me they had never expected to find this Turkish expedition an easy business, and had always been prepared for great difficulties, etc., from which I conclude that they have met with some check. I met Bachelor, the poor Duke of York's old servant, and now the King's *valet de chambre*, and he told me some curious things about the interior of the Palace; but he is coming to call on me, and I will write down what he tells me then. There is a report that the Admiralty has been offered to Lord Melbourne. I asked him (at Stoke), and he said he had never heard of it.

London, November 25th.—I have not written any thing

¹ [A letter from the Duke of Wellington to Sir Robert Peel, dated the 13th of August, 1828, explains the circumstances that led to the removal of the Duke of Clarence from the office of Lord High Admiral. This letter is published in the first volume of Sir Robert Peel's "Posthumous Memoirs on the Catholic Question and the Repeal of the Corn Laws," p. 269. The Duke of Wellington says: "He behaved very rudely to Cockburn. I saw Cockburn and Croker, and both agreed in stating that the machine could no longer work." In a subsequent letter the Duke added: "I quite agree with you that it is very unfortunate the Duke of Clarence has resigned. I did every thing in my power to avoid that result, excepting give up Cockburn." The whole correspondence is published in the fourth volume of the Duke's "Correspondence," New Series.]

since I left town, because nothing occurred worth remembering. Yesterday I went to the Council at Windsor. Most of the Ministers were there, the Recorder, two foreign Ministers, and the Duke of Clarence. The King seemed to be very well. The Duke of Wellington did not arrive till late, and before he was come the King sent for Peel and gave him an audience of two hours at least. I thought there must be something in the wind, and was struck with Peel's taking the Duke into one of the window recesses and talking to him very earnestly as soon as he came out. I returned to town after the Council, and in the evening went to the play, and coming out I met Henry de Ros and Frederick Lamb. The former made me go with him in his carriage, when he told me what fully explained the cause of Peel's long audience—that the Duke has at last made up his mind to carry the Catholic question, and that Peel¹ and the rest of the violent anti-Catholics are going out; that the Duke's present idea is to apply to Huskisson, but that nothing will be done or said till the Ministers assemble in town and hold their cabinets.

He told me also that the French Government have at last agreed to make common cause with us in preventing the Russians from prosecuting the war against Turkey.

December 16th.—A Council at Windsor yesterday; very few present, and no audiences but Aberdeen for three-quarters of an hour and the Duke for five minutes. I sent for Bachelor and had a long talk with him. He said the King was well, but weak, his constitution very strong, no malady about him, but irritation in the bladder which he could not get rid of. He thinks the hot rooms and want of air and exercise do him harm, and that he is getting every day more averse to exercise and more prone to retirement, which, besides that it weakens his constitution, is a proof that he is beginning to break. Bachelor thinks he is in no sort of danger; I think he will not live more than two years. He says that his attendants are quite worn out with being always about him, and living in such hot rooms (which obliges them to drink), and seldom

¹ [It had not then transpired, nor was it known until long afterward, that the proposal to carry Catholic Emancipation was made by Mr. Peel to the Duke of Wellington on the 11th of August. Sir Robert Peel states, however, in his "Memoir," p. 269: "At the close of the year 1828 little, if any, progress had been made in removing the difficulties with which the Duke of Wellington had to contend;" and, p. 274: "The chief difficulty was the King. At the commencement of the month of January, 1829, his Majesty had not yet signified his consent that the whole subject of Ireland, including the Catholic question, should be taken into consideration by his confidential servants."]

getting air and exercise. B. is at present well, but he sits up every other night with the King and never leaves him. He is in high favor, and Sir William Knighton is now as civil and obliging to him as he used to be the reverse. The King instructs him in his duties in the kindest manner, likes to have him about him, and talks a great deal to him. But his Majesty keeps everybody at a great distance from him, and all about him are afraid of him, though he talks to his pages with more openness and familiarity than to anybody. He thinks Radford (who is dying) is not in such favor as he was, though he is always there; of O'Reilly the surgeon, who sees the King every day and carries him all the gossip he can pick up, Bachelor speaks with very little ceremony. The King told them the other day that "O'R. was the damnedest liar in the world," and it seems he is often in the habit of discussing people in this way to his *valets de chambre*. He reads a great deal, and every morning has his boxes brought to him and reads their contents. They are brought up by Knighton or Watson, both of whom have keys of all the boxes. He says there is not one person about him whom he likes—Mount Charles pretty well, Taylor better than anybody, Knighton constantly there and his influence unbounded; he thinks K. can do any thing.

December 20th.—Hyde Villiers called on me ten days ago to give me an account of his visit to Ireland. He seems to have been intimate with several of the leading men, particularly Shiel, whom all agree in describing as the cleverest man of his party. He also saw a good deal of the Lord-Lieutenant;¹ and was struck by his imprudence and unreserve. He spoke very positively of his determination not to be a party to any measures contrary to his opinions, and did not scruple to complain of the little information he received from the Government here concerning their intentions. He also appears to have been flattered by O'Connell into entire confidence in him, and told Villiers that he would trust him implicitly. O'Connell and Shiel detest each other, though Shiel does not oppose him. Lawless detests him too, and he does every thing he can to thwart and provoke him, and opposes him in the Association² upon all occasions. Lately in the affair of the "exclusive dealing" he met with so much

¹ [The Marquis of Anglesey was then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.]

² [The Catholic Association. The "exclusive dealing" was a pledge required of members of the Association not to deal with Orangemen.]

opposition in the Association, that it required a very great deal of time and management to get rid of that proposition, although in the end he carried the matter very triumphantly. But O'Connell, though opposed by a numerous party in the Association, is all-powerful in the country, and there is not one individual who has a chance of supplanting him in the affections of the great mass of the Catholics. For twenty-five years he has been continually laboring to obtain that authority and consideration which he possesses without a rival, and is now so great that they yield unlimited obedience to his individual will. As an orator he would probably fail in the English House of Commons; but to a mob, especially an Irish mob, he is perfect, exactly the style and manner which suits their tastes and comprehensions, and consequently his success with them is unbounded. He has a large landed property, is at the head of his profession, an admirable lawyer and manager of a cause, and never for a moment diverted by political or other considerations from the due discharge of his professional duties. He is, besides, a man of high moral character and great probity in private life, and has been for years in the habit of affording his professional assistance gratis to those of his own religion who cannot afford to pay for it. These are some of the grounds of his popularity, to which may be added his industry and devotion to the Roman Catholic cause. He rises at three every morning, and goes to bed at eight. He possesses a very retentive memory, and is particularly strong in historical and constitutional knowledge. The great object of his ambition is to be at the head of his own profession, and his favorite project to reform the laws, a task for which he fancies himself eminently qualified. To accomplish any particular object, he cares not to what charges of partial inconsistency he exposes himself, trusting to his own ingenuity to exonerate himself from them afterward. Neither O'Connell nor Shiel are supposed to be men of courage, but Lawless is, and he is thought capable of the most desperate adventures. Shiel is of opinion that the Association might be suppressed by law; O'Connell thinks it could not, and that, if it might legally, it could not practically. O'Connell says he can keep the country quiet another year certainly; Doyle thinks not. Doyle is a very able man, a man of the world, dislikes O'Connell, but is obliged to act in concert with him. Doyle, conscious of his own talents, is deeply mortified that no field is open for their display, and he

is one of those men who must be eminent in whatever cause they are engaged. Murray¹ is a clever man, but not so ambitious as Doyle. Francis Leveson is extremely cautious, cold in his manners, and therefore conciliates no general regard in Ireland, where they like an exactly opposite character. William Lamb was popular beyond all precedent; but Francis seems to have avoided giving offense to either party, which is perhaps as much as could have been expected from him; and in a country where the rival factions are so exasperated against each other to be able to preserve a character for impartiality is no small praise. I wrote to my brother Henry what I have mentioned under the head of November 21st, and in return he told me that it was in contemplation to put down the Association, and that the law officers in Ireland had reported that it was practicable, and their opinion had come over here, but the decision of the Government had not arrived.

I very soon saw enough to satisfy me that the Duke is endeavoring to prevail on Peel to stay in office, and his repeated conferences with the Bishop of Oxford and other bishops are enough to prove that he is negotiating with the Church; but nothing transpires of his intentions. Not one word has been said to Huskisson or any of his friends. My belief is that in that long conference at Windsor the King tried to prevail on Peel not to go; since which discussions between Peel, the Duke, and the Bishop, have been going on to see how the matter can be arranged so as to make Peel's acquiescence palatable to the Church and the Brunswickers, and perhaps to engage the Duke to modify his intended measures accordingly. This is conjecture. The Duke is gone to Wootton and to Middleton; he is always going about.

December 21st.—A few days ago I saw Lord Belmore just as he was setting out for Jamaica. I went to talk to him about my plan.² He was very civil and said he would do all

¹ [Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Lord Francis Leveson (afterward Lord Francis Egerton and Earl of Ellesmere), Mr. Greville's brother-in-law, was then Irish Secretary. William Lamb, afterward Lord Melbourne, had preceded him in that office. Henry Greville held a place at the Vice-Regal Court.]

² [Mr. Greville held the office of Secretary of the Island of Jamaica. The duties of the office were performed by a deputy paid by the Secretary out of the fees received in the island. He never visited Jamaica, and the office held on these conditions was a sinecure; but he occasionally took part in the affairs of Jamaica in this country. The "plan" alluded to in this passage is unknown]

that depended upon him. He does not seem to be bright, but whatever his talents may be, he seems to be left to the free exercise of them, for he told me that he felt his situation to be one of some difficulty, never having received any instructions (except of course the formal instructions given to every governor in writing) as to his conduct from the Secretary of State, having had no conversation with any of the authorities about the state of the colony, nor any intimation of their views and intentions in respect to the principal matters of interest there. He said that as the Assembly of Jamaica is now sitting, he had proposed to postpone his departure till the end of their session, when the Bills they passed would come over here, and he might discuss them with the Government and learn their sentiments and wishes as to the course he should adopt; a very sensible proposition. But he received for answer that he had better go now, for that when these Bills came over here Parliament would be sitting, and Government would not have leisure to attend to the affairs of Jamaica. And this is the way our colonies are governed! Stephen,¹ to whom I told this, said he was not surprised, for that Sir George Murray did nothing—never wrote a dispatch—had only once since he has been in office seen Taylor, who has got all the West Indies under his care.

I might as well have put in on the 25th of November what the King said to me, as it seems to have amused everybody. I was standing close to him at the Council, and he put down his head and whispered, "Which are you for, Cadland or the mare?" (meaning the match between Cadland and Bess of Bedlam); so I put my head down too and said, "The horse;" and then as we retired he said to the Duke, "A little bit of Newmarket."

December 30th.—Hyde Villiers brought me on Thursday or Friday last a copy of the Duke's letter to Dr. Curtis,²

to me. Somerset, second Earl of Belmore, had just been appointed Governor of Jamaica at this time.]

¹ James Stephen, Esq., then law adviser of the Colonial Office, and afterward Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mr. Henry Taylor, the accomplished author of "Philip von Artevelde," was at the head of the West India department of the office. Sir George Murray was Secretary of State.]

² [The Duke of Wellington had corresponded with Dr. Curtis, the titular Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, for many years. Indeed, as appears in the text, he had known him long before at Salamanca, when this prelate was at the Irish College there. Several excellent letters by Dr. Curtis to the Duke are published in the second volume of the Duke's "Correspondence," New Series. The letter adverted to in the text was that in which the Duke said (not very wisely) that "if men could bury the subject (of Catholic Emancipation) in

which had been sent to him from Dublin under strict injunction of not showing it. The next day it appeared in all the newspapers, O'Connell having read it to the Association. It has made a great noise, and being as usual ambiguous, both parties affect to consider it to be in their favor. I fancy the Duke is very angry at its publication, at least judging from what his secretaries say.

The word *the* in the first paragraph was substituted for *a*, and this alteration these blockheads pretend makes a great difference in the sense. It makes none, and is only worthy of remark because they probably echo what he has said. It is clear enough as to his *opinion*, but nothing more. Curtis was in Spain and imprisoned by the French at Salamanca. After the battle the Duke delivered him and had a good deal of communication with him. He returned to Ireland, and from that period has been in occasional correspondence with the Duke. Curtis has written him a long letter, desiring information about his intentions, and this was the answer. A few days ago Hyde Villiers called on the Duke and placed in his hands the resolutions which were agreed to by a committee of the general meeting to be held in Dublin next month. He took them, but said he must decline saying any thing; as Minister of the Crown he could not say a word, as whatever he did must be done in conjunction with his colleagues and with the King; that there was a disposition to draw inferences from every thing, as, for example, that a gentleman he had known in Spain had written to him on the subject, and his answer had been handed about, and all sorts of inferences drawn from it, which was very inconvenient, and proved how cautious he must be. No doubt it was the Curtis correspondence to which he alluded.

1829.

January 2d.—Lord Anglesey was recalled last Sunday. The Duke of Wellington came to see my mother either Saturday or Sunday last, and told her he had been with the King

oblivion for a short time, it might be possible to discover a satisfactory remedy." Curtis put a copy of the letter in O'Connell's hands, and he read it aloud at the Catholic Association. Curtis sent a copy of the letter and his own reply to the Lord-Lieutenant, who answered him in another letter, in which he said that "he did not before know the precise sentiments of the Duke upon the present state of the Catholic question." This letter was also made public, and added fuel to the flames.]

three hours the day before, talking to him about Lord A., that his Majesty was furious with him, thought he took upon himself as if he were King of Ireland, and was indignant at all he said and all he did. The Duke talked a great deal about him, but did not say he was recalled, though his manner was such that he left an impression that he had something in his mind which he would not let out. He gave it to be understood, however, that he had been endeavoring to appease the King, and that Lord A.'s recall was insisted on by his Majesty against his (the Duke's) desire. I inquired warmly whether he had asserted or only implied this, because I don't believe one word of it. I was told that he only implied it, but had left that impression. But the Duke complained of Lord A.'s conduct to himself; that he had at first written him insolent letters, and latterly had hardly ever written to him at all. My belief is that the Duke has for some time wished to get rid of Lord Anglesey, that those Cabinets have been upon this subject, and that his recall was settled there. As to the King's dictation and the Duke's submission, I don't believe a word of it. It has been clear to me for some time that the Irish Government could not remain in Lord Anglesey's hands. I am very sorry for it, for I think it will have a bad effect, and have little hope of its being followed by any measures likely to counteract the evil it immediately occasions.

January 4th.—I have seen letters from Dublin stating that the immediate cause of the recall was a letter which Lord Anglesey had written to the Duke (but what that was I have not ascertained), and that his imprudence was so great it was impossible he could have gone on. Certainly the writing and then publishing this letter of Curtis's is an enormous act of indiscretion. The consternation in Dublin seems to have been great, and Henry says that if Lord A. does not decline all demonstrations of popular feeling toward him, he will leave Ireland as Lord Fitzwilliam did, attended by the whole population. Yesterday I asked Fitzgerald¹ if it was true that Lord A. was recalled. He put on a long face, and said "he did not know; *recalled* he certainly was not." I saw he was not disposed to be communicative, so I said no more; he, however, began again of his own accord, and asked me whether I thought, in the event of Lord A.'s coming away,

¹ [Right Hon. Vesey Fitzgerald, then President of the Board of Trade. He was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom in 1835, as Baron Fitzgerald and Vesey.]

that Francis Leveson would remain. I told him under what conditions he had taken the place, viz., that he was only to stay while Lord A. did; that circumstances might make a difference, but that I knew nothing. He said he had done remarkably well, given great satisfaction, and shown great discretion in a difficult situation; that the rock Lord A. had split upon was his vanity.

January 5th.—The exact history of what took place in Dublin is as follows: Lord Anglesey first of all desired George Villiers would get his letter to Dr. Curtis inserted in the newspaper. He took it to Shiel, who agreed to write as good an article as he could to go with it, and then he went to Dr. Murray to inform him (as Dr. Curtis's friend) of the intended publication, as Curtis himself was absent, and his consent ought to have been previously obtained. He went afterward to the Phoenix Park, and Lord Anglesey laid the whole case and correspondence before him. Some time ago the Duke wrote to Lord Anglesey proposing that O'Gorman, Mahon, and Steele, should be removed from the Commission of the Peace on account of their conduct to the Sheriff of Clare. Lord Anglesey wrote word that the subject had engaged his attention, and he had laid the case before the law officers, who had reported to him that there were no grounds for any legal proceedings against them. "How, therefore," said the Lord-Lieutenant, "could I degrade men against whom my law officers advised me that no charge could be brought?" This was one offense; and another, that he had countenanced Lord Cloncurry, who, being a member of the Association, was unworthy to receive the King's representative and the Chancellor. Lord Anglesey warmly defended Lord Cloncurry as a magistrate and a man, and appealed to his known loyalty and respect for the King as a proof that he would never have done any thing derogatory to his own situation. The Duke's letter he described to have been overbearing and insolent, Lord Anglesey's¹ temperate but firm. Lord Anglesey declares that these were all the grounds of offense he had given. Five weeks elapsed, during which he heard nothing from the Duke, and at the end of that time he received his letter of recall, conceived nearly in these words: "My dear Lord Anglesey, I am aware of the impropriety of having allowed your

¹ [The correspondence of Lord Anglesey with the Duke of Wellington on these charges is now published in the "Wellington Correspondence," New Series, vol. v., p. 244.]

letter to remain so long unanswered, but I wished to consult my colleagues, who were out of town. I have now done so, and they concur with me that with such a difference of opinion between the King's Minister and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland the government of that country could not be conducted by you with advantage to the public service. I have therefore taken the King's pleasure on the subject, and he commands me to inform you that you will be immediately relieved from your government. I will give you the earliest information of the arrangement which will be made in consequence. Believe me, etc." This is nearly the letter.¹ From Lord Anglesey George Villiers went to Shiel, and with him to O'Connell, to whom Lord A. desired he would communicate the event. O'Connell was dreadfully dejected, so much so that Shiel and G. Villiers were glad to go home and dine with him in order to calm him. They at length succeeded in doing so, and made him engage to abstain from any discussion of the recall in the Association the next day (a promise which he did not keep). Shiel made a very fine speech in the Association. Nothing, they say, can exceed the general feeling on the subject, and Lord Anglesey appears to be acting with great dignity and reserve; he wishes to decline all popular honours, and he put off going to the play, which he was to have done.

January 7th.—The Duke wrote to Francis Leveson to say he must not be surprised to hear that a letter would reach Lord Anglesey by that day's post, conveying to him his recall; that the King was so furious with him that he said he would make any sacrifice rather than allow him to remain there five minutes longer. His Secretary had repeatedly remonstrated with the Lord-Lieutenant on his imprudent language in Ireland, and on the tone of his letters to the Duke, but that he always defended both on principle. The Duke said that his letters were most offensive toward him, yet he continued to declare that he should have been glad to keep Lord Anglesey on but for the King. The Lord-Lieutenant did not go to the play, but his family did, and were received with great applause, although the pit was full of Orangemen. Lord Melville has refused the Lord-Lieutenancy.

January 11th.—When George Villiers sent me the ac-

¹ [The letter itself is now published in the "Wellington Correspondence," New Series, vol. v., p. 366. Mr. Greville's version of it differs in no material point from the original, though the language is slightly altered.]

counts of what had passed in Ireland about Lord Anglesey's letter to Curtis I wrote him a long letter, in which I told him why I thought the letter and its publication were unjustifiable and indiscreet, and particularly cautioned him against connecting himself much with the agitator, on account of the harm it would do him here. He wrote me a long answer, defending Lord Anglesey and his measures, but I do not think he makes out a case for him, and if the Lord-Lieutenant makes in the House of Lords the defense which he proposes to make, I think he will fail; but if he can keep Lord Plunket on his side, who is now said to be very eager about him, he will do. Plunket is under the influence of Blake, who keeps, as George Villiers says, "Lord Plunket's mind in his breeches' pocket." Lord Anglesey has behaved very well since the quarrel, declining all honors and expressions of public feeling.

January 12th.—Lord Mount Charles came to me this morning and consulted me about resigning his seat at the Treasury. He hates it and is perplexed with all that has occurred between the Duke and Lord Anglesey. I advised him to resign, feeling as he does about it. He told me that he verily believed the King would go mad on the Catholic question, his violence was so great about it. He is very angry with him and his father for voting as they do, but they have agreed never to discuss the matter at all, and his mother never talks to the King about it. Whenever he does get on it there is no stopping him. Mount Charles attributes the King's obstinacy to his recollections of his father and the Duke of York, and to the influence of the Duke of Cumberland. He says that "his father would have laid his head on the block rather than yield, and that he is equally ready to lay his head there in the same cause." He is furious with Lord Anglesey, but he will be very much afraid of him when he sees him. Mount Charles was in the room when Lord Anglesey took leave of the King on going to Ireland, and the King said, "God bless you, Anglesey! I know you are a true Protestant." Anglesey answered: "Sir, I will not be considered either Protestant or Catholic; I go to Ireland determined to act impartially between them and without the least bias either one way or the other." Lord Anglesey dined with Mount Charles the day before he went. The same morning he had been with the Duke and Peel to receive their last instructions, and he came to dinner in great delight with them, as they had told him they knew he would govern Ireland with justice

and impartiality, and they would give him no instructions whatever. He showed me a letter from Mr. Harcourt Lees full of invectives against the Duke and lamentations at the recall, to show how the Protestants regretted him as well as the Catholics.

He then talked to me about Knighton, whom the King abhors with a detestation that could hardly be described. He is afraid of him, and that is the reason he hates him so bitterly. When alone with him he is more civil, but when others are present (the family, for instance) he delights in saying the most mortifying and disagreeable things to him. He would give the world to get rid of him, and to have either Taylor or Mount Charles instead, to whom he has offered the place over and over again, but Mount Charles not only would not hear of it, but often took Knighton's part with the King. He says that his language about Knighton is sometimes of the most unmeasured violence--wishes he was dead, and one day when the door was open, so that the pages could hear, he said, "I wish to God somebody would assassinate Knighton." In this way he always speaks of him and uses him. Knighton is greatly annoyed at it, and is very seldom there. Still it appears there is some secret chain which binds them together, and which compels the King to submit to the presence of a man whom he detests, and induces Knighton to remain in spite of so much hatred and ill-usage. The King's indolence is so great that it is next to impossible to get him to do even the most ordinary business, and Knighton is still the only man who can prevail on him to sign papers, etc. His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his ante-room while he is lounging with Mount Charles or anybody, talking of horses or any trivial matter; and when he is told, "Sir, there is Watson waiting," etc., he replies, "Damn Watson; let him wait." He does it on purpose, and likes it.

This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had, that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has a sort of capricious good-nature, arising however out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment and at small cost a long score of misconduct. Princes have only to behave with common decency and prudence, and they are sure to be popular, for there is a

great and general disposition to pay court to them. I do not know anybody who is proof against their seductions when they think fit to use them in the shape of civility and condescension. The great consolation in all this is the proof that, so far from deriving happiness from their grandeur, they are the most miserable of all mankind. The contrast between their apparent authority and the contradictions which they practically meet with must be peculiarly galling, more especially to men whose minds are seldom regulated, as other men's are, by the beneficial discipline of education and early collision with their equals. There have been good and wise kings, but not many of them. Take them one with another they are of an inferior character, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind. The littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds, but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished.

January 16th.—I went to Windsor to a Council yesterday. There were the Duke, the Lord Chancellor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Mint, Lord President, Lord Aberdeen, Peel, Melville, Ellenborough. The King kept us waiting rather longer than usual. He looked very well, and was dressed in a blue great-coat, all over gold frogs and embroidery. Lord Liverpool was there to give up the late Lord's Garter, and had an audience. He said to me afterward that the King had asked him all sorts of questions about his family concerns, with which he seemed extraordinarily well acquainted, and to some of which he was puzzled to give an answer. The King is the greatest master of gossip in the world, and his curiosity about everybody's affairs is insatiable. I spoke to Peel about the Council books,¹ which are in the State Paper Office, and he promised they should be restored to the Council Office.

Just before I set off to Windsor I heard from Ireland, and this is an extract of the letter: "Lord Anglesey received a letter from Peel this morning to the effect 'that as he had written and published a letter such as no Lord-Lieutenant was justified in writing, it was his Majesty's pleasure that Lords Justices should be immediately appointed.' Francis found

¹ [At the fire which took place at Whitehall in 1619 several volumes of the "Council Register" were lost or dispersed. Some of these missing volumes were in the State Paper Office, and two are still in the British Museum.]

him very smiling and glorious, but angry, and declaring that he would do just the same again if he had to choose his line of conduct."

A propos of Denman's silk gown, Mount Charles told me the other day that Denman wrote a most humble apology to the King, notwithstanding which the Duke of Wellington had great trouble in mollifying him. At last he consented, but wrote himself on the document that in consideration of his humble apology his Majesty forgave him, as he thought it became the King to forgive a subject, but desired this note might be preserved in the Treasury, where Mount Charles says it now is.¹

January 21st.—The sealed orders with which the ships have sailed from Plymouth were orders to prevent the Portuguese (who have been sent away) from landing at Terceira.

Lady Westmeath was the woman meant in the article in the *Times* from Ireland about the pension to which Lord Anglesey would not agree. The story is very true. There was £700 disposable on the Pensions Fund, and the Duke of Wellington desired £400 might be given to Lady Westmeath, which Lord Anglesey and the Secretary both protested against, and were resolved to resign rather than agree to it. They wrote to the Duke such strong remonstrances that he appears to have desisted from the design, for they heard no

¹ [This curious correspondence has now been published in the fifth volume of the Duke of Wellington's "Despatches," New Series, pp. 117 and 153. The cause of the quarrel was a Greek quotation from Dion which Denman had introduced into one of his speeches at the Queen's trial. In the King's answer to the memorial (which answer was drawn up by the Duke of Wellington) the following passage occurs:

"The King could not believe that the Greek quotation referred to had occurred to the mind of the advocate in the eagerness and heat of his argument, nor that it was not intended, nor that it had not been sought for and suggested for the purpose of applying to the person of the Sovereign a gross insinuation." Denman, however, prayed his Majesty to believe that "no such insinuation was ever made by him, that the idea of it never entered his mind," etc.

The truth about this quotation is this: During the Queen's trial Dr. Parr, who was a warm supporter of the Queen and an intimate friend of Denman, employed himself in ransacking books for quotations which might be used in the defense. Thus he lit in Bayle's Dictionary, article "Octavia," upon the answer made by Pythias, one of the slaves of Octavia, to Tigellinus, when he was torturing the slaves of the Empress in order to convict her of adultery. The same answer occurs in substance in Tacitus's "Annals," book xvi., cap. 60. This Parr sent to Denman, and Denman used it in his speech. The fact is, therefore, that the quotation had been "sought for and suggested" for the express purpose of saying something personally offensive to the King. The King's resentment against Denman did not end here, as will be seen lower down, where he refused to receive the Recorder's report through the Common Sergeant.]

more of it. It is therefore false that this had any thing to do with the recall, though it is by no means improbable that it served to alienate the Duke from the Marquis and to make him desire the more to get rid of him. This happened as long ago as last August, I think.

Yesterday the Duke dined with us, in very good spirits, and agreeable as he always is, though not so communicative and free as he used to be. He had never told Francis Leveson about the Duke of Northumberland¹ till Sunday, when he wrote to announce the appointment. His Grace seems mightily pleased with it, and fancies that his figure and his fortune are more than enough to make him a very good Lord-Lieutenant. He says he was obliged to coax him a little to get him to accept it.

He said that he was on the best terms with France, talked of Russia and her losses in the war, adding that the notion of her power was at an end. He believed that the Russians were numerically as strong as the Turks in the last campaign, and they were much more numerous than they said: first, *because* they said they were not so; and secondly, that he had other reasons for believing it; he thought they had begun the campaign with 160,000 men and had lost 120,000.² They were talking of St. Petersburg and its palaces. The Duke said that the fortunes of the great Russian nobles—the Tolstois, etc.—were so diminished that they lived in corners of their great palaces; but this was owing to the division of property and the great military colonies, by which the Crown lands were absorbed, and the Emperors had no longer the means of enriching the nobles by enormous donations as formerly. When to these circumstances are added the amelioration of the condition of the serfs, and the spirit of general improvement, and the growth of Liberal ideas, generated by intercommunication with the rest of Europe, it is impossible to doubt that a revolution must overtake Russia within a short period, and probably the Emperor has undertaken this war in order to give vent to the restless humors

¹ [Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland, was declared Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on the recall of Lord Anglesey.]

² [This seems an extraordinary statement, but it shows how well informed the Duke was. In Major von Moltke's narrative of the campaign of 1828 he estimates the average force of the Russian army at 100,000. But from May, 1828, to February, 1829, no less than 210,108 men passed through the hospitals, or died in them. So that, as Moltke remarks, in the course of those ten months every man in his army was twice in hospital. Never did an army suffer more severely from sickness.]

which are beginning to work. I said so to Lord Bathurst, and he replied that "he thought so too, but that the present Emperor was a man of great firmness," as if any individual authority or character could stem the torrent of determined action impelled by universal revolution of feeling and opinion. He said the late Emperor was so well aware of this that he died of the vexation it had caused him, which was aggravated by the reflection that he was in great measure himself the cause of it. He was so bit by Liberal opinions, and so delighted with the effects he saw in other countries flowing from the diffusion of intelligence and freedom, that he wished to ingraft these dangerous exotics upon the rude and unprepared soil of his own slavish community. When he went to Oxford he was so captivated with the venerable grandeur of that University that he declared he would build one when he got home, and it is equally true that he said he "would have an Opposition." These follies were engendered in the brain of a very intelligent man by the mixture of such crudities with an unbounded volition, and the whole fermented by a lively imagination and a sincere desire to confer great benefits on his country.

January 25th.—Lord Anglesey's departure from Dublin was very fine, and his answer to the addresses good. I fancy George Villiers had some hand in penning them. The Duke when he dined with us the other day said that a Russian Extraordinary Ambassador was coming here to overhaul Lieven, a M. Matuscewitz. He is the principal writer in their Foreign Office, a clever man. Their dispatches are more able than they used to be, but the Duke said that the Turkish offices are better conducted than any, and the Turkish Ministers extremely able. Lord Bathurst told me he had lately read the minutes of a conversation between the Reis-Effendi and the Allied Ministers after the battle of Navarino, when they were ignorant whether the Turk had received intelligence of the event, and that his superiority over them was exceedingly striking. This was the conference in which, when they asked him "supposing such an event had happened, what he should say to it," he replied "that in his country they never named a child till its sex was ascertained."

Everybody thinks the appointment of the Duke of Northumberland a very good one, and that the Duke is in great luck to get him. It is surprising that he should have consented to go, but he probably likes to do something and dis-

play his magnificence. He is a very good sort of man, with a very narrow understanding, an eternal talker, and prodigious bore. The Duchess is a more sensible woman, and amiable and good-humored. He is supposed to be ruled in all things by her advice; he has no political opinions, and though he has hitherto voted against the Catholics, he is one of the people who pin their faith on the Duke, and who are made to vote in any way and upon any thing as he may please to desire them.

This pension of Lady Westmeath's makes a great noise, and it is generally believed that when Lord Anglesey refused to grant it the Duke got the King's sign-manual for it, and the job was done. The truth is that Lord Anglesey had at first refused, or rather expressed his disapprobation, and asked the Duke if the King had commanded it, to which the Duke sent an angry answer that he might have been sure he should not have recommended it but by the King's commands. M—— told me the pension (£400) was granted four months ago, for he signed the warrant himself.

Polignac is gone to Paris, but the Duke thinks not to be Minister. Polignac told him that he wished to return here, as he thought he could do more good here than there.

Yesterday I went with Amyot to the State Paper Office to look after my Council books. I found one book belonging to my office and nearly thirty volumes of the "Register of the Council of State,"¹ which I mean to ask for, but which I suppose they will refuse. Amyot suggests that, as all the acts of the Council of State were illegal and of no authority, they cannot be considered as belonging to the Council Office, and are merely historical records without an official character. I shall try, however, to get them. Mr. Lemon showed us a great many curious papers. When he first had the care of the State papers they were in the greatest confusion, and he has been diligently employed in reducing them to order. Every day has brought to light documents of importance and interest, which as they are successively found are classed and arranged and rendered disposable for literary and historical purposes.

Lemon has found papers relating to the Powder Plot alone sufficient to make two quarto volumes, exceedingly curious;

¹ [Of the time of the Commonwealth. The "Privy Council Register" extends from the last years of Henry VIII. to the present time, not including the Commonwealth.]

all Garnett's original papers, and I hope hereafter they will be published.¹ We saw the famous letter to Lord Mounteagle, of which Lemon said he had, he thought, discovered the author. It has been attributed to Mrs. Abington, Lord Mounteagle's sister, but he thinks it was written by Mrs. Vaux, who was a friend of hers, and mistress, probably, of Garnett; it is to her that many of Garnett's letters are addressed. It seems that Mrs. Vaux and Mrs. Abington were both present at the great meeting of the conspirators at Hendlip, and he thinks that the latter, desirous of saving her brother's life, prevailed on Mrs. Vaux to write the letter, for the handwriting exactly corresponds with some other writing of hers which he has seen. There is a remarkable paper written by King James with directions what questions should be put to Guy Faux, and ending with a recommendation that he should be tortured first gently, and then more severely as might be necessary. Then the depositions of Faux in the Tower, which had been taken down (contrary to his desire) in writing, and which he was compelled to sign upon the rack; his signature was written in faint and trembling characters, and his strength had evidently failed in the middle, for he had only written "Guido." There is a distinct admission in the Plot papers in Garnett's own hand that he came to a knowledge of the Plot otherwise than by the Sacrament of Confession, which oversets Lingard; a paragraph by which it is clear that the Pope knew of it; and a curious paper in which, having sworn that he had never written certain letters, which letters were produced when he was taxed with the false oath, Garnett boldly justifies himself, and says that they ought not to have questioned him on the subject, having the letters in their hands, and that he had a right to deny what he believed they could not prove—a very remarkable exposition of the tenets of his order and the doctrines of equivocation.

¹ [The substance of these papers has since been published by the late David Jardine, Esq., in his excellent "Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot." (Murray, London, 1857.) Some of the particulars here referred to by Mr. Greville are not strictly accurate, or at least have not been confirmed by subsequent investigation. It is not probable that the letter to Lord Mounteagle was written by Mrs. Abington or by Mrs. Vaux, nor is it at all certain that either of these ladies had any knowledge of the Plot. Mr. Jardine ascribes the letter to Tresham ("Narrative," etc., p. 83). Garnett's admissions are printed in Jardine's Appendix. His knowledge of the Plot was derived from Greenway, a priest to whom Catesby had revealed it in confession. The Pope was probably not privy to the Plot. The celebrated "Treatise on Equivocation" was found in Tresham's desk. The identical copy, with Garnett's notes, is still in the Bodleian, it was reprinted in 1851.]

When I came away from the State Paper Office I met George Dawson, and we had a long conversation about Irish affairs, from which I gathered what is to be done. The Catholic question is to be conceded, the elective franchise altered, and the Association suppressed. This latter is, I take it, to be a preliminary measure, and I suspect the Duke went to the King on Monday, with the resolution of the Cabinet on the subject, and I think so the more because the Archbishop was sent for post-haste just before he went. Dawson talked to me a great deal about his speech at Derry, and said that so many of his friends were aware of the change in his opinions that he thought it more fair and manly to declare them at once in public than to use any dissimulation with his constituents and leave them to be guessed at, as if he dared not own them; that he had made a great sacrifice, for he had risked his seat, which was very secure before, and had quarreled with Peel, with his family, and with all his political friends and associates. We talked a great deal about Peel, and I see clearly that he has given way; probably they have compromised the business, and he agrees to the Emancipation part, in order to have the Association suppressed and the 40s. freeholders disfranchised. Lord Anglesey always said that his removal would facilitate the business, for the Duke wished to have all the credit of it to himself, and had no mind to divide it with him, whereas if Lord Anglesey had remained the chief credit would have fallen to his share.

I met Sir Edward Codrington in the morning, and walked with him to Downing Street, where he was going to talk to the Duke about his Navarino business. He is mightily incensed, thinks he has been scandalously used both by Dudley and Aberdeen, is ready to tell his story and show his documents to anybody, and says he is resolved the whole matter shall come out, and in the House of Commons if he can produce it. God knows how his case will turn out, but I never saw a man so well satisfied with himself. He says that the action at Navarino was, as an achievement, nothing to the affair at Patras, when with one line-of-battle ship, one frigate, and a corvette, he drove before him Ibrahim and four Turkish admirals and a numerous fleet.

February 4th.—Went to Middleton last Friday; very few people. I returned by Oxford, and called on Dr. Bandinell, who took me to the Bodleian. I could not find any Council

books, but I had not much time to devote to the search. Dr. Bandinell promised to inform me if he could find any books or manuscripts relating to my office. I was surprised to find in the Bodleian a vast number of books (manuscripts) which had belonged to Pepys. I came to town on Monday night, and found that the concession of Catholic Emancipation was generally known; the *Times* had an article on Friday which clearly announced it. The rage and despair of the Orange papers is very amusing. I have not yet heard how the King took it all. Glad as I am that the measure is going to be carried, the conduct of all those who are to assist in it (the old anti-Catholics) seems to me despicable to the greatest degree; having opposed it against all reason and common-sense for years past, now that the Duke of Wellington lifts up his finger they all obey, and without any excuse for their past or present conduct. The most agreeable event, if it turns out to be true, is the defection of Dr. Philpots, whose conduct and that of others of his profession will probably not be without its due effect in sapping the foundations of the Church. All the details that I have yet learnt confirm my opinion that the spirit in which the Duke and his colleagues approach this great measure is not that of calm and deliberate political reasoning, but a fearful sense of necessity and danger, to which they submit with extreme repugnance and with the most miserable feelings of pique and mortification at being compelled to adopt it. The Duke and Peel wrote to Francis Leveson, complaining of my brother's having met Shiel at dinner, and they were so enraged with George Villiers¹ that they seriously meditated turning him out of his office. Wretched and contemptible to the greatest degree! They are now exceedingly annoyed because it is discovered that Woulffe was once a member of the Association, and would willingly have him turned out of the place of Assistant-Barrister, which has just been given to him; but Francis is resolved to maintain him in it. They say the Duke sent a copy of the King's Speech to Lord Eldon.

February 5th.—Went to Brookes's yesterday, and found all the Whigs very merry at the Catholic news. Most of

¹ [Mr. George Villiers, then an Irish Commissioner of Customs (afterward Earl of Clarendon), had cultivated the society of Shiel, and invited him to dinner. Such an attention from an English official to an Irish Catholic was at that time an unheard-of innovation. Shiel told his host that he had never dined in a Protestant house before. The Duke of Wellington took great umbrage at what he considered an unwarrantable breach of official decorum.]

them were just come to town and had heard nothing till they arrived. The old Tories dreadfully dejected, but obliged to own it was all true; intense curiosity to hear what Peel will say for himself. The general opinion seems to be that the Duke has managed the matter extremely well, which I am disposed to think too, but there is always a disposition to heap praise upon him whenever it is possible. Nobody yet knows who are converted and who are not; they talk of nine bishops; I think he will have them all, and I expect a very great majority in the House of Lords. Many people expect that Wilmot's plan will be adopted, restraining the Catholics from voting in matters concerning the Church, which I do not believe, for Wilmot is at a discount and his plan is absurd and impracticable. Lord Harrowby, however, is all for it. I hear many of the Liberals are exceedingly provoked, and not unnaturally, at the Duke's effecting this measure, at which they have been so long laboring in vain, and give as many spiteful flings at him as they can about the insincerity of his letter to Curtis. It matters very little now whether he was sincere or not. It evidently was part of his plan to keep it all secret till it was matured; and as Curtis chose to ask him questions he was quite right to throw dust in his eyes.

CHAPTER V.

The Catholic Relief Bill—Inconsistency of the Tories—The Catholic Association—Dinner at Charles Grant's—The Terceira Expedition—Tory Discontent—Peel resigns his Seat for Oxford University—A Blunder in Chancery—The Oxford Election—Influence of the Duke of Wellington—Debate of Royal Dukes—Peel beaten—Sir Edward Codrington—Violence of the King—Intrigues to defeat the Catholic Bill—The Duke of Cumberland—Furious State of Parties—Matuscewitz—Peel's Speech on Catholic Emancipation—Exclusion of O'Connell from his Seat for Clare—Pitt's View of Catholic Emancipation—"Masse Cateatonenses"—"Thorough"—Mr. Lowther not turned out—Duke of Newcastle's Audience of George IV.—The King's Personal Habits—The Debate—Mr Sadler—Hardness of the Duke of Wellington—His Duel with Lord Winchelsea—The Bishops and the Bill—Sir Charles Wetherell—The King on the Duel—Lord Winchelsea's Pocket handkerchief—Debate on the Catholic Bill—The Duke of Richmond—Effects of Dawson's Speech on the King—The Bill in Jeopardy—Lady Jersey and Lord Anglesey—Lord Falmouth and Lord Grey—O'Connell at Dinner—The Duke breaks with Lord Eldon—Hibner the Murderess—Theatrical Fund—The Levee—The Duke's Carriage stopped—The King's Health—Lady Conyngham—O'Connell's Seat—Child's Bal at Court—Princess Victoria—Legal Appointments—Lord Palmerston on Foreign Affairs—The King and Lord Sefton—The King's Speech on the Prorogation—Madame Cayla—George IV's Inaccuracy—Conversation of the Duke of Wellington on the King and the Duke of Cumberland.

February 6th.—Parliament met yesterday; a very full attendance and intense interest and curiosity. The King's Speech, which was long and better written than usual, was

not quite satisfactory to the Catholics. I met Lord Harrowby coming from the House of Lords, and he said they did not like it at all; the previous suppression of the Association was what they disliked. However, all discontent was removed by Peel's speech, which was deemed (as to the intentions of Ministers) perfectly satisfactory even by those who were most prejudiced before against Government. I was in the House of Commons. Peel was very feeble, and his case for himself poor and ineffective; all he said was true enough, but it was only what had been said to him over and over again for years past, and he did not urge a single argument for acquiescing now which was not equally applicable to his situation two years ago. However, everybody was so glad to have the measure carried that they did not care to attack Peel or his speech, though if there had been a Brunswicker of any talent in the House he might have cut it up finely; two or three of them spoke, but wretchedly ill, and Lord Chandos was not at all violent, which I expected he would have been. Lord Eldon was violent but impotent, in the House of Lords, and Lord Bathurst made a sort of explanation which was very poor.

On leaving the House of Commons I fell in with Burdett, Lord Sefton, and G. Bentinck, and they all owned that the business is very handsomely done; and Morpeth and many others whom I saw afterward at the Club are quite satisfied. They would have preferred that the Catholic Relief Bill and the suppression of the Association should have gone together, but do not make any difficulties on this head, and acknowledge (which is the truth) that the Duke was probably obliged to do something to cajole the Tories, and give some color to their conduct. I sat next to Fitzgerald in the House, who is not yet reelected, and he told me that this was absolutely necessary. He was of course delighted and said, "How right Lord Francis was to trust to the Duke," which, however, is all nonsense. He had no reason to trust to him at all, and I really believe would not have continued in office as Irish Secretary unless he had adopted this measure. He owned as Peel was speaking that he was not doing it well; he was feeble and diffuse in the beginning, and too full of civilities and appeals to Bankes and his old associates. However, thank God, the event is accomplished, no matter how; probably it could not have been done without the concurrence of these Tories, who have, I think, certainly lost their character

by their conduct; and there is this evil in the history of the measure, that a blow will have been given to the reputation of public men in general which will, I strongly suspect, have an important though not immediate effect upon the aristocratic influence in this country, and tend remotely to increase the democratic spirit which exists. In all these proceedings there has been so little of reason, principle, or consistency; so much of prejudice, subserviency, passion, and interest, that it is impossible not to feel a disgust to parties in general. The conduct of those idiots the Brunswickers is respectable in comparison with such men as the High Churchmen; and the Whigs and Catholic supporters, however they may have suffered before, in this matter stand clear and have only grounds for exultation. They accept the measure with great moderation, and are not disposed to mar the success of it by the introduction of any topics likely to create ill blood, nor to damp the ardor of new converts by throwing their former follies in their faces.

Now, then, the Duke is all-powerful, and of course he will get all the honor of the day. Not that he does not deserve a great deal for having made up his mind to the thing; he has managed it with firmness, prudence, and dexterity; but to O'Connell and the Association, and those who have fought the battle on both sides of the water, the success of the measure is due. Indeed, Peel said as much, for it was the Clare election which convinced both him and the Duke that it must be done, and from that time the only question was whether he should be a party to it or not. If the Irish Catholics had not brought matters to this pass by agitation and association, things might have remained as they were forever, and all these Tories would have voted on till the day of their death against them.

Mahony, who is here, has written over to O'Connell, as have all the other Catholics, to implore him to use his whole influence to procure the dissolution of the Association, and it is said that O'Connell had an idea of resigning his seat for Clare to Vesey, on the ground that, having turned him out because he had joined a Government hostile to their claims, he owed him this reparation on finding it not to be the case. But I doubt whether this scheme is practicable; still, I think if O'Connell could do it it would be a good thing, and serve to reconcile the people here to him, and give a great lift to his character. I expect to hear that the Association has dis-

solved itself on receiving intelligence of the proceedings in the House of Commons. Lord Anglesey spoke very well, but nobody will care for his case now; besides, I doubt his making out a good one. The fact is that they laid a trap for him, and that he fell into it; that the Duke's letters became more insulting, and that a prudent man would have avoided the snare into which his high spirit and passion precipitated him.

February 8th.—Peel spoke on Friday night better than he did on Thursday. Huskisson made a spiteful speech, and George Dawson one which I heard Huskisson say he thought one of the neatest speeches he had ever heard. I dined yesterday with all the Huskissonians at Grant's. There were there Lords Granville, Palmerston, and Melbourne, Huskisson, Warrender, and one or two more. Huskisson is in good humor and spirits, but rather bitter; he said that if Peel had asked the advice of a friend what he should do, the advice would have been for his own honor to resign. I said I did not think Peel would get credit by resigning. He said, "But don't you think he has quite lost it by staying in?" He owned, however, that the Duke could not have carried it without Peel, that his influence with the Church party is so great that his continuance was indispensable to the Duke.

This affair of the Portuguese at Terceira¹ (which certainly, unless it can be explained, seems a gross outrage) they all fell upon very severely, and Lord Harrowby told me afterward he could not understand it, and thought for the honor of the country it should be explained forthwith.

We are now beginning to discover different people's feelings about this Catholic business, and it is clear that many of the great Tories are deeply offended that the Duke was not more communicative to them, principally, it seems, because they have continued to talk in an opposite sense and in their old strain up to the last moment, thereby committing themselves, and thus becoming ridiculous by the

¹ [In December, 1828, an expedition, consisting of 652 Portuguese refugees of the party of the Queen, sailed from England for Terceira in four vessels, under the command of Count Saldanha. Terceira held for the Queen, and arms and ammunition had previously been sent them from England. The British Government ordered Captain Walpole, of the "Ranger," to stop this expedition off Terceira, which he did by firing a gun into Saldanha's ship. The ground taken by the Duke of Wellington in defense of this measure was his resolution to maintain the neutrality of England between the two parties then contending for the Crown of Portugal. But the proceeding was vehemently attacked in Parliament and elsewhere.]

sudden turn they are obliged to make. This they cannot forgive, and many of them are extremely out of humor, although not disposed to oppose the Duke. The Duke of Rutland means to go to Belvoir, and not vote at all. The Duke of Beaufort does not like it, but will support the measure. Lowther has been to the King, and it is supposed he has resigned. They complain that the Duke has thrown them over, still nobody doubts that he will have great majorities in both Houses. It was asserted most positively at Brookes's yesterday that Peel's offer of resigning his seat at Oxford had been accepted. In Dublin the moderate people are furious with O'Connell for his abuse of everybody. There is no getting over the fact that he it is who has brought matters to this conclusion, and that but for him the Catholic question would never have been carried; but his violence, bad taste, and scurrility, have made him "lose the lustre of his former praise."

February 9th.—I called at Devonshire House in the morning, and there found Princess Lieven very eloquent and very angry about the Terceira business, which certainly requires explanation. She is very hostile to the Duke, which is natural, as he is anti-Russian, and they have never got over their old quarrel. Saldanha got up a *coup de théâtre* on board his ship. When Walpole fired on him a man was killed, and when the English officer came on board he had the corpse stretched out and covered by a cloak, which was suddenly withdrawn, and Saldanha said, "*Voilà un fidèle sujet de la Reine, qui a toujours été loyal, assassiné,*" etc.

Went from thence to Mrs. Arbuthnot, who declaimed against O'Connell, and wants to have a provision in the Bill to prevent his sitting for Clare, which I trust is only her folly, and that there is no chance of such a thing. The Duke came in while I was there. He said he had no doubt he should do very well in the House of Lords, but up to that time he could only (that he knew of for certain) reduce the majority of last year to twenty. He did not count bishops, of whom he said he knew nothing, but the three Irish bishops would vote with him. There were many others he did not doubt would, but he could only count upon that number. He held some proxies, which he said he would not make use of, such as Lord Strangford's, as he could not hear from him in time, and would not use anybody's proxy for this question who had voted against it before. I told him how peevish the Duke of Rutland, and

Beaufort, and others of the High Tories were, but he only laughed. In the evening Fitzgerald told me that the Convocation at Oxford had accepted Peel's resignation of his seat for the University, but left the time to him. It seems to me that this affair was mismanaged. In the first instance Peel wrote to the Dean of Christ Church, but he and Lloyd¹ agreed that he ought to write to the Vice-Chancellor, which he did. The Vice-Chancellor did not read his letter till after they had voted the address to Parliament by three to one, after which it was difficult for them to express any thing but disapprobation of Peel's conduct; whereas if the Vice-Chancellor had read it first, probably the petition would not have been carried, or at any rate not by so large a majority. He had better have carried his Bill through and then resigned, when I have no doubt he would have been reëlected; very likely he may be as it is.

Tom Duncombe is going to make another appearance on the boards of St. Stephen's, on the Terceira business, and he is to give notice to-night. He has been with Palmella and Frederick Lamb, who are both to assist in getting up his case, and he expects to be supported by some of the Whigs and by the Huskissonians, which latter are evidently anxious to do any thing they can to embarrass the Government. I know nothing of the case, which, *primâ facie*, appears much against Government; but the moment is so ill-chosen, in the midst of this great pending affair, that I think they will make nothing of it. Palmella is a great fool for his pains, for in clamoring against the Duke he is only kicking against the pricks. As to Duncombe, he is egged on by Lambton and instructed by Henry de Ros, who cares nothing about the matter, and only does it for the fun of the thing. I have no idea but that Duncombe must cut a sorry figure when he steps out of the line of personal abuse and impertinence.

February 11th.—Nothing is thought of or talked of but the Catholic question; what Peers and bishops will vote for it? who voted before against it? There is hardly any other feeling than that of satisfaction, except on the part of the ultra-Tories, who do not attempt to conceal their rage and vexation; the moderate Tories, who are mortified at not having been told of what was going on; and Huskisson's party, who would have been glad to have a share in the business, and who now see themselves in all probability excluded forever.

¹ [The Bishop of Oxford, one of Sir Robert Peel's most intimate friends.]

O'Connell arrived yesterday ; it is supposed he will not take his seat, but he does not seem inclined to coöperate with Government in keeping things quiet. However, his real disposition is not yet known, and probably he has not made up his mind what to do, but waits for events. Notwithstanding the declaration of the bishops, I do not believe they will vote against Government. Peel spoke very well last night, and severely trimmed old Banks, which gives me great pleasure, so much do I hate that old worn-out set. How this change of measures changes one's whole way of thinking ; though I have nothing to do with politics, I cannot help being influenced to an extraordinary degree by what has passed, and can understand from my own feelings how those who are deeply engaged may be biased by the prejudices and attachments of party, without any imputation against their sincerity or judgment. When we see men pursuing a course of which we greatly disapprove, all their actions and motives are suspected by us, and *vice versâ*. We lend a willing ear to imputations of vanity, interest, and other unworthy motives, and when we cannot explain or comprehend the particulars of men's conduct, we judge them unfavorably while we are opposed to their measures ; but when they do what we wish, we see the same things very differently, and begin to hesitate about the justice of our censures and the suspicions which we previously entertained. It is pretty clear that the Duke will have a good majority in the House of Lords, and that many Peers and bishops will find excuses between this and then for voting with him or remaining neutral.

A ridiculous thing happened the other day in the Vice-Chancellor's Court. Sugden had taken a brief on each side of a case without knowing it. Horne, who opened on one side and was followed by another lawyer, was to be answered by Sugden ; but he, having got hold of the wrong brief, spoke the same way as Horne. The Vice-Chancellor said coolly, "Mr. Sugden is with you ?" "Sir," said Horne, "his argument is with us, but he is engaged on the other side." Finding himself in a scrape, he said "it was true he held a brief for the other party, but for no client would he ever argue against what he knew to be a clear rule of law." However, the Court decided against them all.

February 13th.—Still the Catholic question and the probable numbers in the House of Lords ; nobody talks of any thing else. Lord Winchelsea makes an ass of himself, and

would like to be sent to the Tower, but nobody will mind any thing such a blockhead says. Lord Holland talks of a majority of sixty in the Lords. I walked with Ebrington to O'Connell's door the other day; he went in. The next day I asked him what had passed. He said that he had pressed him strongly to dissolve the Association; O'Connell said he could not press it himself, but would write to Ireland that it was the unanimous opinion of all the friends of the cause here that it should be done. The fact is, he does not dare to acquiesce in all the measures of Government, though there is little doubt but that he desires to see an end to associations and agitations. Lady Jersey affects to be entirely in the Duke's confidence. She said to Lord Granville at Madame de Lieven's the other night that "she made it a rule never to talk to the Duke about affairs in public," and she said to me last night that she had known what was to be done about the Catholics all along. Certainly she contrives to make the Duke see a great deal of her, for he calls on her, and writes to her perpetually, but I doubt whether he tells her much of any thing. Some of the household have made a struggle to be exempted from the general obligation on all members of Government to vote for the Bill, but the Duke will not stand it, and they must all vote or go out. The Privy Seal was offered to Lord Westmoreland, but he refused, and his answer was good—that if he had been in the Cabinet, he might possibly have seen the same grounds for changing his mind on the Catholic question that the other Ministers did; but not having had those opportunities, he retained his former opinions, and therefore could not accept office.

February 22d.—Went to Newmarket last Sunday and came back on Thursday. Still the Catholic question and nothing else. Everybody believed that the Duke of Cumberland would support Government till he made this last speech. He went to the King, who desired him to call on the Duke, and when he got to town he went uninvited to dine with him. There has been nothing of consequence in either House, except the dressing which Lord Plunket gave Lord Eldon, though that hard-bitten old dog shows capital fight. Peel has got a most active and intelligent committee at Oxford, and they consider his election safe. Inglis's committee, on the contrary, is composed of men not much better than old women, except Fynes Clinton, the chairman. Every day the majority promises to be greater in the House of Lords, but

it is very ridiculous to see the faces many of these Tory Lords make at swallowing the bitter pill. Too great a noise is made about Peel and his sacrifices, but he must be supported and praised at this juncture. It is not for those who have been laboring in this cause, and want his assistance, to reject him or treat him uncivilly now that he tenders it. But as to the body of the High Tories, it is impossible not to regard their conduct with disgust and contempt, for now they feel only for themselves, and it is not apprehension of those dangers they have been constantly crying out about that affects them, but the necessity they are under of making such a sudden turn, and bitter mortification at having been kept in total ignorance, and, consequently, having been led to hold the same violent language up to the last moment. If Canning had lived, God knows what would have happened, for they never would have turned round for him as they are now about to do for the Duke. The circumstances of the case are just the same; since 1825 the same game has been going on in Ireland, and in the same manner, and the Clare election was only what had happened at Waterford before. All this has given a blow to the aristocracy, which men only laugh at now, but of which the effects will be felt some day or other. Who will have any dependence hereafter on the steadiness and consistency of public men, and what credit will be given to professions and declarations? I am glad to see them dragged through the mire, as far as the individuals are concerned, but I am sorry for the effect that such conduct is likely to produce. There was a capital paper of Cobbett's yesterday, in his best style. Many Liberals are uneasy about what are called the securities, and when the Duke tells Lord Colchester that if he will wait he will be satisfied with the Bill, it is enough to make them so; but my hopes predominate over my fears. Yesterday Vesey Fitzgerald said that "we had not yet seen what some people might consider the objectionable parts of the measure, but that, though certain things might be necessary, the Government are impressed with the paramount necessity of not leaving the Catholic question behind them, and that the Duke was a man of too firm a mind not to go through with it;" and I think he said distinctly that Catholics and Protestants must be placed on an equal footing, or something to that effect. He went off into a panegyric on the Duke, and said that seeing him as he did for several hours every

day, he had opportunities of finding out what an extraordinary man he was, and that it was remarkable what complete ascendancy he had acquired over all who were about him. The English of this is (what everybody knew) that he dictates to his Cabinet. The fact is, he is a man of great energy, decision, and authority, and his character has been formed by the events of his life, and by the extraordinary circumstances which have raised him to a situation higher than any subject has attained in modern times. That his great influence is indispensable to carry this question, and therefore most useful at this time, cannot be doubted, for he can address the King in a style which no other Minister could adopt. He treats with him as with an equal, and the King stands completely in awe of him. It will be long before a correct and impartial estimate is formed of the Duke's character and abilities; his talents, however, must be of a very superior though not of the most shining description. Whatever he may be, he is at this moment one of the most powerful Ministers this country has ever seen. The greatest Ministers have been obliged to bend to the King, or the aristocracy, or the Commons, but he commands them all. M—— told me that he had not seen the King, but that he heard he was as sulky as a bear, and that he was sure he would be very glad if any thing happened to defeat this measure, though he is too much afraid of the Duke to do any thing himself tending to thwart it.

The Emperor of Russia is extremely disgusted at the language of the newspapers here, and desired his Minister to complain of it, and the Duke wrote the answer himself, in which he entered at great length into the character and utility of the press in this country, a dissertation affording a proof certainly of his quickness and industry, overwhelmed as he is with business. The Duke of Richmond offered to give up his Garter, but the Duke would not take it back.

February 26th.—The debate on Monday night in the House of Lords was very amusing. It was understood the Duke of Clarence was to speak, and there was a good deal of curiosity to hear him. Lord Bathurst was in a great fright lest he should be violent and foolish. He made a very tolerable speech, of course with a good deal of stuff in it, but such as it was it has exceedingly disconcerted the other party. The three royal Dukes Clarence, Cumberland, and Sussex, got up one after another, and attacked each other

(that is, Clarence and Sussex attacked Cumberland, and he them) very vehemently, and they used toward each other language that nobody else could have ventured to employ; so it was a very droll scene. The Duke of Clarence said the attacks on the Duke [of Wellington] had been *infamous*; the Duke of Cumberland took this to himself, but when he began to answer it could not recollect the expression, which the Duke of Clarence directly supplied. "I said 'infamous.'" The Duke of Sussex said that the Duke of Clarence had not intended to apply the word to the Duke of Cumberland, but if he chose to take it to himself he might. Then the Duke of Clarence said that the Duke of Cumberland had lived so long abroad that he had forgotten there was such a thing as freedom of debate.

February 27th.—They say Plunket made one of the best speeches he ever delivered last night, and Lord Anglesey spoke very well. There was hardly anybody in the House. Peel's election [Oxford University] is going on ill. The Convocation presents a most disgraceful scene of riot and uproar. I went to the Committee Room last night at twelve, and found nobody there but Dr. Russell, the head-master of the Charterhouse, who was waiting for Hobhouse and amusing himself by correcting his boys' exercises. He knew me, though he had not seen me for nearly twenty years, when I was at school. I shall be sorry if Peel does not come in, not that I care much for him, but because I cannot bear that his opponents should have a triumph.

Lady Georgiana Bathurst told me she had had a great scene with the Duke of Cumberland. She told him not to be factious and to go back to Germany; he was very angry, and after much argument and many reproaches they made it up, embraced, and he shed a flood of tears.

I met with these lines in "The Duke of Milan" (Massinger), which are very applicable to the Duke in his dealings with his Cabinet and his old friends the Tories:

You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course? No; these are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated but
To such as are his own and sure. Alas!
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determined.

March 1st.—As the time draws near for the development of the plans of Government a good deal of uneasiness and doubt prevails, though the general disposition is to rely on the Duke of Wellington's firmness and decision and to hope for the best. Peel's defeat at Oxford,¹ though not likely to have any effect on the general measure, is unlucky, because it serves to animate the anti-Catholics; and had he succeeded, his success would have gone far to silence, as it must have greatly discouraged them. Then the King gives the Ministers uneasiness, for the Duke of Cumberland has been tampering with him, and through the agency of Lord Farnborough great attempts have been made to induce him to throw obstacles in the way of the measures. He is very well inclined, and there is nothing false or base he would not do if he dared, but he is such a coward, and stands in such awe of the Duke, that I don't think any thing serious is to be apprehended from him. There never was any thing so mismanaged as the whole affair of Oxford. First the letter Peel wrote was very injudicious; it was a tender of resignation, which being received just after the vote of Convocation, they were obliged to accept it. Then he should never have stood unless he had been sure of success, and it appears now that his canvass never promised well from the beginning. He should have taken the Chiltern Hundreds, and immediately informed them that he had done so. Probably no opposition would have been made, but after having accepted his resignation they could not avoid putting up another man. It appears that an immense number of parsons came to vote of whose intentions both parties were ignorant, and they almost all voted for Inglis.

Codrington was at Brookes's yesterday, telling everybody who would listen to him what had passed at an interview, that I have mentioned before, with the Duke of Wellington, and how ill the Duke had treated him. He said the Duke assured him that neither he nor any of his colleagues, nor the Government collectively, had any sort of hostility to him, but, on the contrary, regarded him as a very meritorious officer, etc. He then said, "May I, then, ask why I was recalled?" The Duke said, "Because you did not understand your instructions in the sense in which they were intended by us."

¹ [Upon the 4th of February Mr. Peel resigned his seat for the University of Oxford, in consequence of the change of his opinions on the Catholic question. A contest ensued, Sir Robert Harry Inglis being the candidate opposed to Peel. Inglis was returned by a majority of 146. Mr. Peel sat for the borough of Westbury during the ensuing debates.]

He replied that he had understood them in their plain obvious sense, and that everybody else who had seen them understood them in the same way—Adam, Ponsonby, Guilleminot, etc.—and then he asked the Duke to point out the passages in which they differed, to which he said, “You must excuse me.” All this he was telling, and it may be very true, and that he is very ill-used; but if he means to bring his case before Parliament, he is unwise to chatter about it at Brookes’s, particularly to Lord Lynedoch, to whom he was addressing himself, who is not likely to take part with him against the Duke.

March 2d.—Saw M—— yesterday; he has been at Windsor for several days, and confirmed all that I had heard before about the King. The Duke of Cumberland has worked him into a state of frenzy, and he talks of nothing but the Catholic question in the most violent strain. M—— told me that his Majesty desired him to tell his household that he wished them to vote against the Bill, which M—— of course refused to do. I asked him if he had told the Duke of Wellington this; he said he had not, but that the day the Ministers came to Windsor for the Council (Thursday last, I think) he did speak to Peel, and told him the King’s violence was quite alarming. Peel said he was afraid the King was greatly excited, or something to this effect, but seemed embarrassed and not very willing to talk about it. The result, however, was that the Duke went to him on Friday, and was with him six hours, and spoke to his Majesty so seriously and so firmly that he will now be quiet. Why the Duke does not insist upon his not seeing the Duke of Cumberland I cannot imagine. There never was such a man, or behavior so atrocious as his—a mixture of narrow-mindedness, selfishness, truckling, blustering, and duplicity, with no object but self, his own ease, and the gratification of his own fancies and prejudices, without regard to the advice and opinion of the wisest and best informed men or to the interests and tranquillity of the country.

March 3d.—Called on H. de Ros yesterday morning, who told me that the Duke of Cumberland and his party are still active and very sanguine. Madame de Lieven is in all his confidence, who, out of hatred to the Duke, would do any thing to contribute to his overthrow. The Duke of Cumberland tells her every thing, and makes her a medium of communication with the Huskisson party, who, being animated by similar sentiments toward the Duke, the Tories think would gladly join them in making a party when the way is clear for

them. The Chancellor went to Windsor on Sunday, and on to Strathfieldsaye at night, where he arrived at three in the morning. Yesterday the Duke came to town, but called at Windsor on his way. Dawson, however, told me that he believed the Duke in *his* interview on Friday had settled every thing with the King, and had received most positive assurances from him that no further difficulties should be made; but it is quite impossible to trust him.

March 4th.—Nothing could exceed the consternation which prevailed yesterday about this Catholic business. The advocates of the Bill and friends of Government were in indescribable alarm, and not without good cause. All yesterday it was thought quite uncertain whether the Duke's resignation would not take place, and the Chancellor himself said that nothing was more likely than that they should all go out. On Sunday, the King sent for the Chancellor; he went, and had an audience in which the King pretended that he had not been made aware of all the provisions of the Bill, that the securities did not satisfy him, and that he could not consent to it. The Chancellor could do nothing with him; so instead of returning to town he went on to Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke was gone to receive the Judges. There he arrived at three in the morning, had a conference of two hours with the Duke, and returned to town quite exhausted, to be in the House of Lords at ten in the morning. The Duke called at Windsor on his way to town on Monday, and had a conversation with the King, in which he told him it was now impossible for him to recede, and that if his Majesty made any more difficulties he must instantly resign. The King said he thought he would not desert him under any circumstances, and tried in vain to move him, which not being able to do, he said that he must take a day to consider his final determination, and would communicate it. This he did yesterday afternoon, and he consented to let the Bill go on. There was a Cabinet in the morning, and another in the evening, the latter about the details of the Bill, for Francis Leveson and Doherty were both present.

I met Lord Grey at dinner, and in the evening at Brookes's had a great deal of conversation with Scarlett, Duncannon, and Spring Rice. They are all much alarmed, and think the case full of difficulties, not only from the violence and wavering of the King, but from the great objections so many people have to the alteration of the elective franchise.

Duncannon says nothing shall induce him to support it, and he would rather defeat the whole measure than consent to it; Spring Rice, on the contrary, is ready to swallow any thing to get Emancipation. The object of the anti-Catholics is to take advantage of this disunion and of the various circumstances which throw difficulties in the way of Government, and they think, by availing themselves of them dexterously, they will be able to defeat the measure. They all seem to think that the Oxford election has been attended with most prejudicial effects to the cause. It has served for an argument to the Cumberland faction with the King, and has influenced his Majesty very much.

Huskisson made a speech last night which must put an end to any hopes of assistance to the Opposition from him and his party, which it is probable they looked to before, and I dare say the Duke of Cumberland has held out such hopes to the King. The correspondence between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Cumberland was pretty violent, I believe, but the Duke of Cumberland misrepresents what passed both in it and at their interview. He declared to the Duke that he would not interfere in any manner, but refused to leave the country; to Madame de Lieven he said that the Duke had tried every thing—entreaties, threats, and bribes—but that he had told him he would not go away, and would do all he could to defeat his measures, and that if he were to offer him £100,000 to go to Calais he would not take it. The degree of agitation, alternate hopes and fears, and excitement of every kind, cannot be conceived unless seen and mixed in as I see and mix in it. Spring Rice said last night he thought these next four days to come would be the most important in the history of the country of any for ages past, and so they are. I was told last night that Knighton has been coöperating with the Duke of Cumberland, and done a great deal of mischief, and he has reason to think that K. is intriguing deeply, with the design of expelling the Conyngham family from Windsor. This I do not believe, and it seems quite inconsistent with what I am also told—that the King's dislike of Knighton, and his desire of getting rid of him, is just the same, and that no day passes that he does not offer Mount Charles Knighton's place, and, what is more, that Knighton presses him to take it.

March 5th.—Great alarm again yesterday because the Duke, the Chancellor, and Peel, went down to Windsor again

Dined at Prince Lieven's. In the evening we learned that every thing was settled—that as soon as the King found the Duke would really leave him unless he gave way, he yielded directly, and that if the Duke had told him so at first he would not have made all this bother. The Duke of Cumberland was there (at Lieven's), but did not stay long. I sat next to Matuscewitz (the Russian who is come over on a special mission to assist Lieven), and asked him if he did not think we were a most extraordinary people, and seeing all that goes on, as he must do, without any prejudices about persons or things, if it was not marvelous to behold the violence which prevailed in the Catholic discussion. He owned that it was inconceivable, and, notwithstanding all he had heard and read of our history for some years past, he had no idea that so much rage and animosity could have been manifested and that the anti-Popery spirit was still so vigorous. The day, however, is at last arrived, and to-night the measure will be introduced. But the Duke of Cumberland and his faction by no means abandon all hopes of being able to throw over the Bill in its progress, and they will leave no stone unturned to effect their purpose and to work on the King's mind while it is going on.

March 6th.—Peel brought on the Catholic question last night in a speech of four hours, and said to be far the best he ever made. It is full of his never-failing fault, egotism, but certainly very able, plain, clear, and statesmanlike, and the peroration very eloquent. The University of Oxford should have been there in a body to hear the member they have rejected and him whom they have chosen in his place. The House was crammed to suffocation, and the lobby likewise. The cheering was loud and frequent, and often burst upon the impatient listener without. I went to Brookes's and found them all just come from the House, full of satisfaction at Peel's speech and the liberality of the measure, and in great admiration of Murray's. The general disposition seemed to be to support both the Bills, and they argued justly who said that those who would have supported the whole measure if it had been in one Bill ought not to take advantage of there being two to oppose the one they dislike. The part that is the most objectionable is making the measure so far prospective ("hereafter to be elected") as to exclude O'Connell from Clare, more particularly after the decision of the Committee in his favor. Six weeks ago Mrs. Arbuthnot

told me that it was intended to exclude him, but I did not believe her. It seemed to me too improbable, and I never thought more about it. If they persist in this it is nothing short of madness, and I agree with Spring Rice, who said last night that instead of excluding him you should pay him to come into Parliament, and rather buy a seat for him than let him remain out. If they keep him out it can only be from wretched motives of personal spite, and to revenge themselves on him for having compelled them to take the course they have adopted. The imprudence of this exception is obvious, for when pacification is your object, and to heal old wounds your great desire, why begin by opening new ones and by exasperating the man who has the greatest power of doing mischief and creating disturbance and discontent in Ireland? It is desirable to reconcile the Irish to the measures of disfranchisement, and to allow as much time as possible to elapse before the new system comes into practical operation. By preventing O'Connell from taking his seat his wrongs are identified with those of the disfranchised freeholders. He will have every motive for exasperating the public mind and exciting universal dissatisfaction, and there will be another Clare election, and a theatre for the display of every angry passion which interest or revenge can possibly put in action. It is remarkable that attacks, I will not say upon the Church, but upon Churchmen, are now made in both Houses with much approbation. The Oxford parsons behaved so abominably at the election that they have laid themselves open to the severest strictures, and last night Lord Wharncliffe in one House and Murray in the other commented on the general conduct of Churchmen at this crisis with a severity which was by no means displeasing except to the bishops. I am convinced that very few years will elapse before the Church will really be in danger. People will grow tired of paying so dearly for so bad an article.

March 8th.—Yesterday the list came out of those who had voted on the Catholic question, by which it appeared that several people had voted against the Government (particularly all the Lowthers) who were expected to vote with them, and of course this will be a test by which the Duke's strength and absoluteness may be tried, so much so that it is very generally thought that if he permits them to vote with impunity he will lose the question. It was said in the evening that Lowther and Birkett had resigned, but

Lord Aberdeen, whom I met at dinner, said they had not at five o'clock yesterday evening. It is, I think, impossible for the Duke to excuse anybody who votes against him or stays away. Dined at Agar Ellis's and met Harrowbys, Stanleys, Aberdeen, etc. Lord Harrowby thought Peel's speech extremely able and judicious. He said that Lord Eldon had asserted that Mr. Pitt's opinions had been changed on this question, which was entirely false, for he had been much more intimate with Mr. Pitt than Lord Eldon ever was, and had repeatedly discussed the question with him, and had never found the slightest alteration in his sentiments. He had deprecated bringing it on because at that moment he was convinced that it would have driven the King mad and raised a prodigious ferment in England. He talked a great deal of Fox and Pitt, and said that the natural disposition of the former was to arbitrary power and that of the latter to be a reformer, so that circumstances drove each into the course the other was intended for by nature. Lord North's letter to Fox when he dismissed him in 1776 was, "The King has ordered a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name." How dear this cost him, and what an influence that note may have had on the affairs of the country and on Fox's subsequent life! They afterward talked of the "*Cateatonenses*" written by Canning, Frere, and G. Ellis. Lady Morley has a copy, which I am to see.¹

March 9th.—It was reported last night that there had been a compromise with Lowther, who is to retain his seat and to vote for the Bill in all its other stages. But he dined at Crockford's, and told somebody there that he had tendered his resignation and had received no answer. I do not understand this indecision; they must deprive those who will not support them thoroughly. "Thorough," as Laud and Strafford used to say, must be their word.

Evening.—I asked Lord Bathurst to-day if Lowther, etc., were out, and he said nothing had been done about it, that there was plenty of time. Afterward met Mrs. Arbuthnot in the Park, and turned back with her. She was all against their being turned out, from which I saw that they are to

¹ [The "*Musæ Cateatonenses*," a burlesque narrative of a supposed expedition of Mr. George Legge to Cateaton Street in search of a Swiss Chapel. Nothing can be more droll. The only copy I have seen is still at Saltram. This *jeu d'esprit* (which fills a volume) was composed by Canning and his friends one Easter recess they spent at Ashbourne.]

stay in. We met Gosh, and I walked with them to the House of Commons. We renewed the subject, and he said that he had been just as much as I could be for the adoption of strong measures, but that the great object was to carry the Bill, and if the Duke did not act with the greatest prudence and caution it would still be lost. He hinted that the difficulties with the King are still great, and that he is in a state of excitement which alarms them lest he should go mad. It is pretty clear that the Duke cannot venture to turn them out. In the mean time the Duke of Cumberland continues at work. Lord Bathurst told me that he went to Windsor on Saturday, that he had assured the King that great alarm prevailed in London, that the people were very violent, and that the Duke had been hissed by the mob in going to the House of Lords, all of which of course he believes. The Duke is very unwell. I think matters do not look at all well, and I am alarmed.

March 11th.—The Duke was much better yesterday, went to the House, and made a very good and stirring speech in answer to Lord Winchelsea, who disgusted all his own party by announcing himself an advocate for reform in Parliament. It is now clear that Lowther, etc., are not to quit their places unless something fresh occurs. The reason supposed is that the King supports them, and that the Duke does not venture to insist on their dismissal. The real reason is that he has got an idea that the Whigs want to make him quarrel with his old friends, in order to render him more dependent upon them, and he is therefore anxious (as he thinks he can) to carry through the measure without quarreling with anybody, so that he will retain the support of the Tories, and show the Whigs that he can do without them, a notion which is unfounded, besides being both unwise and illiberal. He has already given some persons to understand that they *must* support him on this question, and now he is going to grant a dispensation to others, nor is there any necessity for *quarrelling* with anybody. Lowther himself evidently felt that he could not hold his office and oppose the measure, and consequently resigned. The Duke might accept his resignation with a very friendly explanation on the subject; eventually he would be certain to join Government again, for to what other party could he betake himself. These great Tory borough-mongering Lords have no taste for opposition. Arbutnot told my father that this was his feeling, and when I

told Mrs. Arbuthnot what a bad moral effect the Duke's lenity had, she said, "Oh, you hear that from the Opposition." Last night, in his speech, when he said he had the cordial support of his Majesty, he turned round with energy to the Duke of Cumberland. Several Peers, upon one pretext or another, have withdrawn the support they had intended to give to the Duke's Bill. Fourteen Irish bishops are coming over in a body to petition the King against this Bill, and most foolish they. The English bishops may, by possibility, be sincere and disinterested in their opposition (not that I believe they are); but nobody will ever believe that the Irish think of any thing but their scandalous revenues. The thing must go; the only question is when and how. The Kent petition to the King is to be presented, I believe, by Lords Winchelsea and Bexley; they would not intrust it to Peel. Lord W. wanted to march down to Windsor at the head of 25,000 men.

March 14th.—Arbuthnot told the Duke what was said about not turning out the refractory members, and he replied: "I have undertaken this business, and I am determined to go through with it. Nobody knows the difficulties I have in dealing with my royal master, and nobody knows him so well as I do. I will succeed; but I am as in a field of battle, and I must fight it out my own way." This would be very well if there were not other motives mixed up with this—jealousy of the Whigs, and a desire to keep clear of them, and quarrel with them again when this is over. Herries told Hyde Villiers that *their* policy was conservative, that of the Whigs subversive, and that they never could act together. All false, for nobody's policy is subversive who has much to lose, and the Whigs comprise the great mass of property and a great body of the aristocracy of the country. Nobody seems to doubt that the Bill will pass. The day before yesterday, the Duke of Newcastle went to Windsor and had an audience. Lord Bathurst told me that they had reason to believe his Grace had told the King his own sentiments on the Catholic question, but that the King had made no answer. But, as nobody was present, they could not depend on the truth of this (which they had from his Majesty himself, of course), and he begged me to find out what account the Duke gave of it.

March 15th.—The Duke of Newcastle was with the King an hour and a half or two hours. After he had presented his

petitions, he pulled out a paper, which he read to the King. His Majesty made him no answer, and desired him, if he had any other communications to make to him, to send them through the Duke of Wellington. I dare say this is true, not because he says so, but because there has been no notice taken of the Duke's visit in any of the newspapers. They now talk of thirteen bishops, and probably more, voting with Government. I suppose the majority will be very large.

March 16th—17th.—I received a message from the King, to tell me that he was sorry I had not dined with him the last time I was at Windsor, that he had intended to ask me, but finding that all the Ministers dined there except Ellenborough, he had let me go, that Ellenborough might not be the only man not invited, and "he would be damned if Ellenborough ever should dine in his house." I asked Lord Bathurst afterward, to whom I told this, why he hated Ellenborough, and he said that something he had said during the Queen's trial had given the King mortal offense, and he never forgave it. The King complains that he is tired to death of all the people about him. He is less violent about the Catholic question, tired of that too, and does not wish to hear any more about it. He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window-curtains at six or seven o'clock in the morning; he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too, he reads every newspaper quite through, dozes three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won't stretch out his hand to get it. His valets are nearly destroyed, and at last Lady Conyngham prevailed on him to agree to an arrangement by which they wait on him on alternate days. The service is still most severe, as on the days they are in waiting their labors are incessant, and they cannot take off their clothes at night, and hardly lie down. He is in good health, but irritable, and has been horribly annoyed by other matters besides the Catholic affair.

18th.—I was at Windsor for the Council and the Recorder's report. We waited above two hours; of course his Majesty did not get up till we were all there. A small attendance in

Council—the Duke, Bathurst, Aberdeen, Melville, and I think no other Cabinet Minister.. I sent for Batchelor, the King's *valet de chambre*, and had a pretty long conversation with him; he talked as if the walls had ears, but was anxious to tell me every thing. He confirmed all I had before heard of the King's life, and said he was nearly dead of it, that he was in high favor, and the King had given him apartments in the Lodge and some presents. His Majesty has been worried to death, and has not yet made up his mind to the Catholic Bill (this man knows, I'll be bound). But what he most dwelt on was Sir William Knighton. I said to him that the King was afraid of the Duke. He replied he thought not; he thought he was afraid of nobody but of Knighton, that he hated him, but that his influence and authority were without any limit, that he could do any thing, and without him nothing could be done; that after him Lady Conyngham was all-powerful, but in entire subserviency to him; that she did not dare have any body to dine there without previously ascertaining that Knighton would not disapprove of it; that he knew every thing, and nobody dared say or do a thing of any sort without his permission. There was a sort of mysterious awe with which he spoke of Knighton, mixed with dislike, which was curious. He is to call on me when he comes to London, and will, I dare say, tell me more. Returned to town at night, and heard of Sadler's speech¹ and read it. It is certainly very clever, but better as reported than as it was delivered. He sent the report to the *Morning Journal* himself, and added some things and omitted others, and thereby improved it. He is sixty-seven years old, and it is his maiden speech; certainly very remarkable and indicative of much talent. Lord Harrowby told me he heard it, and was greatly struck by it.

19th.—Last night the debate ended, with a very excellent speech from Robert Grant,² and a speech from Lord Palmerston which astonished everybody. The Attorney-General was violent and brutal, and Peel's reply very good; he was bursting with passion, but restrained himself. I met Tierney, and told him that there was great disappointment that he had not answered Sadler. He said he could not speak for coughing, that Sadler's speech was clever, but overrated,

¹ [Mr. Sadler, who had never sat in Parliament before, was returned by the Duke of Newcastle at this time for the express purpose of opposing the Catholic Relief Bill, which he did with considerable ability.]

² [Robert Grant, Esq., M. P., brother of Mr. Charles Grant. He was afterward appointed Governor of Bombay.]

nothing like so good as they talked of. Robert Grant's was very good indeed, the best for matter; Palmerston's the most brilliant, "an imitation of Canning, and not a bad one." Though the Opposition gained eight in this division, they are disappointed and disheartened, and will make but little fight on the other stages (as it is thought). Nine bishops are to vote. The meeting at Lambeth took place the day before yesterday, but it came to nothing. They separated, agreeing to meet again, and in the mean time that each should take his own line. Tierney talked of the Duke's management of this business with great admiration, as did Lord Durham last night in the same strain; but after all what was it but the resolution of secrecy (which I think was a most wise and judicious one)? for he did nothing but keep the secret. However, the thing has been well imagined and well executed. Tierney thinks Peel will resign when it is all over, and at his father's death will be made a Peer. I should not wonder; he must be worn to death with the torrents of abuse and invective with which his old friends assail him on every occasion. I presume that if he could have anticipated their conduct he would not have been so civil to them in the beginning, and would have taken another turn altogether; it would have been better for him. Lady Worcester told me to-day what adds to many other proofs that the Duke is a very *hard* man: he takes no notice of any of his family; he never sees his mother, has only visited her two or three times in the last few years; and has not now been to see Lady Anne, though she has been in such affliction for the death of her only son, and he passes her door every time he goes to Strathfieldsaye. He is well with Lady Maryborough, though they quarreled after Lord M. was driven from the Cabinet; Lord Wellesley is seriously affronted with him at the little consideration the Duke shows for him, and for having shown him no confidence in all this business, especially as the Catholic question was the only political difference that existed between them. He is a very extraordinary man certainly, and with many contradictions in his character; in him, however, they are so much more apparent than in any other man, for he is always before the world—all his actions, his motives, and even his thoughts.

March 21st, at night.—This morning the Duke fought a duel with Lord Winchelsea. Nothing could equal the astonishment caused by the event. Everybody of course sees the matter in a different light; all blame Lord W., but they are

divided as to whether the Duke ought to have fought or not. Lord W.'s letter appeared last Monday, and certainly from that time to this it never entered into anybody's head that the Duke ought to or would take it up, though the expressions in it were very impertinent. But Lord Winchelsea is such a maniac, and has so lost his head (besides the ludicrous incident of the handkerchief¹), that everybody imagined the Duke would treat what he said with silent contempt. He thought otherwise, however, and without saying a word to any of his colleagues or to anybody but Hardinge, his second, he wrote and demanded an apology. After many letters and messages between the parties (Lord Falmouth being Lord Winchelsea's second) Lord Winchelsea declined making any apology, and they met. The letters on the Duke's part are very creditable, so free from arrogance or an assuming tone; those on Lord Winchelsea's not so, for one of them is a senseless repetition of the offense, in which he says that if the Duke will deny that his allegations are true he will apologize. They met at Wimbledon at eight o'clock. There were many people about, who saw what passed. They stood at a distance of fifteen paces. Before they began Hardinge went up to Lords Winchelsea and Falmouth, and said he must protest against the proceedings, and declare that their conduct in refusing an apology when Lord Winchelsea was so much in the wrong filled him with disgust. The Duke fired and missed, and then Winchelsea fired in the air. He immediately pulled out of his pocket the paper which has since appeared, but in which the word "apology" was omitted. The Duke read it and said it would not do. Lord Falmouth said he was not come there to quibble about words, and that he was ready to make the apology in whatever terms would be satisfactory, and the word "apology" was inserted on the ground. The Duke then touched his hat, said "Good-morning, my Lords," mounted his horse, and rode off. Hume was there, without knowing on whose behalf till he got to the ground. Hardinge asked him to attend, and told him where he would find a chaise, into which he got. He found there pistols, which told him the errand he was on, but he had still no notion the Duke was concerned; when he saw him he was ready to drop. The Duke went to Mrs. Arbuthnot's as soon as he got back, and at eleven o'clock she wrote a note to Lord

¹ [The incident of the handkerchief is related below, p. 168.]

Bathurst, telling him of it, which he received at the Council board and put into my hands. So little idea had he of Lord Winchelsea's letter leading to any thing serious that when on Wednesday, at the Council at Windsor, I asked him if he had read it, he said, laughing, "Yes, and it is a very clever letter, much the wisest thing he ever did; *he has got back his money*. I wish I could find some such pretext to get back mine." At twelve o'clock the Duke went to Windsor to tell the King what had happened. Winchelsea is abused for not having made an apology when it was first required; but I think, having committed the folly of writing so outrageous a letter, he did the only thing a man of honor could do in going out and receiving a shot and then making an apology, which he was all this time prepared to do, for he had it ready written in his pocket. I think the Duke ought not to have challenged him; it was very juvenile, and he stands in far too high a position, and his life is so much *publica cura* that he should have treated him and his letter with the contempt they merited; it was a great error in judgment, but certainly a venial one, for it is impossible not to admire the high spirit which disdained to shelter itself behind the immunities of his great character and station, and the simplicity, and almost humility, which made him at once descend to the level of Lord Winchelsea, when he might, without subjecting himself to any imputation derogatory to his honor, have assumed a tone of lofty superiority and treated him as unworthy of his notice. Still it was beneath his dignity; it lowered him, and was more or less ridiculous. Lord Jersey met him coming from Windsor, and spoke to him. He said, "I could not do otherwise, could I?"

I met the Bishop of Oxford in the Park this morning; he said nine bishops, and probably ten, would vote for the Bill. He said he was not at the meeting at Lambeth, but the Archbishop sent for him, and dispatched him to the Duke with an account of their proceedings. The Archbishop summoned the bishops to consult upon the course they should pursue, and see if there was any chance of their acting with unanimity. Finding this was not possible, they resolved that each should take his own line; and a proposal to address the King, which was urged by one or two of the most violent (he did not name them), was overruled. The anti-Catholic papers and men lavish the most extravagant encomiums on Wetherell's speech, and call it "the finest oration ever delivered in the House of Commons," "the best since the second Philippic." He was

drunk, they say. The Speaker said "the only lucid interval he had was that between his waistcoat and his breeches." When he speaks he unbuttons his braces, and in his vehement action his breeches fall down and his waistcoat runs up, so that there is a great interregnum. He is half mad, eccentric, ingenious, with great and varied information and a coarse, vulgar mind, delighting in ribaldry and abuse, besides being an enthusiast. The first time he distinguished himself was in Watson's trial, when he and Copley were his counsel, and both made very able speeches. He was then a trading lawyer and politician, till the Queen came over, when he made a very powerful speech in the House of Commons, full of research, in favor of inserting her name in the Liturgy. He was then engaged by Chancellor Eldon for the Court, soon after made Solicitor-General, much abused for ratting, became Attorney-General, and resigned when Canning became Minister. He was restored when the Duke was made Prime Minister, and now he will have to retire again.

March 26th.—Every thing is getting on very quietly in the House of Commons, and the Opposition are beginning to squabble among themselves, some wishing to create delay, and others not choosing to join in these tricks, when they know it is useless. The Duke came here the night before last, but I was not at home. He talked over the whole matter with his usual simplicity. The King, it seems, was highly pleased with the Winchelsea affair, and he said, "I did not see the letter (which is probably a lie); if I had, I certainly should have thought it my duty to call your attention to it." Somebody added that "he would be wanting to fight a duel himself." Sefton said, "He will be sure to think he has fought one." Hume gave the two Lords a lecture on the ground after the duel, and said he did not think there was a man in England who would have lifted his hand against the Duke. Very uncalled-for, but the Duke's friends have less humility than he has, for Lord Winchelsea did not lift his hand against him. It is curious that the man who threw the bottle at Lord Wellesley in Dublin (and who is a Protestant fanatic) has been lurking constantly about the House of Lords, so much so that it was thought right to apprise Peel of it, and the police have been desired in consequence to keep a strict watch over him, and to take care that he does no mischief. The Duke after the duel sent Lord Melville to the Duke of Montrose, with a message that his son-in-law had

behaved very much like a gentleman. The women, particularly of course Lady Jersey, have been very ridiculous, affecting nervousness and fine feeling, though they never heard of the business till some hours after it was over. Mrs. Arbuthnot was not so foolish, but made very light of it all, which was in better sense and better taste.

M—— told me two days ago that, although he is more quiet, the King is not at all reconciled to the Catholic question. His Majesty was very much annoyed at his speech the other day, having always hoped that he was at heart too indifferent about it to take a decided line or express publicly a strong opinion. It is supposed that either Sugden or Alderson will be Solicitor-General. O'Connell has done himself great credit by his moderation in the Committee. Grattan wanted to move an amendment omitting the words by which O'Connell is excluded from taking his seat for Clare, when Rice and Duncannon begged him to withdraw it, and said they were charged with the expression of O'Connell's wish that his individual case should not be thought of, as he would not have it be any impediment to the success of the measure. This, of course, greatly annoys those who have inveighed against him, and who have always contended that he only wished for confusion, and would be very sorry to see the question settled.

The other day Jack Lawless¹ called on Arbuthnot to ask him some question about the Deccan prize-money, in which a brother of his has an interest. He entered upon politics, was very obsequious in his manner, extravagant in praise of the Duke, quite shocked that he should have fought a duel, and said, "Sir, we are twelve of us here, and not one but what would fight for him any day in the week." He said that some years ago, when he heard the Duke speak, he was distressed at his hesitation, but that now he spoke better than any one; that in the Lords he heard Eldon, and Plunket, and Grey, and then up got the Duke and answered everybody, and spoke better than they all. Arbuthnot says he was bowing and scraping, and all humility and politeness, with none of the undergrowth of the Association.

March 26th, at night.—Just met M——, who had returned that moment from Windsor, where he had left the King in such an ill-humor that he would not stay and dine

¹ [A prominent member of the Catholic Association in Dublin.]

there. The Duke of Cumberland never goes there without unsettling his mind, and yesterday evening Lord Mansfield had been to the Castle and had an audience. Lord Eldon prevails on all these Peers to exercise their right and demand audiences. Lord Mansfield had no petition to present, and only went to remonstrate about the Catholic question and tell the King that all the Protestants looked to him to save them from the impending danger. The King declares he only listens to what they say, and replies that he must leave every thing to his Ministers; but it is impossible for him to listen (and not talk himself) for an hour and a quarter together. He is very angry at the Bishop of Winchester's speech, and at the declaration in favor of the Bill by both of the brothers.¹ He accused M—— of having influenced the Bishop, which he denied, and told him that he would not have been biased by any body. The King still is in hopes that the Bill will not pass, and said that the Ministers had only a majority of five, and with that they would not carry it through. M—— replied that they had above fifty, and after such a majority as there had been in the Commons it must pass. All this he received as sulkily as possible, and it is clear that if he dared, and if he could, he would still defeat the measure. His dislike to it is the opposition of a spoiled child, founded on considerations purely personal and selfish, and without any reason whatever.

March 29th, at night.—Dined at Lady Sandwich's, and met Madame de Lieven, who is grown very gracious, craving for news, and probably very malignant. Lieven told me (which she did not) that Lord Eldon was with the King yesterday for four hours. She confirmed it after dinner, and said that Halford had told her, but added that he had done no harm.² Lieven also told me that Stratford Canning is coming home, and Robert Gordon going to Constantinople. He is a dull, heavy man, and not able, I should think, to cope with the Turkish Ministers, if they are (as the Duke says) the ablest diplomatists in Europe. I don't know why Stratford Canning is coming home, whether *volens* or *volens*.

¹ [The two Sumners. Dr. John Bird Sumner (afterward Archbishop of Canterbury) had been raised to the see of Chester in 1828. They owed their advancement to the especial favor of George IV. The bishop adverted to in the next sentence was the Bishop of Winchester.]

² [This was the celebrated interview related in Lord Eldon's "Memoirs," vol. iii, when, however, the King gave Lord E. a very erroneous account of the transaction, subsequently corrected by Sir Robert Peel in his "Memoirs."]

I have, I see, alluded to Lord Winchelsea's handkerchief story,¹ but have not mentioned the circumstances, which I may as well do. Lord Holland came home one night from the House of Lords, and as soon as he had occasion to blow his nose, pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket; upon which my Lady exclaimed (she hates perfumes), "Good God, Lord H., where did you get that handkerchief? Send it away directly." He said he did not know, when it was inspected, and the letter *W* found on it. Lord H. said, "I was sitting near Lord Winchelsea, and it must be his, which I took up by mistake and have brought home." Accordingly, the next day he sent it to Lord Winchelsea with his compliments. Lord Winchelsea receiving the handkerchief and the message, and finding it marked *W*, fancied it was the Duke's, and that it was sent to him by way of affronting him; on which he went to the Duke of Newcastle and imparted to him the circumstances, and desired him to wait on Lord Holland for an explanation. This his Grace did, when the matter was cleared up, and the handkerchief was found to be the property of Lord Wellesley. The next day Lord Winchelsea came up laughing to Lord Holland in the House of Lords, and said he had many apologies to make for what had passed, but that he really was in such a state of excitement he did not know what he said and did.²

April 4th.—On the third reading of the Catholic Bill in the House of Commons Sadler failed, and Palmerston made a speech like one of Canning's. The Bill has been two nights in the House of Lords. They go on with it this morning, and will divide this evening. The Chancellor made a very fine speech last night, and the Bishop of Oxford spoke very well the night before, but the debate has been dull on the whole; the subject is exhausted. The House of Lords was very full, particularly of women; every fool in London thinks it necessary to be there. It is only since last year that the steps of the throne have been crowded with ladies; formerly one or two got in, who skulked behind the throne, or were hid in Tyrwhitt's box, but now they fill the whole space, and put themselves in front with their large bonnets, without either fear or shame.

¹ [*Supra*, p. 163.]

² [Lord Winchelsea was in the habit of flourishing a white pocket-handkerchief while he was speaking in the House of Lords. This peculiarity, associated with his sonorous tones, his excited action, and his extravagant opinions, gave point to the incident.]

April 5th.—The question was put at a little before twelve last night, and carried by 105—217 to 112 (a greater majority than the most sanguine expected)—after a splendid speech from Lord Grey and a very good one from Lord Plunket. Old Eldon was completely beat, and could make no fight at all; his speech was wretched, they say, for I did not hear it. This tremendous defeat will probably put an end to any thing like serious opposition; they will hardly rally again.

I dined at Chesterfield House, but nobody came to dinner. Chesterfield and his party were all at the House of Lords. I found myself almost alone with Vesey Fitzgerald, with whom I had much talk after dinner. He said that it would be a long time before all the circumstances and all the difficulties relating to their proceedings were known, but when they were it would be seen how great had been the latter, how curious the former; that the day the Chancellor, the Duke, and Peel were with the King they actually were out (all of which I knew), and that he believes if the other party could have made a Government with a chance of standing, out they would have gone; but that it was put to them (this I did not know), and they acknowledged they could not. They held consultations on the subject, and the man they principally relied on was the Duke of Richmond; they meant he should be either First Lord of the Treasury or Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Winchelsea said to Ellenborough, "Why, he speaks better than the Duke of Wellington any day." He happens to have his wits, such as they are, about him, and has been quick and neat in one or two little speeches, though he spoke too often, and particularly in his attack on the Bishop of Oxford the other night. Last year, on the Wool question, he did very well, but all the details were got up for him by George Bentinck,¹ who took the trouble. Besides, his fortune consists in a great measure of wool, he lives in the country, is well versed in rural affairs and the business of the quarter sessions, has a certain calibre of understanding, is prejudiced, narrow-minded, illiterate, and ignorant, good-looking, good-humored, and unaffected, tedious, prolix, unassuming, and a duke. There would not have been so much to say about him if they had not excited an idea in the minds of

¹ [It deserves remark that Lord George Bentinck was thus early employing his singular talents in mastering details, although he took no conspicuous part in politics until the proposal for the repeal of the Corn Law in 1845.]

some people of making him Prime Minister and successor to the Duke of Wellington.

Vesey told me that Dawson's speech at Derry very nearly overturned the whole design. The King heard of it the day of a Council at Windsor (which I well remember). The Chancellor was with him for a long time, but it was almost impossible to persuade the King that Dawson knew nothing of the intention of the Government, and that his speech was not made in concert with Peel and the Duke. This it was which caused them such excessive annoyance, because it raised difficulties which wellnigh prevented the accomplishment of the design. It must be owned that the King might well believe this, and although it is very certain that Dawson knew nothing, and that his making such a speech ought to have been a proof that he was in ignorance, it will always be believed that he was aware of the intended measure, and that his speech was made with the Duke's concurrence. It is curious enough that his opinion had been long changed, and that he had intended to pronounce his recantation when Brownlow did, but as Brownlow got the start of him he would not. For two years after this he persevered in the old course, and when Canning came in, and the Catholic question was the great field on which he was to be fought, Dawson reverted vigorously to his old opinions, and spoke vehemently against emancipation. Such is party!

The circumstances that Vesey talked of are in fact pretty well known or guessed at, nor has there ever been any secret as to the main fact of the King's opposition and dislike to the measure. He told me that after Eldon's visit of four hours the Duke remonstrated, and told the King what great umbrage it gave his Ministers to see and hear of these long and numerous interviews with their opponents. The King declared that he said nothing and that nothing passed calculated to annoy them, which they none of them believed, but of course could make no reply to.

April 8th.—I have mentioned above (March 4th'), p. 153,

¹ [It was on the 2d of March that this interview took place, as related by Sir R. Peel himself in his "Memoir" (vol. i., p. 343). The King asked his Ministers to explain the details of the measure they proposed to bring in. They informed his Majesty that it would be necessary to modify in the case of the Roman Catholics that part of the oath of supremacy which relates to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction and supremacy of the Pope. To this the King said he could not possibly consent. Upon this Mr Peel and his colleagues informed his Majesty that they must resign. His Majesty accepted the resignations, and the Ministers returned to London (after an audience of five hours) under

the Chancellor, the Duke, and Peel, going to the King, and the alarm that prevailed here. That day the Catholic question was in great jeopardy. They went to tell the King that unless he would give them his real, efficient support, and not throw his indirect influence into the opposite scale, they would resign. He refused to give them that support; they placed their resignations in his hands and came away. The King then sent to Eldon, and asked him if he would undertake to form a Government. He deliberated (then it was that it was question of the Duke of Richmond being First Lord or Lord-Lieutenant), but eventually said he could not undertake it. On his refusal the King yielded, and the Bill went on; but if Eldon had accepted, the Duke and his colleagues would have been out, and God knows what would have happened. It was, of course, of all these matters that the King talked to Eldon in the long interview they had the other day. He is very sulky at the great majority in the House of Lords, as I knew he would be.

Lady Jersey is in a fury with Lord Anglesey, and goes about saying he insulted her in the House of Lords the other night. She was sitting on one of the steps of the throne, and the Duchess of Richmond on the step above. After Lord Anglesey had spoken he came to talk to the Duchess, who said, "How well you did speak;" on which he said, "Hush! you must take care what you say, for here is Lady Jersey, and she reports for the newspapers;" on which Lady Jersey said very angrily, "Lady Jersey is here for her own amusement; what do you mean by reporting for newspapers?" to which he replied with a profound bow, "I beg your Ladyship's pardon; I did not mean to offend you, and if I did I beg to make the most ample apology." This is his version; hers, of course, is different. He says that he meant the whole thing as a joke. It was a very bad joke if it was one, and as he knows how she abuses him, one may suspect that there was something more than joking in it.

The other night Lord Grey had called Lord Falmouth to order, and after the debate Falmouth came up to him with a

the full persuasion that the Government was dissolved. In the interval some attempt was made to form a Protestant Cabinet; but, on the evening of the following day, the 4th of March, the King wrote a letter to the Duke of Wellington, informing him that his Majesty anticipated so much difficulty in the attempt to form another Administration that he could not dispense with his Ministers' services, and that they were at liberty to proceed with the measures of which notice had been given in Parliament.]

menacing air and said, "My Lord Grey, I wish to inform you that if upon any future occasion you transgress in the slightest degree the orders of the House, I shall most certainly call you to order." Lord Grey, who expected from his air something more hostile, merely said, "My Lord, your Lordship will do perfectly right, and whenever I am out of order I hope you will." Last night old Eldon got a dressing again from the Chancellor.

April 9th.—Met O'Connell at dinner yesterday at William Ponsonby's. The only Irish (agitators) were he and O'Gorman Mahon; —, he said, was too great a blackguard, and he would not invite him. O'Connell arrived from Ireland that day; there is nothing remarkable in his manner, appearance, or conversation, but he seems lively, well bred, and at his ease. I asked him after dinner "whether Catholics had not taken the oath of supremacy till it was coupled with the declaration;" he said, "In many instances in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, because at that time it was considered to apply to the civil supremacy of the Pope only, and that the Government admitted of that interpretation of it, but that no Catholic could take it now, because that construction is never given to the oath." Duncannon told me that O'Connell has no wish to be in Parliament, that he makes so much money by his profession that it is a great loss to him to attend Parliament at all. What they want is a compromise with Vesey Fitzgerald, by which he may be admitted to take his seat in this Parliament on an understanding that he will not oppose Vesey in the next; not that I see how that is to be done, except by an Act of Parliament (which would never pass) in his favor. Besides, the Duke detests him, and Vesey likewise. They cannot forgive him for all he has done and all he has made them do. O'Gorman, the Secretary of the Catholic Association, appears a heavy, civil, vulgar man. I sat next to Stanley, who told me a story which amused me. Macintosh, in the course of the recent debates, went one day to the House of Commons at eleven in the morning to take a place. They were all taken on the benches below the gangway, and on asking the doorkeeper how they happened to be all taken so early, he said, "Oh, sir, there is no chance of getting a place, for Colonel Sibthorpe sleeps at a tavern close by, and comes here every morning by eight o'clock and takes places for all the saints."

April 13th.—On Friday last the Catholic Bill was read a

third time, after a very dull debate. Lord Eldon attempted to rally, and made a long and wretched speech which lasted two hours. Nobody spoke well. The Duke in his reply dropped all the terms of courtesy and friendship he had hitherto used in speaking of old Eldon, and broke off with him entirely. He is disgusted at his opposition out-of-doors, and at his having been the constant adviser of the Duke of Cumberland and all the foolish Lords who have been pestering the King at Windsor; and he is acquainted with all his tricks and underhand proceedings, probably with more of them than we know of. He thanked the Opposition for their support—thanks which they well merit from him—but of course nobody is satisfied. He was before accused of ingratitude in never taking notice of their conduct, and even it is said that he gave them to understand he had no more need of their services, and wished to make them his bow. I don't believe he meant any such thing; he intended to thank them simply, though it is probably true that he does not wish to continue in alliance with them, and is anxious to see the Tories put themselves under his orders again. On Saturday he sent the commission down to Windsor for the King's signature, with other papers as a matter of course; he would not go himself, that there might be no fresh discussion between them.

I went on Friday morning to the Old Bailey to hear the trials, particularly that of the women for the murder of the apprentices; the mother was found guilty, and will be hanged to-day—has been by this time.¹ The case exhibited a shocking scene of wretchedness and poverty, such as ought not to exist in any community, especially in one which pretends to be so flourishing and happy as this is. It is, I suppose, one case of many which may be found in this town, graduating through various stages of misery and vice. These wretched beings were described to be in the lowest state of moral and physical degradation, with scarcely rags to cover them, food barely sufficient to keep them alive, and working eighteen or nineteen hours a day, without being permitted

¹ [Two wretched women named Hibner were tried, and one of them convicted for the murder of a parish apprentice named Francis Colepitts, by savage ill-treatment. The elder prisoner was found guilty, and executed on the 13th of April. No such concourse of people had assembled to witness an execution since that of Fauntleroy. The details of the crime were horrible, and had excited great sympathy for the victim among all classes.—*Ann. Regist. for 1829, Chronicle*, p. 71.]

any relaxation, or even the privilege of going to church on Sunday. I never heard more disgusting details than this trial elicited, or a case which calls more loudly for an investigation into the law and the system under which such proceedings are possible. Poverty, and vice, and misery, must always be found in a community like ours, but such frightful contrasts between the excess of luxury and splendor and these scenes of starvation and brutality ought not to be possible; but I am afraid there is more vice, more misery and penury in this country than in any other, and at the same time greater wealth. The contrasts are too striking, and such an unnatural, artificial, and unjust state of things neither can nor ought to be permanent. I am convinced that before many years elapse these things will produce some great convulsion.

After the Old Bailey I went and dined at the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund dinner. The Duke of Clarence could not come, so they put Lord Blessington in the chair, who made an ass of himself. Among other toasts he was to give "The memory of the Duke of York," who was the founder of the institution. He prefaced this with a speech, but gave "The health," etc., on which Fawcett, who sat opposite, called out in an agony, "The memory, my Lord!" He corrected himself, but in a minute after said again, "The health." "The memory, my Lord!" again roared Fawcett. It was supremely ridiculous. Francis Leveson sat on his right, Codrington on his left, and Lawless the agitator just opposite; he is a pale, thin, common-looking little man, and has not at all the air of a patriot orator and agitator.

May 14th.—I have been at Newmarket for three weeks, and have had no time to write, nor has any thing particular occurred. The King came to town, and had a levee and drawing-room, the former of which was very numerous, the other shabbily attended. At the levee he was remarkably civil to all the Peers, particularly the Duke of Richmond, who had distinguished themselves in opposition to Government in the late debates, and he turned his back on the bishops who had voted for the Bill. O'Connell and Shiel were both at the levee; the former had been presented in Ireland, so had not to be presented again, but the King took no notice of him, and when he went by said to somebody near him, "Damn the fellow! what does he come here for?"—dignified.

There was an odd circumstance the day of the drawing-

room. The Duke of Cumberland, as Gold Stick, gave orders at the Horse Guards that no carriages should be admitted into the Park, and Peel and the Duke of Wellington, when they presented themselves on their way to Court, were refused admission. The officer on guard came to the Duke's carriage and said that such were his orders, but that he was sure they were not meant to extend to his Grace, and if he would authorize him he would order the gates to be opened. The Duke said, "By no means," and then desired his carriage to go round the other way. Many people thought that this was a piece of impertinence of the Duke of Cumberland's, but the Duke says that the whole thing was a mistake. Be this as it may, the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Wellington do not speak, and whenever they meet, which often happens in society, the former moves off.

Yesterday morning Batchelor called on me, and sat with me for an hour, telling me all sorts of details concerning the interior of Windsor and St. James's. The King is well in health, except that since last September he has been afflicted with a complaint in his bladder, which both annoys and alarms him very much. There is no appearance of stone or gravel, but violent irritation, which is only subdued by laudanum, and always returns when the effect of the opiate is gone off. The laudanum, too, disagrees much with his general health. He is attended by Sir Henry Holland, Brodie, and O'Reilly. Sir A. Cooper, who did not attend him, is not now consulted, in consequence (Batchelor thinks) of some petty intrigue in some quarter. This O'Reilly, who has gradually insinuated himself into the King's confidence, and by constantly attending him at Windsor, and bringing him all the gossip and tittle-tattle of the neighborhood (being on the alert to pick up and retail all he can for the King's amusement), has made himself necessary, and is not now to be shaken off, to the great annoyance of Knighton, who cannot bear him, as well as of all the other people about the King, who hate him for his meddling, mischievous character. The King's *valets de chambre* sit up alternately, and as he sleeps very ill he rings his bell every half hour. He talks of everybody and every thing before his valets with great freedom, except of politics, on which he never utters a word in their presence, and he always sends them away when he sees anybody or speaks on business of any kind. Batchelor thinks

that this new disorder is a symptom of approaching decay, and that the King thinks so himself.

In the mean time the influence of Knighton and that of Lady Conyngham continue as great as ever; nothing can be done but by their permission, and they understand one another and play into each other's hands. Knighton opposes every kind of expense, except that which is lavished on her. The wealth she has accumulated by savings and presents must be enormous. The King continues to heap all kinds of presents upon her, and she lives at his expense; they do not possess a servant; even Lord Conyngham's *valet de chambre* is not properly their servant. They have all situations in the King's household, from which they receive their pay, while they continue in the service of the Conynghams. They dine every day while in London at St. James's, and, when they give a dinner, it is cooked at St. James's and brought up to Hamilton Place in hackney-coaches and in machines made expressly for the purpose; there is merely a fire lit in their kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot. At Windsor the King sees very little of her except of an evening; he lies in bed half the day or more, sometimes goes out, and sometimes goes to her room for an hour or so in the afternoon, and that is all he sees of her. A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery.

May 16th.—O'Connell attempted to take his seat last night, but the business was put off till Monday. His case is exceedingly well got up, but too long. There are many opinions as to his right; many people think he has established it (though he had failed to do so), that a Bill ought to be brought in to enable him to take the new oaths. It was supposed Government would take no part, but Peel's speech and the language of some of the Ministers are rather unfavorable to him. Lord Grey, when he read the case, thought his argument on the tenth clause of the Bill conclusive, but when he examined the Bill he thought differently, and that the context gives a different signification to the words on which O'Connell relies. Tierney thinks otherwise, and this they debated, Bill in hand, in Lady Jersey's room yesterday morning. O'Connell was in a great fright when he went up to the table. He got through the necessary forms in the Steward's office by means of the Commissioners whom Duncannon provided, and

who were, I believe, Burdett and Ebrington. He ought to be allowed to take his seat, but probably he will not; it is a very hard case.¹ The Duke of Orleans is come, and his son, the Duke of Chartres; the latter was at the opera to-night in Prince Leopold's box.

May 29th.—O'Connell is said to have made a very good speech at the bar of the House, and produced rather a favorable impression. He has done himself this good, that whereas it was pretty generally thought that he was likely to fail in the House of Commons as a speaker, he has now altered that impression. There is but one opinion as to the wretched feeling of excluding him, but the saddle is put upon the right horse, and, though the Government are now obliged to enforce the provisions of their own Bill, everybody knows that the exclusion was the work of the King. O'Connell goes back to Clare (as he says) sure of his election; there will be a great uproar, but at present nobody expects any opposition, and all deprecate a contest.

Yesterday the King gave a dinner to the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, and in the evening there was a child's ball. It was pretty enough, and I saw for the first time the Queen of Portugal² and our little Victoria. The Queen was finely dressed, with a ribbon and order over her shoulder, and she sat by the King. She is good-looking and has a sensible Austrian countenance. In dancing she fell down and hurt her face, was frightened and bruised, and went away. The King was very kind to her. Our little Princess is a short, plain-looking child, and not near so good-looking as the Portuguese. However, if nature has not done so much, fortune is likely to do a great deal more for her. The King looked very well, and staid at the ball till two. There were very few people, and neither Arbuthnot nor Mrs. A. were asked. I suspect this is owing to what passed in the House about

¹ [O'Connell was excluded from taking his seat as a member for Clare, for which he had been elected before the passing of the Relief Act, because it was held that he was bound to take the oath which was required by law at the time of his election, and not the oath imposed on Roman Catholics by the recent statutes. He presented himself to be sworn at the table of the House of Commons on the 15th of May, and there refused to take the former oath, which was tendered to him by the Clerk. The House divided 190 to 116 against his admission without taking the oath of supremacy on the 18th, Mr. O'Connell having previously been heard at the bar in person in support of his claim.]

² [Donna Maria II. da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, on the abdication of her father, Dom Pedro, succeeded to the throne on the 2d of May, 1826. She was born on the 4th of April, 1819, and was consequently but a few weeks older than the Princess Victoria.]

opening the Birdcage Walk. It puts the King in a fury to have any such thing mentioned, not having the slightest wish to accommodate the public, though very desirous of getting money out of their pockets.

The day before yesterday there was a review for the Duke of Orleans, and the Marquis of Anglesey, who was there at the head of his regiment, contrived to get a tumble, but was not hurt. Last night at the ball the King said to Lord Anglesey, "Why, Paget, what's this I hear? they say you rolled off your horse at the review yesterday." The Duke as he left the ground was immensely cheered, and the people thronged about his horse and would shake hands with him. When Lord Hill went to the King the day before to give him an account of the intended review and the dispositions that had been made, he said, "Hill, if I can throw my leg over your Shropshire horse, don't be surprised if you see me among you."

The new law appointments have just been announced, and have created some surprise.¹

June 11th.—I have been at Epsom for a week; the Duke of Grafton, Lords Wilton, Jersey, and Worcester, Russell, Anson, Irby, and myself, took Down Hall for the races and lived very well. Nothing particular has occurred. Lord and Lady Ellenborough are separated, and he is supposed to have behaved very handsomely to her. They say he does not now know the whole story of her intrigue with Felix Schwarzenberg; that hero is gone to the Russian army. All the new appointments were declared when I was out of town, and they excited some surprise and more disapprobation. They have made Best a Peer, who is poor and has a family, by which another poor peerage will be added to the list; and he is totally unfit for the situation he is to fill—that of Deputy-Speaker of the House of Lords, and to assist the Chancellor in deciding Scotch causes, of which he knows nothing whatever; and as the Chancellor knows nothing either, the Scotch law is likely to be strangely administered

¹ [The Attorney-General, Sir Charles Wetherell, had resigned in consequence of his violent opposition to the Catholic Relief Bill, and was succeeded by Sir James Scarlett (afterward Lord Abinger). The Solicitor-General, Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal, was raised on the 9th of June to the Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas; and was succeeded in the Solicitorship by Sir Edward Burtenshaw Sugden (afterward Lord St. Leonards). The vacancy in the Common Pleas was caused by the resignation of Sir William Draper Best, who was created Lord Wynford for the purpose of assisting the Chancellor with the judicial business of the House of Lords.]

in that great court of appeal. They would have done better to have made Alexander¹ a Peer, who is very old, understands Equity Law, and has no children; but he knows very little of Common Law (which Best is well versed in), and so they keep him on the bench and put Best on the Woolsack. Lord Rosslyn is Privy Seal,² and Scarlett Attorney-General, which looks like a leaning toward the Whigs; but then Trench and Lord Edward Somerset are put into the Ordnance; George Bankes goes back to the India Board, and Government supports him in his contest at Cambridge against William Cavendish. This conduct is considered very unhand-some, and Tierney, who was well disposed toward the Government, told me yesterday that if the Duke did not take care he thought he would get swamped with such doings, that the way he went on was neither fish nor flesh, and he would offend more people than he would conciliate. At present there is no party, and if Government have no opponents they have no great body of supporters on whom they can depend; every thing is in confusion—party, politics, and all.

The event of last week was Palmerston's speech on the Portuguese question, which was delivered at a late hour and in an empty House, but which they say was exceedingly able and eloquent. This is the second he has made this year of great merit. It was very violent against Government. He has been twenty years in office and never distinguished himself before, a proof how many accidental circumstances are requisite to bring out the talents which a man may possess. The office he held was one of dull and dry detail, and he never traveled out of it. He probably stood in awe of Canning and others, and was never in the Cabinet; but having lately held higher situations and having acquired more confidence, and the great men having been removed from the House of Commons by death or promotion, he has launched forth, and with astonishing success. Lord Granville told me he had always thought Palmerston was capable of more than he did, and had told Canning so, who did not believe it.

Yesterday the King had his racing dinner, which was more numerously attended and just as magnificent as that he gave

¹ [Sir William Alexander, then Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The Court of Exchequer still retained its Equity jurisdiction.]

² [Lord Rosslyn was considered to be a Whig, and Sir James Scarlett was better known for the Liberal opinions he once professed than for the Tory opinions he afterward assumed.]

last year, but not half so gay and joyous. I believe he had some gouty feeling and was in pain, for, contrary to his usual custom, he hardly spoke, and the Duke of Richmond, who sat next to him, told me that the little he did say was more about politics than the turf, and he fancied that something had annoyed him. He looked well enough, and was very cheerful before dinner. When his health was drunk "as Patron of the Jockey Club, and many thanks to him for condescending to accept that title," he made a speech, in which he said that "he was much gratified by our kindness, and he could assure us that in withdrawing himself as he had done from the Jockey Club he was not influenced by any unkindness to any member of it, or any indifference to the interests of the turf."

June 24th.—Went to Stoke for the Ascot races. There was such a crowd to see the cup run for as never was seen before. The King was very anxious and disappointed. I bought the winner for Chesterfield¹ two hours before the race, he having previously asked the King's leave, which he gave with many gracious expressions. I have set about making a reconciliation between the King and Lord Sefton. Both are anxious to make it up, but each is afraid to make the first advances. However, Sefton must make them, and he will. The cause of their quarrel is very old, and signifies little enough now. . . . They have been at daggers drawn ever since, and Sefton has revenged himself by a thousand jokes at the King's expense, of which his Majesty is well aware. Their common pursuit, and a desire on the one side to partake of the good things of the Palace, and on the other side to be free from future pleasantries, has generated a mutual disposition to make it up, which is certainly sensible. The King has bought seven horses successively, for which he has given 11,300 guineas, principally to win the cup at Ascot, which he has never accomplished. He might have had Zinganee, but would not, because he fancied the Colonel would beat him; but when that appeared doubtful he was very sorry not to have bought him, and complained that the horse was not offered to him. He is now extravagantly fond of Chesterfield, who is pretty well bit by it. There is always a parcel of eldest sons and Lords in possession invited to the Cottage

¹ [George Augustus, sixth Earl of Chesterfield, born in 1805, died in 1866. He married in 1830 Anne, daughter of Lord Forester. In 1829 he was one of the most brilliant of the young men of fashion of that day, having succeeded to a large rental and large accumulations in his minority.]

for the sake of Lady Maria Conyngham. The King likes to be treated with great deference, but without fear, and that people should be easy with him, and gay, and listen well. There was a grand consultation at the Cottage between the King, Lieven, Esterhazy, and the Duke of Cumberland, as to the way in which the ladies should be placed at dinner, the object being that Lady Conyngham should sit next to his Majesty, though, according to etiquette, the two Embassadresses should sit one on each side of him. It was contrived by the Duke of Cumberland taking out one of them and sitting opposite, by which means the lovely Thais sat beside him, and he was happy.

June 26th.—I met Tierney and Lord Grey at dinner yesterday. The former wanted to know what passed about the King's Speech at the Council at Windsor the other day. I had heard nothing, not having been at the Council; but it is believed that the Ministers had put in the Speech a sentence expressive of satisfaction and sanguine hopes about Ireland, and that, at the last moment, the King would not agree to this; for, after the Duke's audience, which lasted a good while, there was a Cabinet, and it is supposed they knocked under, for the paragraph about Ireland is cold enough. The Duke of Cumberland is thought to have had a hand in all this, and to have persuaded the King to be obstinate. We talked a great deal about the situation of the Government and the state of the House of Commons, and Tierney thinks that, unless the Duke strengthens himself, he will not be able to go on; that Rosslyn and Scarlett are of little use to him, and what he wants is the support of those who will bring followers in their train, such as Althorp, who has extensive connections, enjoys consideration, and would be of real use to him. There is a strong report that Althorp is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, Goulburn Speaker, and Sutton¹ a Peer. At present the Government is any thing but strong; but then there exists no party, nor is there any man of ability and authority enough to make one. The Duke must strengthen himself, and have recourse for the purpose either to the Whigs or to Huskisson and his friends. These latter he detests, and he knows they hate him and are his bitterest enemies. The Whigs he would not dislike so much, but the

¹ [Right Hon. Mannors Sutton, Speaker of the House of Commons. He retained that office till 1835, when he was beaten on the great contest with Mr. Abercromby, and raised to the peerage as Lord Canterbury.]

King is averse to have them, and the Duke is beset by his old suspicion that they want to break up the Tory party and make him dependent on themselves. At the same time, in taking in Lord Rosslyn and Scarlett, he has made some advances toward them, though Lord Grey is displeased at his not having shown him more deference and communicated to him his intentions about Rosslyn. Lord Rosslyn asked Lord Grey's advice as to accepting, and he advised him to take office, explaining at the same time that he should not pledge himself to support Government, though he was at present well disposed to do so, and should be still more disposed when Lord Rosslyn became a part of it. Tierney said it was very lamentable that there should be such a deficiency of talent in the rising generation, and remarkable how few clever young men there are now in the House of Commons. The King did not like Lord Rosslyn's appointment; he hates all the Whigs; indeed, he hates the best men of all parties, and likes none but such as will be subservient to himself. So little public spirit has he, and so much selfishness, that he would rather his Government was weak than strong, that they may be the more dependent upon him; though he only wishes to be powerful in order to exercise the most puerile caprices, gratify ridiculous resentments, indulge vulgar prejudices, and amass or squander money; not one great object connected with national glory or prosperity ever enters his brain. I am convinced he would turn out the Duke to-morrow if he could see any means of replacing him. I don't think I mentioned that, when he talked of giving the child's ball, Lady Maria Conyngham said, "Oh, do; it will be so nice to see the *two little Queens* dancing together" (the little Queen of Portugal and the Princess Victoria), at which he was beyond measure provoked.

July 10th.—I dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday; a very large party for Mesdames the Duchesse d'Escars and Madame du Cayla; the first is the widow of the Duc d'Escars, who was Premier Maître d'Hôtel of Louis XVIII., and who was said to have died of one of the King's good dinners, and the joke was, "*Hier sa Majesté a eu une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort.*" Madame du Cayla¹ is come over to prosecute some claim upon this

¹ [Madame du Cayla had been the *soi-disant* mistress of Louis XVIII., or rather the favorite of his declining years. "Il fallait une Esther," to use her own expression, "*à cot Assuérus.*" She was the daughter of M. Talon

Government, which the Duke has discovered to be unfounded, and he had the bluntness to tell her so as they were going to dinner. She must have been good-looking in her youth; her countenance is lively, her eyes are piercing, clear complexion, and very handsome hands and arms; but the best part about her seemed to be the magnificent pearls she wore, though these are not so fine as Lady Conyngham's. All kings' mistresses seem to have a rage for pearls; I remember Madame Naraschkin's were splendid. Madame du Cayla is said to be very rich and clever.

After dinner the Duke talked to me for a long time about the King and the Duke of Cumberland, and his quarrel with the latter. He began about the King's making Lord Aberdeen stay at the Cottage the other day when he had engaged all the foreign Embassadors to dine with him in London. Aberdeen represented this to him, but his Majesty said "it did not matter, he should stay, and the Embassadors should for once see that he was King of England." "He has no idea," said the Duke, "of what a King of England ought to do, or he would have known that he ought to have made Aberdeen go and receive them, instead of keeping him there." He said the King was very clever and amusing, but that with

brought up by Madame Campan, and an early friend of Hortense Beauharnais. Her marriage to an officer in the Prince de Condé's army was an unhappy one; and she was left, deserted by her husband, in straitened circumstances. After the assassination of the Duc de Berry, M. de la Rochefoucauld, one of the leaders of the ultra-Royalist party, contrived to throw her in the way of Louis XVIII., in the hope of counteracting the more Liberal influence which M. de Cazes had acquired over the King. Madame du Cayla became the hope and the mainstay of the altar and the throne. The scheme succeeded. The King was touched by her grace and beauty, and she became indispensable to his happiness. His happiness was said to consist in inhaling a pinch of snuff from her shoulders, which were remarkably broad and fair. M. de Lamartine has related the romance of her life in the thirty-eighth book of his "Histoire de la Restauration," and Béranger satirized her in the bitterest of his songs—that which bears the name of "Octavie:"

Sur les coussins où la douleur l'enchaîne
 Quel mal, dis tu, vous fait ce roi des rois ?
 Vois le d'un masque enjoliver sa haine
 Pour étouffer notre gloire et nos lois.
 Vois ce cœur faux, que cherchent les caresses,
 De tous les siens n'aimer que ses aïeux ;
 Charger de fer les muses vengeresses,
 Et par ses mœurs nous révéler ses dieux.
 Peins nous ces feux, qu'en secret tu redoutes,
 Quand sur ton sein il oûve son nectar,
 Ces feux dont s'indignaient les voûtes
 Où plane encore l'aigle du grand César.

It is curious that in 1829 the last mistress of a King of France should have visited London under the reign of the last mistress of a King of England.]

a surprising memory he was very inaccurate, and constantly told stories the details of which all his auditors must know to be false. One day he was talking of the late King, and asserted that George III. had said to himself, "Of all the men I have ever known you are the one on whom I have the greatest dependence, and you are the most perfect gentleman." Another day he said "that he recollected the old Lord Chesterfield, who once said to him, 'Sir, you are the fourth Prince of Wales I have known, and I must give your Royal Highness one piece of advice: stick to your father; as long as you adhere to your father you will be a great and a happy man, but if you separate yourself from him you will be nothing and an unhappy one;' and, by God (added the King), I never forgot that advice, and acted upon it all my life." "We all," said the Duke, "looked at one another with astonishment. He is extremely clever and particularly ingenious in turning the conversation from any subject he does not like to discuss.

"I," added the Duke of Wellington, "remember calling upon him the day he received the news of the battle of Navarino. I was not a Minister, but Commander-in-Chief, and after having told me the news he asked me what I thought of it. I said that I knew nothing about it, was ignorant of the instructions that had been given to the admiral, and could not give an opinion; but 'one thing is clear to me, that your Majesty's ships have suffered very much, and that you ought to reënforce your fleet directly, for whenever you have a maritime force, yours ought to be superior to all others.' This advice he did not like. I saw this, and he said, 'Oh, the Emperor of Russia is a man of honor,' and then he began talking, and went on to Venice, Toulon, St. Petersburg, all over the Continent, and from one place and one subject to another, till he brought me to Windsor Castle. I make it a rule never to interrupt him, and when in this way he tries to get rid of a subject in the way of business which he does not like, I let him talk himself out and then quietly put before him the matter in question, so that he cannot escape from it. I remember when the Duke of Newcastle was going to Windsor with a mob at his heels to present a petition (during the late discussions), I went down to him and showed him the petition, and told him that they ought to be prevented from coming. He went off and talked upon every subject but that which I

had come about, for an hour and a half. I let him go on till he was tired, and then I said, 'But the petition, sir; here it is, and an answer must be sent. I had better write to the Duke of Newcastle and tell him your Majesty will receive it through the Secretary of State; and, if you please, I will write the letter before I leave the house.' This I did, finished my business in five minutes, and went away with the letter in my pocket. I know him so well that I can deal with him easily, but anybody who does not know him, and who is afraid of him, would have the greatest difficulty in getting on with him. One extraordinary peculiarity about him is, that the only thing he fears is ridicule. He is afraid of nothing which is hazardous, perilous, or uncertain; on the contrary, he is all for braving difficulties; but he dreads ridicule, and this is the reason why the Duke of Cumberland, whose sarcasms he dreads, has such power over him, and Lord Anglesey likewise; both of them he hates in proportion as he fears them." I said I was very much surprised to hear this, as neither of these men were wits, or likely to make him ridiculous; that if he had been afraid of Sefton or Alvanley it could have been understood. "But," rejoined the Duke, "he never sees these men, and he does not mind anybody he does not see; but the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Anglesey he cannot avoid seeing, and the fear he has of what they may say to him, as well as of him, keeps him in awe of them. No man, however, knows the Duke of Cumberland better than he does; indeed, all I know of the Duke of Cumberland I know from him, and so I told him one day. I remember asking him why the Duke of Cumberland was so unpopular, and he said, 'Because there never was a father well with his son, or husband with his wife, or a lover with his mistress, or a friend with his friend, that he did not try to make mischief between them.' And yet he suffers this man to have constant access to him, to say what he will to him, and often acts under his influence." I said, "You and the Duke of Cumberland speak now, don't you?" "Yes, we speak. The King spoke to me about it, and wanted me to make an apology. I told him it was quite impossible. 'Why,' said he, 'you did not mean to offend the Duke of Cumberland, I am sure.' 'No sir,' said I; 'I did not wish to offend him, but I did not say a word that I did not mean. When we meet the Royal Family in society they are our superiors, and we owe them all respect, and I should readily apologize for any

thing I might have said offensive to the Duke; but in the House of Lords we are their peers, and for what I say there I am responsible to the House alone.' 'But,' said the King, 'he said you turned on him as if you meant to address yourself to him personally.' 'I did mean it, sir,' said I, 'and I did so because I knew that he had been here, that he had heard things from your Majesty which he had gone and misrepresented and misstated in other quarters, and knowing that, I meant to show him that I was aware of it. I am sorry that the Duke is offended, but I cannot help it, and I cannot make him an apology.'"

The Duke went on: "I was so afraid he would tell the Duke that I was sorry for what I had said, that I repeated to him when I went away, 'Now, sir, remember that I will not apologize to the Duke, and I hope your Majesty will therefore not convey any such idea to his mind.' However, he spoke to him, I suppose, for the next time I met the Duke he bowed to me. I immediately called on him, but he did not return my visit. On a subsequent occasion [I forget what he said it was] I called on him again, and he returned my visit the same day."

The Duke then talked of the letter which the Duke of Cumberland had just written (as Grand Master of the Orange Lodges) to Enniskillen, which he thought was published with the most mischievous intentions. However, he said, "I know not what he is at, but while I am conscious of going on in a straightforward manner I am not afraid of him, or of any thing he can do," which I was surprised to hear, because it looked as if he was afraid of him. I asked him whether, with all the cleverness he thought belonged to the King, he evinced great acuteness in discussing matters of business, to which he replied, "Oh, no, not at all, the worst judgment that can be." This was not the first time I had heard the Duke's opinion of the King. I remember him saying something to the Duke of Portland about him during the Queen's trial indicative of his contempt for him.

In the mean time the Duke of Cumberland, instead of returning to Berlin, has sent for the Duchess and his son, and means to take up his abode in this country, in hopes of prevailing upon the King to dismiss his Ministers and make a Government under his own auspices; but however weak the Government may be, he will not succeed, for the King has an habitual reliance upon the Duke [of Wellington] which over

comes the mortification and dislike he feels at being dependent upon him; and, besides, the materials do not exist out of which a Government could be formed that would have the support of the House of Commons. The great want which this Administration experiences is that of men of sufficient information and capacity to direct the complicated machinery of our trade and finances and adjust our colonial differences. Huskisson, Grant, and Palmerston, were the ablest men, and the first two the best informed in the Government. Fitzgerald knows nothing of the business of his office, still less of the principles of trade; he is idle, but quick. Of Murray I know nothing; he is popular in his office, but he has neither the capacity nor the knowledge of Huskisson.

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CHAPTER VI.

The Recorder's Report—Manners of George IV.—Intrigues of the Duke of Cumberland—Insults Lady Lyndhurst—Deacon Huano at the Board of Trade—Quarrel between the Duke of Cumberland and the Lord Chancellor—A Bad Season—Prostration of Turkey—France under Polignac—State of Ireland—Mr. Windham's Diary—George IV's Eyesight—Junius—A Man without Money—Court-martial on Captain Dickinson—The Duke and the *Morning Journal*—Physical Courage of the King—A Charade at Chatsworth—Huskisson and the Duke—Irish Trials—Tom Moore—Scott—Byron—Fanny Kemble—Sir James Mackintosh—His Conversation—Black Irishmen—Moore's Irish Story—Moore's Singing—George IV. and Mr. Denman—Strawberry Hill—Moore at Trinity College—Indian Vengeance at Niagara—Count Woronzow—Lord Glengall's Play—The Recorder's Report.

July 21st.—There was a Council last Thursday, and the heaviest Recorder's report that was ever known, I believe; seven people left for execution. The King cannot bear this, and is always leaning to the side of mercy. Lord Tenterden, however, is for severity, and the Recorder still more so. It not unfrequently happens that a culprit escapes, owing to the scruples of the King; sometimes he puts the question of life or death to the vote, and it is decided by the voices of the majority. The King came to town at one, and gave audiences until half-past four. He received Madame du Cayla, whom he was very curious to see. She told him afterward that she was astonished at his good looks, and seemed particularly to have been struck with his "*belles jambes et sa perruque bien arrangée*;" and I asked her if she had ever seen him before, and she said no, "*mais que le feu Roi lui*

en avait souvent parlé, et de ses belles manières, qu'en vérité elle les avait trouvées parfaites." There was a reigning Margrave of Baden waiting for an audience in the room we assembled in. Nobody took much notice of him, and when the Duke spoke to him he bowed to the ground, bow after bow; when he went away nobody attended him or opened the door for him.

July 24th.—The accounts from Ireland are very bad; nothing but massacres and tumults, and all got up by the Protestants, who desire nothing so much as to provoke the Catholics into acts of violence and outrage. They want a man of energy and determination who will cause the law to be respected and impartially administered. If Lord Anglesey was there, it is very probable these outrages would not have taken place, but no one cares for such a man of straw as the present Lord-Lieutenant.

The Duke of Cumberland is doing all he can to set the King against the Duke; he always calls him "King Arthur," which made the King very angry at first, and he desired he would not, but he calls him so still, and the King submits. He never lets any of the Royal Family see the King alone; the Duchess of Gloucester complains bitterly of his conduct, and the way in which he thrusts himself in when she is with his Majesty. The other day Count Münster came to the King, and the Duke of Cumberland was determined he should not have a private audience, and staid in the room the whole time. He hates Lady Conyngham, and she him. They put about that he has been pressed to stay here by the King, which is not true; the King would much rather he went away. The Duke of Wellington told me that he one day asked the King when the Duke was going, and he said: "I am sick to death of the subject. I have been told he was going fifty times, but when he goes, or whether he ever goes at all, I have not the least idea." He is now very much provoked because the King will not talk politics with him. His Majesty wants to be quiet, and is tired of all the Duke's violence and his constant attacks.

August 8th.—There is a story current about the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Lyndhurst which is more true than most stories of this kind. The Duke called upon her, and grossly insulted her; on which, after a scramble, she rang the bell. He was obliged to desist and to go away, but before he did he said, "By God, madam, I will be the ruin of

you and your husband, and will not rest till I have destroyed you both."

Vesey Fitzgerald has turned out the Chief Clerk in the Board of Trade, and put in Hume¹ as Assistant Secretary. He told me it was absolutely necessary, as nobody in the Office knew any thing of its business, which is, I believe, very true, but as true of himself as of the rest. Hume is a very clever man, and probably knows more of the principles of trade and commerce than anybody, but so is it in every department of Government—great ignorance on the part of the chiefs, and a few obscure men of industry and ability who do the business and supply the knowledge requisite, *sic vos non vobis* throughout.

O'Connell was elected without opposition ; he was more violent and more popular than ever. They treat him with every indignity, and then they complain of his violence ; besides, he must speak to the Irish in the strain to which they have been used and which pleases them. Had he never been violent, he would not be the man he is, and Ireland would not have been emancipated.

August 18th.—Last Saturday I came back from Goodwood, and called on Lady Jersey, whom I found very curious about a correspondence which she told me had taken place between the Duke of Cumberland and the Chancellor relative to a paragraph which had appeared in the *Age* stating that his Royal Highness had been turned out of Lady Lyndhurst's house in consequence of having insulted her in it. She said she was very anxious to see the letter, for she heard that the Duke had much the best of it, and that the Chancellor's letter was evasive and Jesuitical. The next day I was informed of the details of this affair. I found the Duke had called upon her and had been denied ; that he had complained half in jest, and half in earnest, to the Chancellor of her not letting him in ; that on a subsequent day he had called so early that no orders had been given to the porter, and he was let in ; that his manner and his language had been equally brutal and offensive ; that he afterward went off upon politics, and abused the whole Administration, and particularly the Chancellor, and after staying two or three hours, insulting and offending her in every way, he took himself off. Soon after he met her somewhere in the evening, when he attacked her

¹ [Mr. Deacon Hume, a very able public servant. He remained at the Board of Trade many years.]

again. She treated him with all possible indignation, and would have nothing to say to him.

Yesterday I met the Chancellor at the Castle at a Council. He took me aside, and said that he wished to tell me all that had passed, and to show me the correspondence. He then began, and said that after the Duke's visit Lady L. had told the Chancellor of his abuse of him and the Government, but had suppressed the rest, thinking it was better not to tell him, as it would put him in a very embarrassing position, and contenting herself with saying she would never receive the Duke again upon the other grounds, which were quite sufficient; but that some time after reports reached her from various quarters (Lord Grey, Lord Durham, Lord Dudley, and several others) that the Duke went about talking of her in the most gross and impertinent manner. Upon hearing this, she thought it right to tell the Chancellor the other part of his conduct which she had hitherto concealed, and this she did in general terms, viz., that he had been very insolent and made an attack upon her. The Chancellor was exceedingly incensed, but he said after much consideration he thought it better to let the matter drop; a long time had elapsed since the offense was committed; all communication had ceased between all the parties; and he felt the ridicule and inconvenience of putting himself (holding the high office he did) in personal collision with a Royal Duke, besides the annoyance which it would be to Lady Lyndhurst to become publicly the subject of such a quarrel. There, then, he let the matter rest, but about a fortnight ago he received a letter from the Duke inclosing a newspaper to this effect, as well as I can recollect it (for I was obliged to read the letter in such a hurried way that I could not bring the exact contents away with me, though I am sure I do not err in stating their sense):

"MY LORD: I think it necessary to inclose to your Lordship a newspaper containing a paragraph which I have marked, and which relates to a pretended transaction in your Lordship's house. I think it necessary and proper to contradict this statement, which I need not say is a gross falsehood, and I wish, therefore, to have the authority of Lady Lyndhurst for contradicting it.

"I am, my Lord, yours sincerely,

"ERNEST."

This was the sense of the letter, though it was not so worded; it was civil enough. The Chancellor answered: "The Lord Chancellor with his duty begs to acknowledge the favor of your Royal Highness's letter. The Lord Chancellor had never seen the paragraph to which your Royal Highness alludes, and which he regards with the most perfect indifference, considering it as one of that series of calumnies to which Lady Lyndhurst has been for some time exposed from a portion of the press, and which she has at length learnt to regard with the contempt they deserve." He said that he thought it better to let the matter drop, and he wrote this answer by way of waiving any discussion on the subject, and that the Duke might contradict the paragraph himself if he chose to do so. To this the Duke wrote again: "My Lord, I have received your Lordship's answer, which is not so explicit as I have a right to expect. I repeat again that the statement is false and scandalous, and I have a right to require Lady Lyndhurst's sanction to the contradiction which I think it necessary to give to it." This letter was written in a more impertinent style than the other. On the receipt of it the Chancellor consulted the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke suggested the following answer, which the Chancellor sent: "The Lord Chancellor has had the honor of receiving your Royal Highness's letter of ——. The Lord Chancellor does not conceive it necessary to annoy Lady Lyndhurst by troubling her upon the subject, and with what relates to your Royal Highness the Lord Chancellor has no concern whatever; but with regard to that part which states that your Royal Highness had been excluded from the Lord Chancellor's house, there could be no question that the respect and grateful attachment which both the Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst felt to their Sovereign made it impossible that any brother of that Sovereign should ever be turned out of his house." To this the Duke wrote another letter, in a very sneering and impertinent tone in the third person, and alluding to the *loose reports* which had been current on the subject, and saying that "the Chancellor might have his own reasons for not choosing to speak to Lady Lyndhurst on the subject;" to which the Chancellor replied that "he knew nothing of any loose reports, but that if there were any, in whatever quarter they might have originated, which went to affect the conduct of Lady Lyndhurst in the matter in question, they were most false, foul, and calumnious." So ended

the correspondence ; all these latter expressions were intended to apply to the Duke himself, who is the person who spread the *loose reports* and told the lies about her. When she first denied him, she told Lord Bathurst of it, who assured her she had done quite right, and that she had better never let him in, for if she did he would surely invent some lies about her. Last Sunday week the Chancellor went down to Windsor, and laid the whole correspondence before the King, who received him very well, and approved of what he had done ; but of course when he saw the Duke of Cumberland and heard his story, he concurred in all his abuse of the Chancellor. I think the Chancellor treated the matter in the best way the case admitted of. Had he taken it up, he must have resigned his office and called the Duke out, and what a mixture of folly and scandal this would have been, and how the woman would have suffered in it all !

August 22d.—The day before yesterday Sir Henry Cooke called on me, and told me that he came on the part of the Duke of Cumberland, who had heard that I had seen the correspondence, and that I had given an account of it which was unfavorable to him ; that his Royal Highness wished me, therefore, to call on him and hear his statement of the facts. Cooke then entered into the history, and told me that it was he who had originally acquainted the Duke with the reports which were current about him, and had advised him to contradict them, but that he had not found any opportunity of taking it up till this paragraph appeared in the *Age* newspaper ; that the Duke had given him an account of what had passed, which was that Lady Lyndhurst had begged him to call upon her, then to dine with her, and upon every occasion had encouraged him. I heard all he had to say, but declined calling on the Duke. As I wished, however, that there should be no misrepresentation in what I said on the subject, I wrote a letter to Cooke, to be laid before the Duke, in which I gave an account of the circumstances under which I had been concerned in the business, stating that I had not expressed any opinion of the conduct of the parties and that I did not wish to be in any way mixed up in it. After I had seen Cooke I went to the Chancellor and read my letter to him. I found he had not shown the King the last two letters that had passed ; and as Cooke had told me that the Duke meant to go to Windsor the next day and lay the whole correspondence before the King, the Chancellor im-

mediately sent off a messenger with the two letters which the King had not seen. The Chancellor has since circulated the correspondence among his friends, but with rather too undignified a desire to submit his conduct to the judgment of a parcel of people who only laugh at them both, and are amused with the gossip and malice of the thing.

August 25th.—I came to town from Stoke yesterday morning, and found a palavering letter from Cooke, returning mine, saying that the Duke was quite satisfied, and saw that it would be useless to have an interview with me; that he had persuaded his Royal Highness to drop the whole affair; and ended with many protestations of respect for the Chancellor and the purity of his own motives in meddling with the matter. I sent his letter to the Chancellor, together with my own, that he might show them both to the Duke of Wellington.

Melbourne, who is a pretty good judge of Irish affairs, thinks that Government will probably be under the necessity of adopting strong coercive measures there; but whether they are adopted, or a temporary policy of expedients persisted in, nobody is there fit to advise what is requisite. The Duke of Northumberland is an absolute nullity, a bore beyond all bores, and, in spite of his desire to spend money and be affable, very unpopular. The duchess complains of it, and can't imagine why, for they do all they can to be liked, but all in vain.

August 28th.—At Stoke since Tuesday for the Egham races; Esterhazy, Alvanley, Montrond, Mornay, B. Craven, etc. The King came to the races one day (the day I was not there) in excellent health. The weather exceeds every thing that ever was known—a constant succession of gales of wind and tempests of rain, and the sun never shining. The oats are not cut, and a second crop is growing up, that has been shaken out of the first. Everybody contemplates with dismay the approach of winter, which will probably bring with it the overthrow of the Corn Laws, for corn must be at such a price as to admit of an immense importation. So much for our domestic prospect here, to say nothing of Ireland.

In the mean time the Sultan with his firmness has brought the Russians to the gates of Constantinople, and not a soul doubts that they are already there, or that they will be directly; there is nothing to resist either Diebitsch or Pas-

kiewitch. Esterhazy talks of it as certain, and so unaccountable does it seem that Austria should have been a passive spectator of the Russian victories, that a strong notion prevails that Metternich has made his bargain with them, and that in the impending partition Austria is to have her share. Still more extraordinary does it appear that the Duke, from whom vigor and firmness might have been expected, should not have interfered. That cursed treaty of the 6th of July, and the subsequent battle of Navarino, which were intended to give us a right to arrest the ambition of Russia, have been rendered nugatory by the obstinacy of the Turks on the one hand, and the perpetual changes of Administration here and in France, which have prevented any steady and consistent course of policy from being followed; while the Russians, availing themselves of both these circumstances, have pushed on with singleness of purpose and great vigor of execution. It is quite impossible now to foresee the end of all this, but the elements are abroad of as fine disturbances as the most restless can desire.

France is probably too much occupied with her own affairs to pay much attention to those of Turkey, nor is it clear that the French would much regret any event which tended to impair our commercial greatness. So busy are the French with their own politics, that even the milliners have left off making caps. Lady Cowper told me to-day that Madame Maradan complained that she could get no bonnets, etc., from Paris; for they would occupy themselves with nothing but the change of Administration.¹ Nothing can exceed the violence that prevails; the King does nothing but cry. Polignac is said to have the fatal obstinacy of a martyr, the worst sort of courage of the *ruat cælum* sort. Aberdeen said at dinner at Madame de Lieven's the other day that he thought him a very clever man; and that the Duke of Wellington went still further, for he said that he was the ablest man France had had since the Restoration. I remember him well when he was courting his first wife, Archy Macdonald's sister; and if being first a prisoner, then an emigrant, then a miser, and now a saint, can make him a good Minister, he may be one.

August 31st. The Duke, the Chancellor, and Privy Seal, came from Walmar to-day for a Cabinet; and Esterhazy, who was to have dined with me, sent word that as he had

¹ [The Polignac Ministry took office on the 8th of August.]

received a courier this morning, and was obliged to send off Dietrichstein this evening, he could not come. It is said that Sir Frederick Gordon has sent word that the Turks are frightened and wish to treat, but probably it is now too late.

Last night news came that Villa Flor had routed Miguel's expedition against Terceira, and at the same time the little Queen is embarking with the Empress for the Brazils. This probably comes too late; some time ago it might have been of some use. Miguel will probably be recognized by this country, and then the game is up. I have long been convinced that the Duke meant eventually to acknowledge Miguel, or he would not have tolerated Beresford's conduct. If Lamb is to be believed, Beresford was secretly in it all.

I met the Chancellor this morning, who gave me back my letter and Cooke's answer. He said, "There are other reports afloat now, I hear." I said, "What? I have heard none." "Oh," he said, "on public matters, and they are put about by that blackguard," meaning the Duke of Cumberland. I suppose he alludes to changes in the Government, but I have heard of none; they are, in fact, kept in hot water by this fellow's activity, though I think he cannot do the mischief he would like.

From what I hear, it is probable that Lord William Bentinck will be speedily recalled from India. His measures are of too Liberal a cast to suit the taste of the present Government. The Duke has never liked him, not since the war in Spain, when he did not behave quite well to Lord William, and he seldom forgets old animosities; besides, he cannot bear anybody who takes a line of their own.

Lord Ellenborough, strong in the concurrence of the Duke, is inclined to be insolent in his tone to Lord William, which, I take it, he will not stand. The Duke looks upon Lord William as a hasty, imprudent man, with bad judgment, and I am not sure that he is very wrong. He has made himself popular by the affability and *bonhomie* of his manner, his magnificence and hospitality, and the liberal and generous character of his political opinions, but he is far from a clever man, and I suspect his judgment is very indifferent.

I hear from Ireland that Doherty conducts the trial of the policeman with consummate skill; the object was that the trial should appear fair, and that the men should be acquitted. They were acquitted, and the people were furious.

There is excitement enough in that wretched country, and every effort is made to keep it up at its highest pitch ; the press on each side teems with accusations and invectives, and the Protestants strain every nerve to inflame the spirit of rancorous fury which distinguished the Brunswickers before the Catholic question was carried, and to provoke the Catholics to overt acts of violence. Both sides are to blame, but the Protestants the most. George Villiers wrote me word of a crime that has been perpetrated, the most atrocious I ever heard of. . . . The country in which such an abomination was perpetrated should be visited with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. The arm of justice is too slow ; public indignation should deal out a rapid and a terrible vengeance.

September 5th.—There is a strong report that the Turks want to treat, and the proclamation of Diebitsch looks as if the Russians were ready to make peace. There is also a hope that the Russian army may have been too bold, and finds itself in a scrape by having advanced too far from its resources, but the former notion is the most likely of the two. Three or four sail of the line are ordered out to the Mediterranean.

Yesterday I went with Amyot to his house, where he showed me a part of Windham's diary ; there are twenty-eight little volumes of it, begun in 1784, when he was thirty-four years old, and continued irregularly till his death ; it seems to be written very freely and familiarly, and is probably a correct picture of the writer's mind. I only read a few pages, which were chiefly notices of his moving about, where he dined, the company he met, and other trifles, often very trifling and sometimes not very decent ; it abounds with expressions of self-reproach for idleness, breach of resolutions, and not taking care of his health ; talks of the books he reads and means to read, and constantly describes the state of spirits he is in. There is a paper containing an account of his last interview with Johnson, shortly before Johnson died ; he says that he told Johnson how much he reproached himself for not having lived more in his society, and that he had often resolved to be with him as much as he could, but that his not having done so was a proof of the fallacy of our resolutions, that he regretted. In Windham's diary are several Johnsoniana, after the manner of Boswell, only much shorter, his opinions on one or two subjects briefly

given, some quotations and criticisms. I was much struck with his criticisms on Virgil, whom he seems to have held in great contempt, and to have regarded as inferior to Ovid. He says, "Take away his imitation of Homer, and what do you leave him?" Of Homer his admiration was unbounded, although he says that he never read the whole of the "Odyssey" in the original, but that every thing which is most admirable in poetry is to be found in Homer. I care the less about remembering these things because they will probably appear in print before long.¹

Windham told Johnson that he regretted having omitted to talk to him of the most important of all subjects on which he had often doubted. Johnson said, "You mean natural and revealed religion," and added that the historical evidences of Christianity were so strong that it was not possible to doubt its truth, that we had not so much evidence that Cæsar died in the Capitol as that Christ died in the manner related in the Bible; that three out of four of the Evangelists died in attestation of their evidence; that the same evidence would be considered irresistible in any ordinary historical case. Amyot told me, as we were coming along, that Windham had questioned Johnson about religion, having doubts, and that Johnson had removed them by this declaration: if, then, the commonest and hundred-times repeated arguments were sufficient to remove such doubts as were likely to occur to a mind like Windham's, it may be counted a miracle, for I am sure, in the ordinary affairs of life, Windham would not have been so easily satisfied. It has always appeared to me questionable whether Johnson was a believer (I mean whether his clear and unbiased judgment was satisfied) in Christianity; he evidently dreaded and disliked the subject, and though he would have been indignant had anybody hinted that he had doubts, his nervous irritation at any religious discussion betokened a mind ill at ease on the subject. I learnt one thing from Windham's diary which I put into immediate practice, and that is, to write mine on one side only, and leave the other for other matters connected with the text; it is more convenient certainly.

September 16th.—Went to Brighton on Saturday last to pay Lady Jersey a visit and shoot at Firle. Jersey and I

¹ [A selection from Mr. Windham's journals was published by Mrs. Henry Baring in 1866. The Johnsoniana had previously been published by Mr Croker in his edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."]

shot 376 rabbits, the greatest number that had ever been killed on the hills. The scenery is very fine—a range of downs looking on one side over the sea, and on the other over a wide extent of rich flat country. It is said that Firle is the oldest park in England. It belongs to Lord Gage.

I heard at Brighton for the first time of the Duke of Wellington's prosecution of the *Morning Journal*, which was announced by the paper itself in a paragraph quite as scurrilous as those for which it is attacked. It seems that he has long made up his mind to this measure, and that he thinks it is a duty incumbent on him, which I do not see, and it appears to me to be an act of great folly. He stands much too high, has performed too great actions, and the attacks on him were too vulgar and vague, to be under the necessity of any such retaliatory measure as this, and he lowers his dignity by entering into a conflict with such an infamous paper, and appearing to care about its abuse. I think the Chancellor was right, and that he is wrong. There is a report that the King insists upon the Duke of Cumberland being Commander-in-Chief, and it is extraordinary how many people think that he will succeed in turning out the Duke. Lord Harrington died while I was at Brighton, and it is supposed that the Duke of Cumberland will try and get the Round Tower,¹ but probably the King will not like to establish him so near himself. The King has nearly lost his eyesight, and is to be couched as soon as his eyes are in a proper state for the operation. He is in a great fright with his father's fate before him, and indeed nothing is more probable than that he will become blind and mad too; he is already a little of both. It is now a question of appointing a Private Secretary, and Knighton, it is supposed, would be the man; but if he is to abstain from all business, there would seem to be no necessity for the appointment, as he will be as little able to do business with his Private Secretary as with his Minister.

I have been living at Fulham at Lord Wharncliffe's villa for six or seven weeks; I have lived here in idleness and luxury, giving dinners, and wasting my time and my money rather more than usual. I have read next to nothing since I have been here; I am ashamed to think how little—in short, a most unprofitable life.

September 23d.—At Fulham till Friday, when I came to

¹ Lord Conyngham got the Round Tower, and Lord Combermere the regiment.—[C. C. G.]

town. Went to Stoke on Saturday, and returned yesterday; old Lady Salisbury, Giles, E. Capel, and Conroy. There is always something to be learnt from everybody, if you touch them on the points they know. Giles told me about the letter to his sister written by Francis,¹ and which was supposed to have afforded another proof that he was Junius. Many years ago Francis was in love with his sister, Mrs. King (at Bath), and one day she received an anonymous letter, inclosing a copy of verses. The letter said that the writer had found the verses, and being sure they were meant for her, had sent them to her. The verses were in Francis's handwriting, the envelope in a feigned hand. When the discussion arose about Francis being Junius, Giles said to his sister one day, "If you have kept those verses which Francis wrote to you many years ago at Bath, it would be curious to examine the handwriting and see if it corresponds with that of Junius." She found the envelope and verses, and, on comparing them, the writing of the envelope was identical with that of Junius as published in Woodfall's book.

Old Creevy is rather an extraordinary character. I know nothing of the early part of his history, but I believe he was an attorney or barrister; he married a widow, who died a few years ago; she had something, he nothing; he got into Parliament, belonged to the Whigs, displayed a good deal of shrewdness and humor, and was for some time very troublesome to the Tory Government by continually attacking abuses. After some time he lost his seat, and went to live at Brussels, where he became intimate with the Duke of Wellington. Then his wife died, upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about £200 a year or less, no home, few connections, a great many acquaintances, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes, no property of any sort; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him, and sometimes roving about to various places, as fancy happens to direct, and staying till he has spent what money he has in his pocket. He has no servant, no home, no creditors; he buys every thing as he wants it at the place he is at; he has no ties upon him, and has his time entirely at his own dis-

¹ [Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the "Letters of Junius." This anecdote has since been verified with great minuteness by Mr. Twiss in his researches on the authorship of "Junius." The copy of verses and the envelope in a feigned hand are still in existence. I have seen them. The feigned hand appears to be identical with that of Junius.]

posal and that of his friends. He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing.

Captain Dickinson's trial¹ ended last week, with a sentence which was leveled against Codrington, and which called the charges groundless, frivolous, and vexatious. It is generally thought that this sentence might have been spared, though the acquittal was proper; that Codrington behaved very foolishly, and in ever mentioning the round robin after he had forgiven it, very inexcusably; but that, on the other hand, the Admiralty had displayed a spirit of hostility and rancor against him which is very disgusting, and that Blackwood was sent down to the court-martial for the express purpose of bullying and thwarting him. I saw him after the sentence; he seemed annoyed, but said that such a sentence made it necessary the matter should not stop there, and that it must be taken up in Parliament. I cannot see what he is to gain by that; he may prove that the Ministry of that day (which was not the Duke's) behaved very ill, but that has nothing to do with the court-martial.

The whole press has risen up in arms against the Duke's prosecution of the *Morning Journal*, which appears to me, though many people think he is right, a great act of weakness and passion. How can such a man suffer by the attacks of such a paper, and by such attacks, the sublime of the ridiculous?—"that he is aiming at the Crown, but we shall take care that he does not succeed in this." The idea of the Duke of Wellington seeking to make himself King, and his ambition successfully resisted by the editor of a newspaper, "flogs" any scene in the "Rehearsal." I saw the Duke yesterday morning; he was just come from Doncaster, where he told me he had been very well received. He was with Chesterfield, who was to have had a large party. Afterward

¹ [Captain Dickinson fought the "Genoa" at the battle of Navarino after Captain Bathurst, the commander of the ship, was killed. A quarrel afterward took place between him and Sir Edward Codrington, and Dickinson was tried by court-martial for not making proper use of the springs ordered by the Admiral to be placed on the anchors, the consequence of which was that her broadside was not directed against the enemy, but fired into the "Albion." Captain Dickinson was honorably acquitted of all the charges, and it was proved that Sir Edward Codrington's recollection of what had passed was inaccurate in some particulars.]

I rode with him, and he took me to see his house, which is now excellent. He told me that both the King's eyes were affected, the left the most, and that he would have the operation performed when they were fit for it; he said that the King never evinced any fear upon these occasions, that he was always perfectly cool, and neither feared operations nor their possible consequences; that he remembered when he had a very painful and dangerous operation performed some time ago upon his head, that he was not the least nervous about it, nor at all afraid of dying, for they told him that he would very likely not recover. I said, "Then, after all, perhaps he who has the reputation of being a coward would prove a very brave man if circumstances occasioned his showing what he is." He said, "Very likely;" that he seemed to have but one fear, that of ridicule: he cannot bear the society of clever men, for fear of ridicule; he cannot bear to show himself in public, because he is afraid of the jokes that may be cut on his person.

In the evening I met Matuscewitz, who is all-glorious at the Russian successes. He, Montrond, and I, talked the matter over, and he said that they should make peace, but of course (I had said, "*Vous serez modestes, n'est-ce pas?*") they should profit by circumstances; that the Allied Ministers would not be permitted to interfere, and they should grant such terms as they pleased without consulting them. This was a lie,¹ for Bandinell had told me in the morning that the negotiations were going on in concert with the Ambassadors of the Allies.

November 4th.—Left London the last week in September, and, after visiting at several country-houses, slept at Harborough, and went to Bretby to breakfast; got there at twelve and found nobody up. In process of time they came down to breakfast, the party consisting of the Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, the Worcesters, Mrs. Fox, and Williams, the chaplain, and his wife. I saw very little of the place, which seems pretty, but not large; a very large unfinished house. I staid two or three hours, and went on to Chatsworth,²

¹ It was not a lie though after all, for I don't believe the Allied Ministers had any concern in the matter. (December 5th.) [C. C. G.]

² [The hospitality of Chatsworth in the lifetime of William Spencer Cavendish, sixth Duke of Devonshire, was princely. The Duke of Portland, Mr. Greville's grandfather married, Dorothy, only daughter of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, from whom Mr. Greville derived his second name of Cavendish. He was therefore second cousin of the sixth Duke and of Lady Granville and Lady Carlisle.]

where I arrived just as they were going to dinner, but was not expected, and so there was no room at the table. The party was immense ; 40 people sat down to dinner every day, and about 150 servants in the steward's room and servants' hall ; there were the Lievens, Cowpers, Granvilles, Wharncliffes, Granthams, Wiltons, Stanleys, Belfasts, Newboroughs, Dawsons, Matuscewitz, Clanwilliams, G. Anson, H. de Ros, etc. Nothing could be more agreeable from the gayety of numbers and the entire liberty which prevails ; all the resources of the house—horses, carriages, keepers, etc.—are placed at the disposal of the guests, and everybody does what he likes best. In the evening they acted charades or danced, and there was plenty of whist and *écarté* high and low. It was in the middle of that party that news came of the negotiations being begun between the Russians and Turks,¹ and I received a letter from Robert Grosvenor, which Madame de Lieven was ready to devour, and she was very angry that I would not let her see the whole of it. Our Russians were of course triumphant, and the Princess's good-humor was elevated to rapture by a very pretty compliment which was paid her in the shape of a charade, admirably got up as a *pièce de circonstance*, and which has since made some noise in the world. The word was Constantinople, which was acted : *Constant*, Penelope and the suitors ; *Inn*, a tavern scene ; and *Opal*, the story in "Anne of Geierstein." The whole represented the Divan, the arrival of Diebitsch's Embassadors, a battle between the Turks and Russians, the victory of the latter, and ended by Morpeth as Diebitsch laying a crown of laurel at Madame de Lieven's feet. She was enchanted, and of course wrote off an account of it to the Empress. The whole thing is abused as a *bassesse* by her enemies, but it was very amusing, and in the Duke's house, who is a friend of the Emperor, a not unbecoming compliment.

I returned to Newmarket on the 11th of October. At the end of the week I had a fall from my horse, which confined me to my room for ten days. The Arbuthnots were at Newmarket, having come from Sudbourn, where Lord Hertford had brought the Duke and Huskisson together. Nothing seems to have passed between them beyond the common civilities of society, but Huskisson has suffered greatly from

¹ [The negotiations for the peace of Adrianople, which terminated the Russo-Turkish war.]

a universal opinion that the meeting was sought by him for the purpose of reingratiating himself with the Duke, and, if possible, getting into office on any terms. It is a proof of the low estimation in which his character is held even by those who rate his talents the highest that all his former political adherents think this of him. With such a reputation his political efficacy never can be great again. There was a strong report that he was to join the Government, which is now dying away. The Duke is very fortunate, for his most formidable opponents always do something to lower their own characters and render themselves as little formidable to him as possible.

The trials in Ireland are just over, and the Government have been defeated, which I find they think may be productive of very important consequences to the peace of the country. The obstinacy of one man, who held out against the other eleven, in the second batch of conspirators who were tried, obliged them at length to dismiss the jury, and the prisoners will be tried at the next assizes; the others were acquitted, though the evidence against them was the same as that on which Leary, etc., were convicted. The exertions of O'Connell, who appears to have acted with great ability, produced this result. The Government say, of course, that he has acted very ill, but as the Judge, at the conclusion of the trial, said publicly that the defense had been conducted with perfect regard to the due administration of the laws, we may conclude that, while he availed himself of every advantage, he did not overstep the legitimate duty of an advocate to his client. It is, however, agreed on all hands, notwithstanding these excesses, that the state of the country is improving, and the Emancipation Bill producing fresh benefits every day.

November 9th.—Dined to-day with Byng and met Tom Moore, who was very agreeable; he told us a great deal about his forthcoming "Life of Byron." He is nervous about it; he is employed in conjunction with Scott and Mackintosh to write a history of England for one of the new publications like the Family Library.¹ Scott is to write Scotland, Mackintosh England, and Moore Ireland; and they get £1,000 apiece; but

¹ Dr. Lardner's "Cyclopædia." Moore told me that the editor of one of the annuals offered him £600 to write two articles for his work, but "that he loathed the task" and refused, though the money would have been very acceptable. The man said he did not care about the merit of the performance, and only wanted his name; when Moore refused, the editor raked out some old and forgotten lines of his to Perry, and inserted them with his name.—[C. C. G.]

Scott could not compress his share into one volume, so he is to have £1,500. The republication of Scott's works will produce him an enormous fortune; he has already paid off £30,000 of the Constable bankruptcy debt, and is to pay the remaining £30,000 very soon. A new class of readers is produced by the Bell and Lancaster schools, and this is the cause of the prodigious and extensive sale of cheap publications. Moore had received a letter from Madame de Guiccioli to-day; he says she is not handsome. Byron's exploits, especially at Venice, seem to have been marvelous. Moore said he wrote with extraordinary rapidity, but his corrections were frequent and laborious. When he wrote the address for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, he corrected it repeatedly.

I saw Miss Fanny Kemble for the first time on Friday, and was disappointed. She is short, ill made, with large hands and feet, an expressive countenance, though not handsome, fine eyes, teeth, and hair, not devoid of grace, and with great energy and spirit, her voice good, though she has a little of the drawl of her family. She wants the pathos and tenderness of Miss O'Neill, and she excites no emotion; but she is very young, clever, and may become a very good, perhaps a fine actress. Mrs. Siddons was not so good at her age. She fills the house every night.

The King, who was to have gone to Brighton, has given it up, nobody knows why, but it is supposed that the Marchioness is not well. This morning the Duke and my brother were occupied for half an hour in endeavoring to fold a letter to his Majesty in a particular way, which he has prescribed, for he will have his envelopes made up in some French fashion. I hear he thinks that he rode *Fleur de Lis* for the cup at Goodwood, which he may as well do as think (which he does) that he led the heavy dragoons at Salamanca.

O'Connell has been making a most infamous speech at Youghal, and is moving heaven and earth to begin a fresh agitation about the Union, and to do all the mischief he can. Francis Leveson is to meet Shiel at dinner to-morrow for the first time; he did not dare do this without asking leave of Peel. Peel answered his letter that he "rather inclined himself to do any thing to win him, but stating that the Duke would urge the difficulties of their position, and also the King's horror of the man," etc. The King's horror is in consequence of his speech about the Duke of York. I am told Greece is to be erected into a kingdom, with a boundary-line drawn

from Volo to Arta, and that the sovereignty is to be offered to Prince Frederick of Orange, and, if he refuses it, to Leopold.

November 12th.—At Roehampton at Lord Clifden's from Tuesday, the 10th, till to-day ; Sir James Mackintosh, Moore, Poodle Byng,¹ and the Master of the Rolls. It was uncommonly agreeable. I never was in Mackintosh's society for so long before, and never was more filled with admiration. His prodigious memory and the variety and extent of his information remind me of all I have heard and read of Burke and Johnson ; but his amiable, modest, and unassuming character makes him far more agreeable than they could either of them (particularly Johnson) have been, while he is probably equally instructive and amusing. Not a subject could be mentioned of which he did not treat with equal facility and abundance, from the Council of Trent to Voltaire's epistles ; every subject, every character, every work, all were familiar to him, and I do not know a greater treat than to hear him talk.

Mackintosh said he was a great reader of novels ; had read "Old Mortality" four times in English and once in French. Ellis said he preferred Miss Austen's novels to Scott's. Talked of the old novelists—Fielding, little read now, Smollett less ; Mackintosh is a great admirer of Swift, and does not think his infamous conduct to Vanessa quite made out. Talked of the articles of our religion, and said that they were in almost exact conformity with certain doctrines laid down in the Council of Trent. The Jansenites differ very little from our Church, except as to the doctrine of the Real Presence. Speaking of India, Mackintosh said that it was very remarkable that we had lost one great empire and gained another in the same generation, and that it was still a moot point whether the one really was a gain or the other a loss. Called America the second Maritime Power. Franklin wept when he quitted England. When he signed the treaty at Paris, he retired for a moment and changed his coat. It was remarked, and he said he had been to put on the coat in which he had been insulted by Lord Loughborough at the English Council Board. Madame de Staël, he said, was more agreeable in *tête-à-tête* than in society ; she despised her children, and said, "*Ils ne me ressembler pas.*" He told her she did not do them jus-

¹ [Hon. Frederick Byng, formerly of the Foreign office, universally known at this time as "The Poodle," probably because he once kept a fine animal of that breed.]

tice, particularly her daughter. She said, "C'est une lunc bien pâle." She took an aversion to Rogers, but when she met him at Bowood, and he told her anecdotes, she liked him. She had vanquished Brougham, and was very proud of those conquests.

Moore told several stories which I don't recollect, but this amused us : Some Irish had emigrated to some West Indian colony ; the negroes soon learnt their brogue, and when another ship-load of Irish came soon after, the negroes as they sailed in said, "Ah, Paddy, how are you?" "Oh, Christ!" said one of them, "what, y're become black already!"

Moore, without displaying the astonishing knowledge of Mackintosh, was very full of information, gayety, and humor. Two more delightful days I never passed. I could not help reflecting what an extraordinary thing success is in this world, when a man so gifted as Mackintosh has failed completely in public life, never having attained honors, reputation, or wealth, while so many ordinary men have reaped an abundant harvest of all. What a consolation this affords to mediocrity ! None can approach Mackintosh without admiring his extraordinary powers, and at the same time wondering why they have not produced greater effects in the world either of literature or politics. His virtues are obstacles to his success ; he has not the art of pushing or of making himself feared ; he is too *doucereux* and complimentary, and from some accident or defect in the composition of his character, and in the course of events which have influenced his circumstances, he has always been civilly neglected. Both Mackintosh and Moore told a great many anecdotes, but one morning at breakfast the latter related a story which struck us all. Mackintosh said it was enough to furnish materials for a novel, but that the simple narrative was so striking it ought to be written down without exaggeration or addition. I afterward wrote it down as nearly as I could recollect it. It was Crampton, the Surgeon-General, who told it to Moore, and Crampton *loquitur*.

"Some years ago I was present at a duel that was fought between a young man of the name of MacLoughlin and another Irishman. MacL. was desperately wounded ; his second ran up to him, and thought to console him with the intelligence that his antagonist had also fallen. He only replied, 'I am sorry for it if he is suffering as much as I do now.' I was struck by the good feeling evinced in this

reply, and took an interest in the fate of the young man. He recovered, and a few years after my interest was again powerfully excited by hearing that he had been arrested on suspicion of having murdered his father-in-law, his mother's second husband. He was tried and found guilty on the evidence of a soldier who happened to be passing in the middle of the night near the house in which the murder was committed. Attracted by a light which gleamed through the lower part of the window, he approached it, and through an opening between the shutter and the frame was able to look into the room. There he saw a man in the act of lifting a dead body from the floor, while his hands and clothes were stained all over with blood. He hastened to give information of what he had seen; MacLoughlin and his mother were apprehended, and the former, having been identified by the soldier, was found guilty. There was no evidence against the woman, and she was consequently acquitted. MacLoughlin conducted himself throughout the trial with determined calmness, and never could be induced to acknowledge his guilt. The morning of his execution he had an interview with his mother; none knew what passed between them, but when they parted he was heard to say, 'Mother, may God forgive you!' The fate of this young man made a deep impression on me, till time and passing events effaced the occurrence from my mind. It was several years afterward that I one day received a letter from a lady (a very old and intimate acquaintance) entreating that I would immediately hasten down to the assistance of a Roman Catholic priest who was lying dangerously ill at her house, and the symptoms of whose malady she described. Her description left me doubtful whether the mind or the body of the patient was affected. Being unable to leave Dublin, I wrote to say that if the disease was bodily the case was hopeless, but if mental I should recommend certain lenitives, for which I added a prescription. The priest died, and shortly after his death the lady confided to me an extraordinary and dreadful story. He had been her confessor and intimate friend, and in moments of agony and doubt produced by horrible recollections he had revealed to her a secret which had been imparted to him in confession. He had received the dying confession of MacLoughlin, who, as it turned out, was not the murderer of his father-in-law, but had died to save the life and honor of his mother, by whom the crime had been really committed. She

was a woman of violent passions ; she had quarreled with her husband in the middle of the night, and, after throwing him from the bed, had dispatched him by repeated blows. When she found he was dead she was seized with terror, and, hastening to the apartment of her son, called him to witness the shocking spectacle and to save her from the consequences of her crime. It was at this moment, when he was lifting the body and preparing to remove the bloody evidence of his mother's guilt, that the soldier passed by and saw him in the performance of his dreadful task. To the priest alone he acknowledged the truth, but his last words to his mother were now explained."

November 20th.—Roehampton. Only Moore and myself; Washington Irving and Maclane, the American Minister, come to-morrow. Moore spoke in the highest terms of Luttrell, of his wit and information, and of his writings, to which he does not think the world does justice, particularly the "Advice to Julia," but he says Luttrell is too fearful of giving offense. Moore was very agreeable, told a story of Sir — St. George in Ireland. He was to attend a meeting at which a great many Catholics were to be present (I forget where), got drunk and lost his hat, when he went into the room where they were assembled and said, "Damnation to you all; I came to emancipate you, and you've stole my hat." In the evening Moore sang, but the piano-forte was horrid, and he was not in good voice; still his singing "*va dritto al cuore*," for it produces an exceeding sadness, and brings to mind a thousand melancholy recollections, and generates many melancholy anticipations. He told me as we came along that with him it required no thought to write, but that there was no end to it; so many fancies on every subject crowded on his brain; that he often read what he had written as if it had been the composition of another, and was amused; that it was the greatest pleasure to him to compose those light and trifling pieces, humorous and satirical, which had been so often successful. He holds Voltaire to have been the most extraordinary genius that ever lived, on account of his universality and fertility; talked of Scott and his wonderful labor and power of composition, as well as the extent to which he has carried the art of book-making; besides writing this history of Scotland for Dr. Lardner's "Encyclopædia," he is working at the prefaces for the republication of the Waverley Novels, the "Tales of a Grandfather," and has

still found time to review Tytler, which he has done out of the scraps and chips of his other works. A little while ago he had to correct some of the proofs of the history of Scotland, and, being dissatisfied with what was done, he nearly wrote it over again, and sent it up to the editor. Some time after finding another copy of the proofs, he forgot that he had corrected them before, and he rewrote these also and sent them up, and the editor is at this moment engaged in selecting from the two corrected copies the best parts of each.

Yesterday I met the Chancellor at dinner at the Master of the Rolls', when he told me about the King and Denman.¹ The King would not have the Recorder's report last week, because the Recorder was too ill to attend, and he was resolved not to see Denman. The Duke went to him, when he threw himself into a terrible tantrum, and was so violent and irritable that they were obliged to let him have his own way for fear he should be ill, which they thought he would otherwise certainly be. He is rather the more furious with Denman from having been forced to consent to his having the silk gown, and he said at that time that he should never set his foot in any house of his; so that business is at a standstill, and the unfortunate wretches under sentence of death are suffered to linger on, because he does not choose to do his duty and admit to his presence an officer to whom he has taken an aversion. As the Chancellor said to me, "the fact is, he is mad." The fact is that he is a spoiled, selfish, odious beast, and has no idea of doing any thing but what is agreeable to himself, or of there being any duties attached to the office he holds. The expenses of the Civil List exceed the allowance in every branch, every quarter; but nobody can guess how the money is spent, for the King makes no show and never has anybody there. My belief is that — and — — — plunder him, or rather the country, between them, in certain stipulated proportions. Among other expenses, his tailor's bill is said to be £4,000 or £5,000 a year. He is now employed in devising a new dress for the Guards.

November 21st.—Maclane, the American Minister, could not come, but Irving did. He is lively and unassuming, rather vulgar, very good-humored. We went to Strawberry Hill

¹ [Thomas Denman, afterward Lord Denman and Lord Chief-Justice of England, was at this time Common Sergeant of the city of London. George IV. hated him for the part he had taken on the Queen's trial, and did all he could to prevent his having a silk gown. *Vide supra*, p. 188.]

to-day—Moore, Ellis, Lady Georgiana, and I. Ellis is an excellent cicerone ; every thing is in the state in which old Horace Walpole left it, and just as his catalogue and description describe it. He says in that work that he makes that catalogue to provide against the dispersion of his collections, and he tied up every thing as strictly as possible. Moore sang in the evening and was very agreeable the whole day. He said that Byron thought that Crabbe and Coleridge had the most genius and feeling of any living poet. Nobody reads Crabbe now. How dangerous it is to be a story-teller, however agreeable the manner or amusing the budget, for Moore to-day told a story which he told here last week ! However, they all laughed just the same, except me, and I moralized upon it thus. Clifden is a very odd man, shrewd and well informed, and somewhat sarcastic, but very gay and good-humored, fond of society and the *Times* newspaper, a great enemy to the Church, and chuckles over its alarms and its dangers, but I was amused with a comical contradiction. Somebody told a story about an erratum in an Irish paper, which said that such a one had abjured the errors of the Romish Church and embraced those of the Protestant, at which he was greatly diverted, and said, "That is just what I should have said myself ;" and to-day after dinner, all of a sudden, he said grace (he says grace on Sunday only).

Moore gave an account this morning of his being examined in Trinity College, Dublin, when a boy, during the rebellion. Many of the youths (himself, and he says he is pretty sure Croker, among the number) had taken the oath of the United Irishmen¹ (Emmett² and some others who were in the College had absconded). The Chancellor (Lord Clare) came to the College, erected his tribunal, and examined all the students upon oath. He asked first if they had belonged to any society of United Irish, and, if the answer was in the affirmative, he asked whom they had ever seen there and what had passed. Contumacy was punishable by expulsion and exclusion from every profession. At the end of the first day's examination Moore went home to his parents, and told them he could not take an oath which might oblige him to criminate others (as he should be forced to answer any question they might choose to put), and though they were poor, and had conceived great hopes of him, they encouraged

¹ He did not take the oath till after this examination.

² He had lived in intimacy with Emmett.

him in this resolution. The next day he was called forth, when he refused to be sworn, stating his reasons why. The Chancellor said he did not come there to dispute with him, but added that they should only ask him general questions, on which he took the oath, but reserved to himself the power of declining to answer particular questions. They only asked him such questions as he could conscientiously answer (they had got all the information they wanted, and were beginning to relax), but when they had done with him Lord Clare asked him why he had demurred to answer. He said he was afraid he might be called on to criminate others, and that he had never taken an oath before, and naturally felt some reluctance and dread on such an occasion.

Moore told a story of an Irishman who saw from the pit a friend of his acting Othello, and he called out, "Larry, Larry, Larry, there's the least taste in life of your linen hanging out!" One day in America, near the falls of Niagara, Moore saw this scene: An Indian whose boat was moored to the shore was making love to the wife of another Indian; the husband came upon them unawares; he jumped into the boat, when the other cut the cord, and in an instant it was carried into the middle of the stream, and before he could seize his paddle was already within the rapids. He exerted all his force to extricate himself from the peril, but finding that his efforts were vain, and his canoe was drawn with increasing rapidity toward the Falls, he threw away his paddle, drank off at a draught the contents of a bottle of brandy, tossed the empty bottle into the air, then quietly folded his arms, extended himself in the boat, and awaited with perfect calmness his inevitable fate. In a few moments he was whirled down the falls and disappeared forever.

Washington Irving wants sprightliness and more refined manners. He was in Spain four years, at Madrid, Seville, and Granada. While at the latter place he was lodged in the Alhambra, which is excellently preserved and very beautiful; he gives a deplorable description of the ignorance and backward state of the Spaniards. When he returned to France he was utterly uninformed of what had been passing in Europe while he was in Spain, and he says he now constantly hears events alluded to of which he knows nothing.

December 1st.—After I left Roehampton last week came to town and dined with Byng, Moore, Irving, Sir T. Lawrence, and Vesey Fitzgerald; very agreeable. No news but the

failure of the Spanish expedition against Mexico, which capitulated, and the soldiers promised never to bear arms against Mexico again. On Friday went to see Lord Glengall's comedy, with a prologue by F. Mills and an epilogue by Alvanley.¹ It succeeded, though the first two acts went off heavily; not much novelty in it, but the characters well drawn and some of the situations very good; it amused me very well, and was exceedingly well acted. Glengall came to me afterward to get criticisms on his play. I told him some of the faults, and he was not in the Sir Fretful line, but took it all very thankfully. At Roehampton on Sunday; Byng, Sir Robert Wilson, Sharpe,² and Luttrell. There is a joke of Luttrell's about Sharpe. He was a wholesale hatter formerly; having a dingy complexion, somebody said he had transferred the color of his hats to his face, when Luttrell said that "*it was darkness which might be felt.*" Wilson has written to the Sultan a letter full of advice, and he says the Turks will be more powerful than ever. Wilson is always full of opinions and facts; the former are wild and extravagant, the latter generally false.

No Council yet; the King is employed in altering the uniforms of the Guards, and has pattern coats with various collars submitted to him every day. The Duke of Cumberland assists him, and this is his principal occupation; he sees much more of his tailor than he does of his Minister. The Duke of Cumberland's boy, who is at Kew, diverts himself with making the guard turn out several times in the course of a day to salute him.

December 3d.—Came from Roehampton. Lady Pembroke and her daughter, Luttrell and I, and the Lievens, dined there one day. Lady Pembroke was Countess Woronzow; Lord Pembroke pleaded poverty all his life, and died leaving each of his five daughters £20,000, and his wife £200,000 to do what she liked with. Old Woronzow was Ambassador here many years, has lived here ever since, and never learnt a word of English. His son Michel is one of the most distinguished officers in the Russian army, and now Governor of Odessa and the province of which that city is the capital.

I went to see Glengall's play again, which was much better acted than the first time, and, having been curtailed, went off

¹ [A comedy by the Earl of Glengall, entitled "*The Follies of Fashion.*"]

² [Richard Sharpe, Esq., well known by the *sobriquet* of "*Conversation Sharpe.*"]

very well. Henry de Ros, Glengall, and I, went together. I was very much amused (but did not venture to show it) at a point in one of the scenes between Lureall and Sir S. Foster: the latter said, "Let me tell you, sir, that a country gentleman residing on his estate is as valuable a member of society as a man of fashion in London who lives by plundering those who have more money and less wit than himself;" when De Ros turned to Glengall and said, "Richard, there appears to me to be a great deal of twaddle in this play; besides, you throw over the good cause."

December 5th.—This morning the Duke of Wellington sent for me about the Council on Monday, and after settling that matter he began talking about the King's conduct with reference to the Recorder's report. I told him it was thought very extraordinary. He said: "You have no idea what a scene I had with him; there never was any thing like it. I never saw him so violent." He then rang the bell, when Drummond (his secretary) appeared, and the Duke desired him to bring the correspondence with the King about the Recorder, which was done. He then said: "I came to town on the Monday for the Council and report, which was to have been on Tuesday, and which he had himself settled, without consulting me; in the afternoon Phillips came to me and said that the Recorder could not attend, and that they did not know if his Majesty would receive Denman. I wrote to the King directly this letter." He then read the letter, which was to this effect: that he informed the King that the Recorder was ill, and therefore the Common Sergeant, Mr. Denman, would have the honor of making the report to his Majesty; that he thought it right to apprise him of this, and if he had any objection to receive Mr. Denman, it would be better to put off the Council, as no other person could now lay the report before him. "To this the King wrote an answer, beginning 'My dear Duke,' not as usual," the Duke said, "'My dear Friend,' that the state of his eyes would not allow him to write by candle-light, and he was therefore obliged to make use of an amanuensis. The letter was written by Watson, and signed by the King, 'Your sincere Friend, G. R.' It was to the effect that he was quite surprised that the Duke should have made him such a proposal; that he had been grossly insulted by Denman, and would never admit him to his presence; that it had been settled the Deputy-Recorder, Arabin, in the absence of the Recorder, should make the

report, and that he had already done so; that he was surprised, knowing as the Duke must do the firmness of his character, that he should think him capable of yielding on this subject; that he never would do so, and desired the Council might take place, and the report be made by Arabin." His letter was much longer, but this was the pith of it. On the receipt of this the Duke held a consultation with Peel and the Chancellor, when they determined to put off the Council, which was done, and the Duke wrote to the King, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows. This was an admirable letter—business-like, firm, and respectful: "That upon the receipt of his Majesty's letter he had thought it his duty to consult the Chancellor, and that they had come to the resolution of postponing the Council and report; that the making of this report was the privilege of the City of London, and that the Recorder in the execution of this duty, being unable to attend, had placed it in the hands of the Common Sergeant, whose duty it then became to present it; that it was now in his hands, and could not be withdrawn without his consent; that the only occasion on which it had been presented by Mr. Sergeant Arabin had been when the Common Sergeant was on the circuit; that as his Majesty objected to admit Mr. Denman to his presence, they had thought it best to put off the Council, as if Mr. Arabin was summoned he could have no report to present, and there would probably arise some discussion between the Common Sergeant and him, which would be a proceeding such as ought not to take place in his Majesty's palace, and that he would wait upon his Majesty the next morning and take his commands upon the subject." The next day, he continued, he went to Windsor, where he had a grand scene with his Majesty. "I am sure," said the Duke, "that nobody can manage him but me." He repeated all he had said in his letter, and a great deal more; represented to him that having given his sanction to the official appointment of Denman since the Queen's trial, he could not refuse to receive him in the execution of his duty without alleging legal objections for so doing; to which the King replied that Lord Liverpool had behaved very ill to him, and had made him do this; and then he became very violent, and cursed and swore, and said he never would see him. The Duke said that he might put off the report; that there were three men who must be hanged, and it did not signify one farthing whether they were kept in prison a little longer or shorter time (he forgets that

there are others lying under sentence of death, probably several), and that he had better put it off than have the Common Sergeant come down to a scene in his palace. After letting him run on in his usual way, and exhaust his violence, he left him, and the report stands over once more; but the Duke told me that it could not stand over after this, and, if the Recorder is not well enough when the time arrives for the next report, his Majesty must receive Denman whether he will or no, and that he shall insist upon it. He told me the whole history in great detail, mixed with pretty severe strictures on the King. I have put down all I could carry away. I have not such a memory (or such an invention) as Bourrienne.

The Duke then told me that he had made strong remonstrances about the excess of expenditure on the Civil List; that in the Lord Steward's department there had been an excess of £7,000, in that of the Master of the Horse of £5,000, and that of the Master of the Robes (the tailor's bill) of £10,000 in the last half-year;¹ that he had stated that, unless they could save the difference in the next half year, or pay it out of the Privy Purse, he must go to Parliament, which would bring the whole of the expenses of the Civil List under discussion. He said it was very extraordinary, that the King's expenses appeared to be nothing; his Majesty had not more tables than he (the Duke) had.

I asked him about Brummell and his Consulship. He said Aberdeen hesitated; that he had offered to take all the responsibility on himself; that he had in Dudley's time proposed it to him (Dudley), who had objected, and at last owned he was afraid the King might not like it, on which he had spoken to the King, who had made objections, abusing Brummell—said he was a damned fellow and had behaved very ill to him (the old story, always himself—*moi, moi, moi*)—but, after having let him run out his tether of abuse, he had at last extracted his consent; nevertheless, Dudley did not give him the appointment. The Duke said he had no acquaintance with Brummell.

¹ I am not sure that I am correct in the sums, but very nearly so.—[C. C. G.]

CHAPTER VII.

Chapter of the Bath. The Duc de Dino arrested—A Ball to the Divan—English Policy in Greece—Sir Thomas Lawrence—Gaiety—Court of King's Bench. Accident to the Grand Duke Constantine—Osterley—Young Sidney Herbert—Duke of Wellington in Office—Stapleton's "Life of Canning"—Death of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Leopold and the Throne of Greece—Canning's Answers to Lord Grey—Distressed State of the Country—Canning's Greatness and his Fallings—Death of Tierney—Sir Martin Shee President—The Duke of Wellington's Views and Conduct—The Coming Session—Moore's "Life of Byron"—Character of Byron—Opening of Parliament—The Fire King—The Duke of Wellington's Speaking—The English Opera-House burnt down—Lord Thurlow on Kenyon and Buller—Old Rothschild—Lansdowne House—Earl Stanhope—John Murray—Departure for Italy.

December 7th.—At Windsor for a Council; the Duke was there, and Lord Aberdeen, Murray, Lord Rosslyn, the Chancellor, and Herries. There was a chapter of the Bath, when the Duke of Clarence was installed Grand Master, Stratford Canning and Robert Gordon Grand Crosses. The King looked very well, but was very blind. The Council was by candle-light, but he could not see to read the list, and begged me to read it for him. However, I was so good a courtier that I held the candle in such a way as to enable him to read it himself. He saw the Duke for a short time, and the Chancellor for a long time. I asked the latter if the King had been *Denmanizing*, and he said, "Oh, yes—I said when I consented to that fellow's having the silk gown that I would never admit him," etc." I was amused with old Conyng-ham, who told me his wife had been in danger, "so they tell me," talking of her as if she were somebody else's wife. The Duke went from the Council to Stowe; we all returned to town.

December 9th.—Dined with Prince Lieven; a great dinner—Laval,¹ Granvilles, Aberdeen, Montrond, etc. The Duc de Dino, who came here to amuse himself, has been arrested, and Montrond and Vaudreuil begged Laval to put him on his list of *attachés* at the Foreign Office, which would release him from the sponging-house. He was afraid and made difficulties; they were excessively provoked, but at last induced him to speak to Lord Aberdeen about it, which he said he would do after dinner. In the mean time Montrond got me to tell the story to Aberdeen, which I did, and got him to encourage Laval to do the business. He then told Laval that I

¹ [The Duc de Laval had succeeded Prince Polignac as French Ambassador in London.]

had *apluni* the matter, at which the Ambassador was rather affronted, but I suppose the thing will be done and Dino will get out. The Duc de Dino is Talleyrand's nephew, and his son has married Mademoiselle de Montmorency, a relation of the Duc de Laval.

December 10th.—Last night Miss Kemble acted *Belvidera* for the first time, and with great success.

December 18th.—At Rochampton last Saturday to Monday; Granvilles, Byng, Lord Ashley, and I. Dino was extricated from prison by Laval's paying the money, which he did very handsomely; he thought it wrong to have him in prison and wrong to attach him fictitiously to his Embassy, so he paid the debt, and Dino is gone back to France.

Dispatches were received from Gordon yesterday giving an account of a bail he had given to the Divan; the Turks came, and the Reis-Effendi waltzed with a Mrs. Moore. After supper they drank King George IV.'s health in bumpers of champagne. This story was told to Lord Sidmouth as a good joke; but he said with a face of dismay, "Good God, is it possible? To what extent will these innovations be carried?"

December 19th.—There is a review in the *Foreign Quarterly* (the last number) on Greece, which is a remarkably able critique of the conduct of our Government in the affairs of that State. The writer, whoever he may be, has been amply supplied with documents and information, probably from Paris. Nothing can be more just than his remarks on our miserable policy, or more severe. I showed it to Lord Granville, who told me it was generally correct, though containing some errors; for instance, that it was not true that we had engaged to afford the Greeks pecuniary aid, which we never did promise, but that he had been himself the person to negotiate with M. de la Ferronays, then Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris, for the more limited boundary, and to dissuade the French from sending their expedition to the Morea; that there had been a violent contest in the English Cabinet on that subject, Huskisson and Dudley being in favor of the French expedition, and the Duke and the rest against it, but that the moment Huskisson and his party resigned the Duke gave way and agreed to the measure. This affords another example of his extraordinary mode of proceeding, that of opposing the views and plans of others violently, and when he finds opposition

fruitless, or likely to become so, turning short round and adopting them as his own, and taking all the credit he can get for doing so. He did so in the case of the recognition of the South American colonies, of the Test and Corporation Acts, the Catholic question, and in this instance. Then his conduct on the Corn Bill is only the converse of the same proposition—begins by being a party to it and then procures its rejection. Greece and Portugal, if well handled, would afford two great cases against the Duke's foreign policy, and they serve as admirable commentaries on each other. The raising the siege of Previsa, and the respect paid to Miguel's blockade, and compulsion exercised on the Terceira people, are enough to prove any thing.

Ashley told me a curious thing about Sir Thomas Lawrence the other day. His father kept the inn at Devizes,¹ and when Lord Shaftesbury's father and mother were once at the inn with Lord Shaftesbury, then a boy, the innkeeper came into the room and said he had a son with a genius for drawing, and, if they would allow him, his little boy should draw their little boy's picture; on which the little Lawrence was sent for, who produced his chalk and paper, and made a portrait of the young Lord.

December 21st.—At Roehampton from Saturday; Maclane, the American Minister, Washington Irving, Melbourne, Byng, and on Sunday the Lievens to dinner. Maclane a sensible man, with very good American manners, which are not refined. Even Irving, who has been so many years here, has a bluntness which is very foreign to the tone of good society. Maclane gave me a curious account of Gallatin. He was born at Geneva, and went over to America early in life, possessed of nothing; there he set up a little huxtering shop—in I forget what State—and fell in love with one of the daughters of a poor woman at whose house he lodged, but he was so destitute that the mother refused him. In this abject condition accident introduced him to the celebrated Patrick Henry, who advised him to abandon trade, and go into the neighboring State and try to advance himself by his talents. He followed the advice, and soon began to make himself known.

December 22d.—Dined with Byng yesterday, and met Moore, Fitzgerald, and Luttrell. Luttrell is a great lover of

¹ [Sir Thomas Lawrence's father at one time kept the "Black Bear" at Devizes. In 1775 Lord and Lady Kenyon had the young prodigy (as he was called) introduced to them there. Lawrence was then only six years old.]

conundrums, which taste he acquired from Beresford, the author of the "Miseries of Human Life," who has invented some very curious but elaborate conundrums. They are not worth repeating. Moore told a story of an Irishman at the play calling out, "Now, boys, a clap for Wellington!" which being complied with, "And now silence for the rest of the family!" He complained that all the humor which used to break out in an Irish audience is extinct.

Fitzgerald told me that the King had been annoying them as much as he could, that he took pleasure in making his Government weak, that the money matter (which the Duke told me of before) had been settled by "contrivances," or that they must have gone to Parliament for the amount; that he has just ordered plate to the amount of £25,000. Fitzgerald is so ill that he can scarcely carry on the business of his office, and yet he does not like to give it up, for fear of embarrassing the Government; he complained that the other offices had thrown much of their business on the Board of Trade, a custom which had grown up in Huskisson's time, who was the most competent man, and who took it all. Probably Huskisson was not sorry, by making himself very useful, to make himself nearly indispensable, and thought that he was so; and so he was *de jure*, but the Duke would not let him be so *de facto*.

December 23d.—Went to the Court of King's Bench this morning to prove that the Duke of Wellington is a Privy Councillor, on the trial of the action which the Duke brought against the *Morning Journal*. The action brought by the Chancellor had been tried the day before. Scarlett was feeble; Alexander again defended himself in a very poor speech; the jury retired for three hours, and I thought would have said "Not guilty;" but they brought in a verdict which is tantamount to a defeat of the prosecution on this charge, and amply proves the folly of having instituted it at all. I did not hear the second trial, on which they gave a verdict of guilty, after consulting for about half an hour. The jury in each case consisted of eight special jurors and four talesmen. Afterward there was a *crim. con.* case, which I did not stay out, but which was amusing enough from the translations of the counsel, the Judge, the witnesses, and the interpreters, for some of the witnesses were French. Lord Tenterden has a comical way of muttering to himself half aloud as the counsel are speaking, either answering or commenting

on what they say. Scarlett was saying (in this last case) that he could not prove the fact, but he could prove that the defendant passed the night in the lady's room, and the jury might judge what he did, when Tenterden muttered, "If he did nothing what was he there for?"

The prosecution finished with the trial of Bell (of the *Atlas*), who made a very good speech (it was about Lord and Lady Lyndhurst), and the jury found him guilty of publishing only, which I take to be an acquittal; the point, however, will not be tried probably, for it is not likely that he will be brought up for judgment. He will be contented to get off, and they will not like to stir such a question. The result of the trials proves the egregious folly of having ever brought them on, especially the Duke's. One of the verdicts is, as far as he is concerned, an acquittal; the author showed himself to be so contemptible that he had better have been treated with indifference. He has been converted into a sort of martyr, and whatever may have been thought of the vulgar scurrility of the language, ruin and imprisonment will appear to most people too severe a punishment for the offense. Then the whole press have united upon this occasion, and in some very powerful articles have spread to every corner of the country the strongest condemnation of the whole proceeding. The Government, or rather the Duke, is likely to become unpopular, and no good end will have been answered. I do not believe that these prosecutions originate in a desire to curb the press, but merely in that of punishing a writer who had so violently abused him; not, however, that he would be sorry to adopt any measure which should tend to fetter free discussion, and subject the press to future punishment. But this would be a fearful war to wage, and I do not think he is rash enough to undertake such a crusade.

December 27th.—At Panshanger since the 24th; Lievens, J. Russell, Montrond, M. de la Rochefoucauld, F. Lamb. On Christmas Day the Princess [Lieven] got up a little *fête* such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees in great pots were put upon a long table covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of colored wax-candles—blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, work boxes, books, and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty. Here it was only for the children; in Germany the custom extends to persons

of all ages. The Princess told us to-day about the Emperor of Russia's relapse and the cause of it. He had had a cold which he had neglected, but at length the physicians had given him some medicine to produce perspiration, and he was in bed in that state, the Empress sitting by him reading to him, when on a sudden a dreadful noise was heard in the next (the children's) room, followed by loud shrieks. The Empress rushed into the room, and the Emperor jumped out of bed in his shirt and followed her. There the children, the governess, and the nurses were screaming out that Constantine (the second boy, of two years old) was destroyed; a huge vase of porphyry had been thrown down and had fallen over the child, who was not to be seen. So great was the weight and size of the vase that it was several minutes before it could be raised, though assistance was immediately fetched, and all that time the Emperor and Empress stood there in ignorance of the fate of the child, and expecting to see the removal of the vase discover his mangled body, when to their delight it was found that the vase had fallen exactly over him, without doing him the least injury, but the agitation and the cold brought on a violent fever, which for some time put the Emperor in great danger. The Princess said she was surprised that it did not kill the Empress, for she is the most nervous woman in the world, ever since the conspiracy at the time of his accession, when her nerves were *ébranlés* by all she went through. That scene (of the revolt of the Guards) took place under the windows of the Palace. The whole Imperial Family was assembled there and saw it all, the Emperor being in the middle of men by whom they expected him to be assassinated every moment. During all that time—many hours—the young Empress never spoke, but stood “*pâle comme une statue*,” and when at length it was all over, and the Emperor returned, she threw herself on her knees and began to pray.

December 29th.—At Osterley; ¹ Lady Euston, Mrs. Sheridan and her son; a very fine house, which is thrown away, as they hardly ever live there. They spent £200,000 in building Middleton, which is the worst place in England, and now they regret it, but Lord Jersey hates Osterley and likes Middleton. This place belonged to Sir Thomas Gresham, but the present house is modern. It was here that Sir Thomas Gresham feasted Queen Elizabeth, and pulled down a wall in the

¹ [Lord Jersey's seat near Hanwell, Middlesex.]

night which she had found fault with, so that in the morning she found it was gone.

1830.

January 2d.—At Rochampton; William Howard, Baring Wall, and Lady Pembroke's son; 'the best sort of youth I have seen for a long while, and he will have £12,000 a year, besides what his mother may leave him. Vesey Fitzgerald is so ill that it is doubtful if he will recover, and, at all events, almost impossible that he should remain in office. It will be very difficult for the Duke to fill his place. There is not a man in office now who is fit for it, and where is he to look for any one else? Yet I think almost anybody would take it; for although the late prosecutions are blamed, and the foreign policy is thought by most people to have been very miserable, there is an extensive disposition to support the Duke and to keep him at the head of affairs. Huskisson is the man whose knowledge and capacity would be of the greatest service just now, but the Duke will not like to apply to him in a moment of distress, because he would probably take advantage of that distress to make better terms for himself; at the same time, I should not be surprised if the Duke were to invite him to return to the Cabinet, and that he accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer or one of the Secretaryships without any conditions. Vesey will be a great loss, for he is clever and ready in debate, and by great diligence and application, and the powerful assistance of Hume and Stephen, he has made considerable progress in the science of trade and commerce.

January 5th.—There are many speculations about Vesey's successor; some think Lord Chandos or Herries; I think Frankland Lewis, but that Lord Chandos will have some place before long; the Duke has a great hankering after that set. In the mean time all accounts concur in admitting the great and increasing distress; and, as such a state of things not unnaturally produces a good deal of ill-humor, the Duke is abused for gadding about visiting and shooting while the country is in difficulty, and it is argued that he must be very unfeeling and indifferent to it all to amuse himself in this manner. Nothing can be more unjust than such accusations as these. The sort of relaxation he takes is necessary to his

¹ [Sidney Herbert, afterward Lord Herbert of Lea, whose life and character did not belie the promise of his youth.]

health, and, all things considered, it is not extraordinary he should prefer other people's houses to his own, particularly when every one invites him in the most pressing manner. But these visits by no means interrupt the course of his official business; all his letters are regularly sent to him, and as regularly answered every day, and it is his habit to open his letters himself, to read them all, and to answer all. He never receives any letter, whatever may be the subject or the situation of the writer, that he does not answer, and that immediately, to a degree which is not only unprecedented, but quite unnecessary, and I think unwise, although certainly it contributes to his popularity. It is another proof of that simplicity of character and the absence of all arrogance which are so remarkable in him, especially as he has long been used to command and to implicit obedience, and the whole tenor of his conduct since he has been in office shows that he is covetous of power and authority, and will not endure anybody who will not be subservient to him; still in his manner and bearing there is nothing but openness, frankness, civility, and good-humor. As to his supposed indifference to the public distress, I firmly believe that his mind is incessantly occupied with projects for its relief, and that when unwarpd by particular prejudices, partialities, and antipathies, which have had a stronger and more frequent influence over him than befits so great a man, he is animated with a sincere desire to reform abuses of any kind, and is not diverted from his purpose by any personal considerations or collateral objects. The King is preparing for a new battle with him (stimulated, I presume, by the Duke of Cumberland) about the appointment of sheriffs. He has taken it into his head that he will not appoint any Roman Catholic sheriff; and as several have been named, and these generally first on the list, according to the usual practice, they must be chosen. The King will be obliged to give way, but it is an additional proof of his bad disposition and his pleasure in thwarting his Ministers on every possible occasion.

January 7th.—Stapleton's "Memoirs of Canning" are coming out directly, but he is prevented from making use of all the documents he, or rather Lady Canning, has. She has had an angry correspondence with the Foreign Office. Every Minister takes away a *précis* of all he has done while in office, but Canning's *précis* was not finished when he died. She wrote and demanded that what was incomplete should be fur-

nished to her, but claimed it as a right, and said it was for the purpose of vindicating him. Lord Aberdeen declined giving it, and I think very properly. The reason he assigned was that a Minister who was furnished with such documents for his own justification was bound by his oath of secrecy not to reveal the contents, but the secrets of the State could not be imparted to any irresponsible person, who was under no such restraint.

Vesey Fitzgerald is better, but will hardly be able to do any business. Some think he will have leave of absence, that Dawson will exchange offices with Courtenay, and do the business of the Board of Trade; others, that Herries will succeed Vesey, or Frankland Lewis. The revenue has fallen off one million and more. The accounts of distress from the country grow worse and more desponding, and a return to one-pound notes begins to be talked of.

Roehampton, January 9th.—Yesterday morning died Sir Thomas Lawrence after a very short illness. Few people knew he was ill before they heard he was dead. He was *longè primus* of all living painters, and has left no one fit to succeed him in the chair of the Royal Academy. Lawrence was about sixty, very like Canning in appearance, remarkably gentlemanlike, with very mild manners, though rather too *doucereux*, agreeable in society, unassuming, and not a great talker; his mind was highly cultivated, he had a taste for every kind of literature, and was enthusiastically devoted to his art; he was very industrious, and painted an enormous number of portraits, but many of his later works are still unfinished, and great complaints used to be made of his exacting either the whole or half payment when he began a picture, but that when he had got the money he could never be prevailed on to complete it. Although he is supposed to have earned enormous sums by his paintings, he has always been a distressed man, without any visible means of expense, except a magnificent collection of drawings by the ancient masters, said to be the finest in the world, and procured at great cost. He was, however, a generous patron of young artists of merit and talent. It was always said that he lost money at play, but this assertion seems to have proceeded more from the difficulty of reconciling his pecuniary embarrassments with his enormous profits than from any proof of the fact. He was a great courtier, and is said to have been so devoted to the King that he would not paint anybody who was personally obnoxious to

his Majesty; but I do not believe this is true. He is an irreparable loss; since Sir Joshua there has been no painter like him; his portraits as pictures I think are not nearly so fine as Sir Joshua's, but as likenesses many of them are quite perfect. Moore's was the last portrait he painted, and Miss Kemble's his last drawing.

The King has been very ill; lost forty ounces of blood. Vesey is better, but has no chance of going on with his office. The general opinion seems to be that Herries will succeed him. I do not believe he knows any thing of the business of the Board of Trade. Charles Mills told me yesterday that a proposal was lately made by Government to the East India Company to reduce their dividends, and that at the very time this was done Rothschild, who had £40,000 East India stock, sold it all out, and all his friends who held any did the same. The matter was eventually dropped, but he says nobody doubts that N — gave notice to Rothschild of the proposed measure. The Company are mightily satisfied with Lord William Bentinck, who has acted very handsomely by them in this business by the reduction of the pay of the troops. He has written some very trimming letters to Lord Combermere, who is coming home, and if he had not been, would probably have been recalled. The Duke, as well as the Company, is furious with Combermere for the part he has acted in the affair.

Leopold's election to the throne of Greece seems to be settled, and while everybody has been wondering what could induce him to accept it, it turns out that he has been most anxious for it, and has moved heaven and earth to obtain it; that the greatest obstacle he has met with has been from the King, who hates him, and cannot bear that he should become a crowned head. He may think it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," but I should have thought he had a better prospect here, with £50,000 a year and as uncle to the heiress-apparent, than to go to a ruined country without cities or inhabitants, and where every thing is to be created, and to sit on such a wretched throne as the nominee of the Allied Powers, by whom he will be held responsible for his acts; however, "*il ne faut pas disputer des goûts.*"

George Bentinck told me that Lady Canning is not satisfied with Stapleton's book, particularly with that part of it in which he attempts to answer Lord Grey's speech, which she thinks poor and spiritless; he is not disposed to be very

severe on Lord Grey, being in a manner connected with him. She is persuaded that that speech contributed to kill Canning; his feelings were deeply wounded; that not one of his friends said a word in reply to it, although some of them knew that the facts in Lord Grey's speech were incorrect. He vehemently desired to be raised to the peerage, that he might have an opportunity of answering it, and he had actually composed and spoken to Mrs. Canning the speech which he intended to make in the House of Lords. A great part of this she remembers. It seems, too, that to the day of his death this was the ruling desire of his mind, and he had declared that the following year, when he should have carried the Corn Bill through the House of Commons, he would go to the House of Lords and fight the battle there.

January 17th.—Charles Mills told me the other day that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been making inquiries as to the fact of Rothschild having sold his India stock at the time he did. The two Grants (Charles and Robert) are always together, and both very forgetful and unpunctual. Somebody said that if you asked Charles to dine with you at six on Monday, you were very likely to have Robert at seven on Tuesday.

Edward Villiers (who has been living with Malcolm on board his ship in the Mediterranean) writes word that Malcolm told him that he had orders, in the event of Diebitsch's marching upon Constantinople, to destroy the Russian fleet. If this is true, it would have been a great outrage, and a most extraordinary piece of vigor, after so much long-suffering and endurance.

The country gentlemen are beginning to arrive, and they all tell the same story as to the universally prevailing distress and the certainty of things becoming much worse; of the failure of rents all over England, and the necessity of some decisive measures or the prospect of general ruin. Of course they differ as to the measures, but there appears to be a strong leaning toward the alteration in the currency and one-pound notes. It really does appear, from many representations, that a notion prevails of the Duke of Wellington's indifference to the state of the country, and of his disposition to treat the remonstrances and petitions of the people, as well as their interests and feelings, with contempt, which I believe most false and unjust. He has an overweening opinion of his own all-sufficiency, and that is his besetting sin, and the

one which, if any thing does, will overturn his Government, for if he would be less dictatorial and opinionated, and would call to his assistance such talents and information as the crisis demands, he would be universally voted the best man alive to be at the head of the Government; but he has such a set of men under him, and Peel will never get over the Catholic question. [Peel got over it, but not before he had expiated his conduct by being turned out.]

January 20th.—The Duke and Lord Bathurst dined here yesterday, the former not in good spirits. The battle about Leopold and Greece is still going on between his Majesty and his Ministers. The Duke was talking about the robbery at Brussels of the Princess of Orange's jewels, and that there is reason to believe that Pereira, the Prince's friend, had some concern in it; many people suspect that both he and the Prince were concerned. The Princess was in the country, and only one maid-servant in the house where such valuable property was left. The jewels were in a case, and the key of the case was kept in a cabinet, which was opened, the key taken, and the large case or chest opened by it. Small foot-steps (like those of Pereira, who has very small feet) were traced in the house or near it, and the day of the robbery the porter was taken by Pereira's servant to his house and there made drunk. The robbery was discovered on Friday morning, but no steps were taken to inform the police till Sunday night.

January 22d.—I believe it to be impossible for a man of squeamish and uncompromising virtue to be a successful politician, and it requires the nicest feeling and soundest judgment to know upon what occasions and to what extent it is allowable and expedient to diverge from the straight line. Statesmen of the greatest power, and with the purest intentions, are perpetually counteracted by prejudices, obstinacy, interest, and ignorance; and in order to be efficient they must turn, and tack, and temporize, sometimes dissemble. They who are of the *ruat cælum* sort, who will carry every thing their own way or not at all, must be content to yield their places to those who are certainly less scrupulous, and submit to the measures of those who are probably less wise. But though it is possible that the less rigid and austere politician may be equally virtuous and disinterested, the whole context of his life must be such as to endure the most scrutinizing inquiry, which unfortunately it will very seldom do, in order

to establish a character for integrity. If Canning had had a fair field, he would have done great things, for his lofty and ambitious genius took an immense sweep, and the vigor of his intellect, his penetration and sagacity, enabled him to form mighty plans and work them out with success; but it is impossible to believe that he was a high-minded man, that he spurned every thing that was dishonest, uncandid, and ungentlemanlike; he was not above trick and intrigue, and this was the fault of his character, which was unequal to his genius and understanding. However, notwithstanding his failings, he was the greatest man we have had for a long time, and if life had been spared to him, and opposition had not been too much for him, he would have raised our character abroad, and perhaps found remedies for our difficulties at home. What a difference between his position and that of the Duke of Wellington's! Everybody is disposed to support the latter and give him unlimited credit for good intentions. The former was obliged to carry men's approbation by storm, and the moment he had failed, or been caught tripping, he would have been lost.

The Duke has lately given audience to the West Indians who came to complain of their sufferings and taxation, and to implore relief. Murray and Goulburn were present, neither of whom, it is said, spoke a word. The Duke cut them very short, and told them they were not distressed at all, and that nothing would be done for them. He is like the philosopher in Molière's play, who says, "*Il ne faut pas dire que vous avez reçu des coups de bâton, mais qu'il vous semble que vous en avez reçus.*"

Lawrence was buried yesterday; a magnificent funeral, which will have cost, they say, £2,000. The pall was borne by Clanwilliam, Aberdeen, Sir G. Murray, Croker, Agar Ellis, and three more—I forget who. There were thirty-two mourning-coaches and eighty private carriages. The ceremony in the church lasted two hours. Pretty well for a man who died in very embarrassed circumstances. The favorites for the chair of the Academy are Shee and Wilkie, painters, and Westmacott and Chantrey, sculptors.

We were talking of Clanwilliam, who Agar said was the quickest man he had ever known; Luttrell said he and Rogers were "*the quick and the dead.*" Looking over the "*Report of the Woods and Forests and the Cost of the Palaces,*" somebody said "*the pensive*" (meaning the public:

see *Rejected Addresses*) must pay ; Luttrell said "the public was the pensive and the King the expensive."

January 26th.—Yesterday afternoon Tierney died. He sank back in his chair and expired suddenly, without any previous illness ; he had been in an indifferent state of health for some time, but he had resolved to make one more effort in Parliament and deliver his opinion on the present state of affairs. He is a great loss to all his friends ; his political life was already closed.

Shce was elected President of the Royal Academy last night at ten o'clock. He had sixteen or eighteen votes ; Sir William Beechey six, who was the nearest to Shce ; Wilkie only two. He is an Irishman and a Catholic, a bad painter, a tolerable poet, and a man of learning, but, it is said, florid.

Had a long conversation with Arbuthnot yesterday, who is weak, but knows every thing ; his sentiments are the Duke's. They are furious with the old Tories, especially Lord Lonsdale, and not well satisfied with Lowther, whom they suspect to be playing a sneaking, underhand part. The Duke is determined not to alter his Government, nor to take anybody in to strengthen it. Arbuthnot said that the Duke had shown he did not mean to be exclusive when he had taken in Scarlett and Calcraft, and that "his friends" would not have borne any more extensive promotion from that party ; that of all Ministers he was the one who least depended upon Parliamentary influence and the assistance of the great families ; and that if Lord Lonsdale and all his members were to leave him to-morrow, he would not care a straw. Still he pays them, if not court, great deference, and he keeps Lowther, though he suspects him. Arbuthnot said that as soon as the Duke became Minister he said to him, "Now, Duke, for God's sake, settle that question" (the Catholic), which was as much as to say, "Now that you have got rid of every enemy and every rival, now that you can raise your own reputation, and that you will share the glory with no one, do that which you would never let anybody else do, and fight for the measure you have been opposing all your life." It may be imagined he would not have said this unless he had been fully aware of the Duke's sentiments on the subject. This speech was made to him eight months after Canning came into office, when they *all* went out, *on the Catholic question*. He says it is utterly false that the Duke is unconscious of or indifferent to the distress, but that it is

exaggerated, and the Duke attributes it to temporary and not to permanent causes; that he labors incessantly on the subject, and his thoughts are constantly occupied with devising a remedy for it, which he thinks he can do. He adverted to the difficulties with the King, who is never to be depended upon, as his father was. He remembers upon some occasion, when Perceval was Minister, and thought the difficulties of his situation great, he represented to George III. his sense of them in a letter; Perceval showed him the King's answer, which was in these words: "Do you stand by me as I will stand by you, and while we stand by each other we have nothing to fear."

I told Arbuthnot it was reported that the Duke had given a very rough answer to the West Indian deputations, and that if he had it was unwise, as, though he might not adopt such measures of relief as they desired, he could treat them with soft language. He said that so far from it, Lord Chandos had returned to the Duke the next day, and apologized for their conduct to him, assuring him that he was ashamed and tired of his connection with them, and should withdraw from it as soon as possible. This I mentioned at Brookes's, but Gordon (a West Indian) said that they had all been shocked at the manner in which he had used them, that some of them had declared they would never go to him again; and Spring Rice said that old George Hibbert, who has been their agent these thirty years, and had attended deputations to every Prime Minister since Pitt, had told him that he never saw one so ill received before. It is customary for every deputation to draw out a minute of their conversation with the Minister, which they submit to him to admit its correctness. They did so, but the Duke destroyed their minute, and sent them back one drawn out by himself, which, however, they declare was not so correct as that which had been transmitted to him; which I can well believe, but they had no right to complain of this, on the contrary.

January 30th.—Laid up with the gout these last three days. George Banks has resigned, and John Wortley is appointed Secretary to the Board of Control. He was of the Huskisson party, as it is called (though it does not deserve the name), and previously to the offer of this place being made to him was rather inimical to the Government; but the Duke proposed, and he accepted. I doubt his being of much use to

them. Lord Ellenborough's letter to Sir John Malcolm, which appeared in the *Times* a few days ago, has made a great deal of noise, as it well may, for a more flippant and injudicious performance has seldom been seen.¹

The greatest curiosity and interest prevail about the transactions in the ensuing session—whether there will be any opposition, and from what quarter, how Peel will manage, how the country gentlemen will act and what language they will hold, and whether the Duke will produce any plan for alleviating the distress. It think there will be a great deal of talking and complaining, a great many half-measures suggested, but no opposition, and that the Duke will do nothing, and get through the session without much difficulty. There was to have been a Council on Thursday to prick the sheriffs, but it was put off on account of my gout, and I was not able to attend at the dinner at the Chancellor's on Wednesday for the same reason. I remember once before a Council was put off because I was at Egham for the races; that was a Council in '27, I think, to admit foreign corn.

February 1st.—Stapleton's book on Mr. Canning is not to appear. Douglas was sent to him by Aberdeen to tell him that if any thing appeared in it which ought not to be published he would be turned out of his office. He wrote to Lady Canning accordingly, who sent him a very kind answer, desiring him by no means to expose himself to any such danger, and consenting to the suppression of the work. I am glad of it on all accounts.

February 3d.—Brougham has given up Lord Cleveland's borough, and comes in for Knaresborough, at the Duke of Devonshire's invitation. He is delighted at the exchange. I see by the *Gazette* there has been a compromise with the King about the Catholic sheriffs; only one (Petre for Yorkshire) is chosen, the others, though first on the list and no excuses, passed over; they were Townley for Lancashire and Sir T. Stanley for Cheshire. It is childish and ridiculous, if so; but no matter, as the principle is admitted.

¹ [This letter, which excited much attention at this time, will be found in the "Life of Sir John Malcolm," by Mr. (now Sir John) Kaye, vol. ii., 528. It has been written a year before, and by some indiscretion obtained publicity in India. A warm dispute had broken out between Sir John Malcolm, then Governor of Bombay, and the Judges of the Supreme Court there. Lord Ellenborough took Malcolm's part with great eagerness, and said of the Chief-Justice, Sir J. P. Grant, that "he would be like a wild elephant between two tame ones." This expression was long remembered as a joke against Lord Ellenborough.]

I have just finished the first volume of Moore's "Life of Byron." I don't think I like this style of biography, half-way between ordinary narrative and self-delineation in the shape of letters, diary, etc. Moore's part is agreeably and feelingly written, and in a very different style from the "Life of Sheridan"—no turgid diction and brilliant antithesis. It is, however, very amusing; the letters are exceedingly clever, full of wit, humor, and point, abounding in illustration, imagination, and information, but not the most agreeable sort of letters. They are joined together by a succession of little essays upon his character. But as to life, it is no life at all; it merely tells you that the details of his life are not tellable, that they would be like those of Tilly or Casanova, and so indecent, and compromise so many people, that we must be content to look at his life through an impenetrable veil. Then in the letters and diary the perpetual hiatus, and asterisks, and initials, are exceedingly tantalizing; but altogether it is very amusing. As to Byron, I have never had but one opinion about his poetry, which I think of first-rate excellence; an enormous heresy, of course, more particularly with those whose political taste rests upon the same foundation that their religious creed does—that of having been taught what to admire in the one case as they have been enjoined what to believe in the other. With regard to his character, I think Moore has succeeded in proving that he was far from deficient in amiable qualities; he was high-minded, liberal, generous, and good-natured, and, if he does not exaggerate his own feelings, a warm-hearted and sincere friend. But what a wretch he was! how thoroughly miserable with such splendid talents! how little philosophy!—wretched on account of his lame foot; not even his successes with women could reconcile him to a little personal deformity, though this is too hard a word for it; then tormenting himself to death, nobody can tell why or wherefore. There never was so ill-regulated a mind, and he had not even the talent of making his pleasures subservient to his happiness—not any notion of *enjoyment*; all with him was riot, and debauchery, and rage, and despair. That he very sincerely entertained a bad opinion of mankind may be easily believed; but so far from his pride and haughtiness raising him above the influence of the opinion of those whom he so despised, he was the veriest slave to it that ever breathed, as he confesses when he says that he was almost more annoyed at the censure of the mean-

est than pleased with the praises of the highest of mankind; and when he deals around his fierce vituperation or bitter sarcasms, he is only clanking the chains which, with all his pride, and defiance, and contempt, he is unable to throw off. Then he despises pretenders and charlatans of all sorts, while he is himself a pretender, as all men are who assume a character which does not belong to them, and affect to be something which they are all the time conscious they are not in reality. But to "assume a virtue if you have it not" is more allowable than to assume a vice which you have not. To wish to appear better or wiser than we really are is excusable in itself, and it is only the manner of doing it that may become ridiculous; but to endeavor to appear worse than we are is a species of perverted vanity the most disgusting, and a very bad compliment to the judgment, the morals, or the taste of our acquaintance. Yet, with all his splendid genius, this sort of vanity certainly distinguished Lord Byron, and that, among many other things, proves how deeply a man may be read in human nature, what an insight he may acquire into the springs of action and feeling, and yet how incapable he may be of making any practical application of the knowledge he has acquired and the result of which he can faithfully delineate. He gives a list of the books he had read at eighteen, which appears incredible, particularly as he says that he was always idle, and eight years after Scott says he did not appear well-read, either in poetry or history. Swift says "some men know books as others do Lords—learn their titles, and then boast of their acquaintance with them," and so perhaps at eighteen he knew by name the books he mentions; indeed, the list contains Hooker, Bacon, Locke, Hobbes, Berkeley, etc. It sounds rather improbable; but his letters contain allusions to every sort of literature, and certainly indicate considerable information. "Dans le pays des aveugles les borgnes sont rois," and Sir Walter Scott might think a man half read who knows all that is contained in the brains of White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's, and the greater part of the two Houses of Parliament. But the more one reads and hears of great men the more reconciled one becomes to one's own mediocrity.

Say thou, whose thoughts at nothingness repine,
Shall Byron's fame with Byron's fate be thine?

Who would not prefer any obscurity before such splendid misery as was the lot of that extraordinary man? Even

Moore is not happy. One thinks how one should like to be envied, and admired, and applauded, but after all such men suffer more than we know or they will confess, and their celebrity is dearly purchased.

Se di ciascun l' interno affanno
 Si leggesse in fronte scritto,
 Quanti guai ch' invidia fanno
 Ci farebbe pietà.

One word more about Byron and I have done. I was much struck by the coincidence of style between his letters and his journal, and that appears to me a proof of the reality and nature which prevailed in both.

February 5th.—Parliament met yesterday; there was a brisk debate and an amendment on the Address in each House. The Duke had very indiscreetly called the distress "partial" in the Speech, and the consequence was an amendment moved by Knatchbull declaring it to be general. The result shows that Government has not the slightest command over the House of Commons, and that they have nothing but casual support to rely upon, and that of course will only be to be had "*dum se bene gesserint.*" For a long time Holmes and their whippers-in thought that they should be in a minority; but Hume and a large party of Reformers supported them (contrary to their own expectations), so they got a majority of 50 out of 250. The division was very extraordinary, Brougham, Sadler, and O'Connell, voting together. It is pretty clear, however, that they are in no danger of being turned out, but that they are wretchedly off for speakers. Huskisson made a shabby speech enough, O'Connell his *début*, and a successful one, heard with profound attention; his manner good and his arguments attended and replied to. In the Lords there was nothing particular, but nothing was concerted by any party, for the subject of the amendment in the Commons was not even touched upon in the Lords, which is very remarkable. Lord Chandos has refused the Mint, because they will not give him a seat in the Cabinet, but many people think it is because he has been pressed to refuse by his High Tory friends. Charles Ross is the new Lord of the Admiralty,¹ and Abercromby Chief Baron of Scotland, which everybody is glad of.

There is a charlatan of the name of Chabert, who calls

¹ The appointment has not taken place.

himself the Fire King, who has been imposing upon the world for a year or more, exhibiting all sorts of juggleries in hot ovens, swallowing poisons, hot lead, etc.; but yesterday he was detected signally, and after a dreadful uproar was obliged to run away to avoid the ill usage of his exasperated audience. He pretended to take prussic acid, and challenged anybody to produce the poison, which he engaged to swallow. At last Mr. Wakley, the proprietor of the *Lancet*, went there with prussic acid, which Chabert refused to take, and then the whole deception came out, and there is an end of it; but it has made a great deal of noise, taken everybody in, and the fellow has made a great deal of money. It was to have been his last performance, but "*tant va la cruche à l'eau qu'enfin. . .*"

February 13th.—In the House of Lords last night: Lord Holland's motion on Greece; his speech was amusing, but not so good as he generally is; Aberdeen wretched, the worst speaker I ever heard, and incapable of a reply; I had no idea he was so bad. The Duke made a very clever speech, answering Holland and Melbourne, availing himself with great dexterity of the vulnerable parts of their speeches and leaving the rest alone. I was sitting by Robert Grant on the steps of the throne, and said to him, "That is a good speech of the Duke's," and he said, "He speaks like a great man;" and so he did; it was bold and manly, and a high tone, not like a practised debater, but a man with a vigorous mind and determined character.

In the House of Commons Graham spoke for two hours; Burdett said not well, but others said the contrary. The Government resolution moved as an amendment by Dawson was better than his, so it was adopted without difficulty. Burdett said Peel made the best speech he ever heard him make, and threw over the Tories. Dined afterward with Cowper, Durham, and Glengall. Durham said that Lord Grey's politics were the same as his, and that before Easter he thought an Opposition would be formed, and that the elements, though scattered, exist of a strong one. I doubt it.

February 16th.—Last night the English Opera-House was burnt down—a magnificent fire. I was playing at whist at the "Travelers" with Lord Granville, Lord Auckland, and Ross, when we saw the whole sky illuminated and a volume of fire rising in the air. We thought it was Covent Garden, and directly set off to the spot. We found the Opera-House and several houses in Catherine Street on fire (sixteen houses),

and, though it was three in the morning, the streets filled by an immense multitude. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene, for the flames made it as light as day and threw a glare upon the strange and motley figures moving about. All the gentility of London was there from Princess Esterhazy's ball and all the clubs; gentlemen in their fur cloaks, pumps, and velvet waistcoats, mixed with objects like the *sans-culottes* in the French Revolution—men and women half-dressed, covered with rags and dirt, some with night-caps or handkerchiefs round their heads—then the soldiers, the firemen, and the engines, and the new police running and bustling, and clearing the way, and clattering along, and all with that intense interest and restless curiosity produced by the event, and which received fresh stimulus at every renewed burst of the flames as they rose in a shower of sparks like gold-dust. Poor Arnold lost every thing and was not insured. I trust the paraphernalia of the Beefsteak Club perished with the rest, for the civility I bear that society for the dinner they gave me last year.

February 19th.—In the House of Lords last night to hear Melbourne's motion about Portugal—a rather long and very bad debate. Melbourne spoke very ill—case very negligently got up, weakly stated, confused, and indiscreet—in the same sense as his brother's pamphlet, with part of which (the first part) none of the members of Canning's Administration or of Goderich's agree, and consequently it was answered by Lansdowne and Goderich. The latter made an excellent speech, the only good one that was made. Aberdeen was wretched; it is really too bad that a man should be Secretary for Foreign Affairs who cannot speak better. The Duke made no case for the Terceira business, and delivered a very poor speech; but I like his speaking—it is so much to the point, no nonsense and verbiage about it, and he says strongly and simply what he has to say. The other night on Greece there was a very brisk skirmish between Palmerston and Peel, and the former spoke, they say, remarkably well; the latter, as usual, was in a passion.

February 21st.—Dined with the Chancellor; Granvilles, Hollands, Moore, Luttrell, Lord Lansdowne, Auckland, and one or two more; very agreeable. Lord Holland told stories of Lord Thurlow, whom he mimics, they say, exactly. When Lord Mansfield died, Thurlow said, "I hesitated a long time between Kenyon and Buller. Kenyon was very intemperate,

but Buller was so damned corrupt, and I thought upon the whole that intemperance was a less fault in a judge than corruption, not but what there was a damned deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance." Lady Holland and I very friendly; the first time I have met her in company since our separation (for we have never quarreled). She is mighty anxious to get me back, for no other reason than because I won't go. Everybody is surprised at Melbourne's failure the other night; some say he was not well, some that he did not like the business. I doubt if he is up to it; he did not speak like a man that has much in him.

February 23d. -Dined with Lord Bathurst and a dull party; but after dinner Lady Bathurst began talking about the King, and told me one or two anecdotes. When the account of Lord Liverpool's seizure reached the King at Brighton, Peel was at the Pavilion; the King got into one of his nervous ways, and sent for him in the middle of the night, desiring he would not dress; so he went down in his bedgown and sat by the side of the King's bed. Peel has got an awkward way of thrusting out his hands while he talks, which at length provoked the King so much that he said, "Mr. Peel, it is no use going on so (taking him off) and thrusting out your hands, which is no answer to my question."

Went to Esterhazy's ball; talked to old Rothschild, who was there with his wife and a dandy little Jew son. He says that Polignac's Government will stand by the King's support and Polignac's own courage; offered to give me a letter to his brother, who would give me any information I wanted, squeezed my hand, and looked like what he is.

February 25th.—Yesterday at Windsor for a Council; the first time I have seen one held in the new rooms of the Castle. They are magnificent and comfortable, the corridor really delightful—furnished through its whole length of about 500 feet with the luxury of a drawing-room, and full of fine busts and bronzes, and entertaining pictures, portraits, and curious antiquities. There were the Chancellor, the Duke, three Secretaries of State, Bathurst, and Melville. The King very blind—did not know the Lord Chancellor, who was standing close to him, and took him for Peel; he would not give up the point, though, for when he found his mistake he attributed it to the light, and appealed to Lord Bathurst, who is stone-blind, and who directly agreed.

February 26th.—Intended to go to the House of Lords to hear the debate on Lord Stanhope's motion (state of the nation), but went to see Fanny Kemble in "Mrs. Beverley" instead. She had a very great success—house crowded and plenty of emotion—but she does not touch me, though she did more than in her other parts; however, she is very good and will be much better.

The debate in the Lords was not lively, and the Duke, they say, made a most execrable speech. The fact is that he is not up to a great speech on a great question; he wants the information and preparation, the discipline of mind, that is necessary, and accordingly he exposes himself dreadfully, and entirely lost all the advantages he had gained by the excellent speeches he had previously made on other and more confined questions. He was very angry with the Duke of Richmond, whose opposition to him is considered by the Duke's adherents as a sort of political parricide. Old Eldon spoke very well, and Radnor; the rest but moderate.

February 27th.—Dined at Lord Lansdowne's; Moore, Rogers, J. Russell, Spring Rice, Charles Kemble, Auckland, and Doherty; very agreeable, but Rogers was overpowered by numbers and loud voices. Doherty told some good professional stories, and they all agreed that Irish courts of justice afforded the finest materials for novels and romances. The "Mertons" and "Collegians" are both founded on facts; the stories are in the *New Monthly Magazine*; they said the author had not made the most of the "Collegians" story. Very odd nervousness of Moore; he could not tell that story (of Crampton's), which I begged him to do, and which would not have been lugged in neck and shoulders, because everybody was telling just such stories; he is delighted with my note of it. Charles Kemble talked of his daughter and her success—said she was twenty, and that she had once seen Mrs. Siddons in "Lady Randolph" when she was seven years old. She was so affected in "Mrs. Beverley" that he was obliged to carry her into her dressing-room, where she screamed for five minutes; the last scream (when she throws herself on his body) was involuntary, not in the part, and she had not intended it, but could not resist the impulse. She likes Juliet the best of her parts.

February 28th.—Dined yesterday with Lord Stanhope; Murray the bookseller (who published "Belisarius"), Wilkie the painter, and Lord Strangford; nobody else of note. Wilkie

appears stern, and might pass for mad; he said very little. Murray chattered incessantly; talked to me a great deal about Moore, who would have been mightily provoked if he had heard him. An odd dinner, not agreeable, though Lord Stanhope is amusing, so strange in his appearance, so ultra-Tory and anti-Liberal in his politics, full of information and a good deal of drollery. Murray told me that Moore is going to write a "Life of Petrarch." Croker would have written Lawrence's life if Campbell [the poet] had not seized the task before anybody else thought of laying hold of it. He has circulated a command that all persons who have any thing to communicate will send their letters to *his secretary*, and not to him.

March 2d.—To-morrow I set out to Italy, after many years of anxiety to go there, without violent expectations of pleasure, but not thinking of disappointment. I care not for leaving London or any thing in it; there are a few people whose society I regret, but as to friends, or those who care for me, or for whom I care, I leave few behind.

CHAPTER VIII.

Calais—Beau Brummell—Paris—The Polignac Ministry—Polignac and Charles X.—The Duke of Orleans—State of Parties—Talleyrand—Lyons—First Impressions of Mountain Scenery—Mont Cenis—Turin—Marengo—Genoa—Road to Florence—Pisa—Florence—Lord and Lady Burghersh—Thorwaldsen—Lord Cochrane—Rome—St. Peter's—Frascati—Grotto Ferriata—Queen Hortense and Louis Napoleon—Coliseum—Death of Lady Northampton—The Moses—Gardens—Palm Sunday—Sistine Chapel—The Cardinals—Popea—Cardinal Albani—The Farnese Palace—A Dead Cardinal—Pasquin—Statue of Pompey—Galleries and Catacombs—Bunsen—The Papal Benediction—Ceremonies of the Holy Week—The Grand Penitentiary—A Confession—Protestant Cemetery—Illumination of St. Peter's—Torlonia—Bunsen on the Forum.

Paris, March 6th.—I left London at three o'clock on Wednesday, the 3d, and arrived at Dover between twelve and one. Went over in the packet at nine on Thursday, which was not to have sailed till twelve, but did go at nine, principally because they heard that I had got dispatches, for I had armed myself with three passports couched in such terms as were most likely to be useful. A good but rather long passage—near four hours—and the day magnificent. Landed with difficulty in boats. Detained at Calais till seven. There I had a long conversation with Brummell about his

Consulship, and was moved by his account of his own distresses to write to the Duke of Wellington and ask him to do what he could for him. I found him in his old lodging, dressing; some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding; full of gayety, impudence, and misery.

Lord Tweeddale came over in the packet, and we dined together. He was full of the Duke of Richmond's speech about the Duke of Wellington the other night, which he said had annoyed the Duke of Wellington more than any thing that ever happened to him, and that the Duke of Richmond was now equally sorry for what he had said. He (Tweeddale) was employed to carry a message from the one Duke to the other, which, however, the Duke of Wellington did not take in good part, nor does it seem that he is at all disposed to lay aside his resentment. Tweeddale ranks Richmond's talents very highly, and says he was greatly esteemed in the army.

Left Calais at seven; traveled all night—the roads horrid in most parts—and arrived at Paris last night at half-past twelve. Found every thing prepared—an excellent apartment, *laquais de place*, and courier. Called on Lady Stewart and old Madame Craufurd, and wandered about the whole day. Paris looking gay and brilliant in the finest weather I ever saw. I find the real business is not to begin in the Chambers till about the 10th, so I shall not wait for it. Polignac is said to be very stout, but the general opinion is that he will be in a minority in the Chambers; however, as yet I have seen nobody who can give good information about the state of parties. For the first time (between Calais and Paris) I saw some new houses and barns building near Abbeville and Beauvais, and the cottages near Monsieur de Clermont-Tonnerre's mansion had a very English look.

It is Lent, and very little going on here. During the Carnival, they had a ball for the benefit of the poor, which was attended by 5,000 people, and produced 116,000 francs. Immense sums were given in charity, and well appropriated during the severe weather. There are also nuns (*sœurs de charité*), who visit and tend the sick, whose institution is far more practically useful than any thing of which our Protestant country can boast. I shall only stay here a very few days.

March 8th.—It will be difficult to get away from this place if I don't go at once; the plot thickens, and I am in

great danger of dawdling on. Yesterday morning I walked about, visiting, and then went through the Tuileries and the Carrousel. The Gardens were full of well-dressed and good-looking people, and the day so fine that it was a glorious sight. The King is, after all, hardly master of his own palace, for the people may swarm like bees all around and through it, and he is the only man in Paris who cannot go into the Gardens. Dined with Standish, Brooke Greville, Madame Alfred de Noailles and her daughter, and then went to Madame de Flahault's to see the world and hear politics. After all, nobody has an idea how things will turn out, or what are Polignac's intentions or his resources. Lord Stuart¹ told me that he knew nothing, but that when he saw all the Ministers perfectly calm and satisfied, and heard them constantly say all would be well, although all France and a clear majority in both Chambers seemed to be against them, he could not help thinking they must have some reason for such confidence, and something in reserve, of which people were not aware. Lady Keith,² with whom I had a long talk, told me that she did not believe it possible they could stand, that there was no revolutionary spirit abroad, but a strong determination to provide for the stability of their institutions, a disgust at the obstinacy and pretensions of the King, and a desire to substitute the Orleans for the reigning branch, which was becoming very general; that Polignac is wholly ignorant of France, and will not listen to the opinions of those who could enlighten him. It is supposed that the King is determined to push matters to extremity, to try the Chambers, and if his Ministry are beaten, to dissolve them and govern *par ordonnance du Roi*, then to try and influence the elections and obtain a Chamber more favorable than the present. Somebody told her the other day of a conversation which Polignac had recently had with the King, in which his Majesty said to him, "Jules, est-ce que vous m'êtes très-dévoué?" "Mais oui, Sire; pouvez-vous en douter?" "Jusqu'à aller sur l'échafaud?" "Mais oui, Sire, s'il le faut." "Alors tout ira bien." It is thought that he has got into his head the old saying that if Louis XVI. had got upon horseback he could have arrested the progress of the Revolution—a piece of nonsense, fit only for a man "qui n'a rien oublié ni rien

¹ [Lord Stuart de Rothesay was then British Ambassador in Paris.]

² [Married to Count de Flahault; in her own right, Baroness Keith and Nairn. She died in 1867.]

appris." It is supposed the Address will be carried against the Government by about 250 to 130. (It was 221 to 180. — has a *tabatière Warin* of that day, with the names of 221 on the lid.) All the names presented to the King yesterday for the Presidency are obnoxious to him, but he named Royer Collard, who had twice as many votes as any of the others. It was remarked at the *séance royale* that the King dropped his hat, and that the Duke of Orleans picked it up, and they always make a great deal of these trifles. The Duke of Orleans is, however, very well with the Court, and will not stir, let what will happen, though he probably feels like Macbeth before the murder of Duncan—

If chance will have me King, why let chance crown me
Without my stir.

March 8th, at night.—Walked about visiting, and heard all the gossip of Paris from little Madame Graham, who also invited me to Pozzo di Borgo's box at the Opera. I don't mean to record the gossip and scandal unless when I hear something out of the common way and amusing. Dined with Stuart; Tweeddale, Gurwood, Allen, and some heavy *attachés*; no French. He appears to live handsomely. Afterward to the Opera to see Taglioni, who did not dance; then to Madame Appony's, to whom I was introduced, and we had plenty of bowing and smirking and civilities about my family. Rather bored at the party, and am come home quite resolved to be off on Thursday, but am greatly puzzled about my route, for everybody recommends a different one.

March 9th. Dined with M. de Flahault; met M. de Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, General Sébastiani, M. Bertin de Vaux, Duc de Broglie, and Montrond. Sébastiani and Bertin de Vaux are Deputies, and all violent Oppositionists. After dinner M. de Lescure, another man, and the young Duc de Valençay, Madame de Dino's son, came in. They talked politics all the time, and it was curious enough to me. Bertin is the sort of man in appearance that Tierney was, and shrewd like him; he is brother to the editor, and principal manager himself, of the *Journal des Débats*. Sébastiani is slow and pompous. The Duc de Broglie is one of the best men in France. They all agreed that the Government cannot stand. Talleyrand is as much against it as any of them, Sébastiani told me they should have 280 against 130. Talleyrand said that it was quite impossible to predict what might

be the result of this contest (if the Court pushed matters to extremity) both to France and Europe, and that it was astonishing surrounding nations, and particularly England, did not see how deeply they were interested in the event. He said of us, "Vous avez plus d'argent que de crédit." He looks horridly old, but seems vigorous enough and alive to every thing. After dinner they all put their heads together and chattered politics as fast as they could. Madame de Flahault is more violent than her husband, and her house is the resort of all the Liberal party. Went afterward to the Opera and saw Maret, the Duc de Bassano, a stupid elderly bourgeois-looking man, with two very pretty daughters. The battle is to begin in the Chamber on Saturday or Monday on the Address. Talleyrand told me that the next three weeks would be the most important of any period since the Restoration. It is in agitation to deprive him of his place of Grand Chambellan.

Susa, March 15th, 9 o'clock.—Just arrived at this place at the foot of Mont Cenis. Left Paris on the 11th, at twelve o'clock at night. On the last day, Montrond made a dinner for me at a club to see M. des Chapelles play at whist. I saw it, but was no wiser; but I conclude he plays very well, for he always wins, is not suspected of cheating, and excels at all other games. At twelve I got into my carriage, and (only stopping an hour and a half for two breakfasts) got to Lyons in forty-eight hours and a half. Journey not disagreeable, and roads much better than I expected, particularly after Macon, when they became as good as in England; but the country presents the same sterile, uninteresting appearance as that between Calais and Paris—no hedges, no trees, except tall, stupid-looking poplars, and no châteaux or farm-houses. I am at a loss to know why a country should look so ill which I do not believe is either barren or ill cultivated. Lyons is a magnificent town. It was dark when I arrived, or rather moonlight, but I could see that the quay we came along was fine, and yesterday morning I walked about for an hour and was struck with the grandeur of the place; it is like a great magnificent Bath; but I had not time to see much of it, and, with beautiful weather, I set off at ten o'clock. The mountains (les Écheltes de Savoie) appear almost directly in the distance, but it was long before I could make out whether they were clouds or mountains.

After crossing the Pont de Beauvoisin we began to mount the Écheltes, which I did on foot, and I never shall forget the first impression made upon me by the mountain scenery. It first burst upon me at a turn of the road—one huge perpendicular rock above me, a deep ravine with a torrent rushing down and a mountain covered with pines and ilexes on the other side, and in front another vast rock which was shining in the reflected light of the setting sun. I never shall forget it. How I turned round and round, afraid to miss a particle of the glorious scene! It was the liveliest impression, because it was the first. I walked nearly to the other post with the most exquisite pleasure, but it was dark by the time I got to La Grotta. I went on, however, all night, very unhappy at the idea of losing a great deal of this scenery, but consoled by the reflection that there was plenty left. As soon as it was light I found myself in the middle of the mountains (the Lower Alps), and from thence I proceeded across the Mont Cenis. Though not the finest pass, to me, who had never seen any thing like it, it appeared perfectly beautiful, every turn in the road presenting a new combination of Alpine magnificence. Nothing is more striking than the patches of cultivation in the midst of the tremendous rocks and precipices, and in one or two spots there were plots of grass and evergreens, like an English shrubbery, at the foot of enormous mountains covered with snow. There was not a breath of air in these valleys, and the sun was shining in unclouded brightness, so that there was all the atmosphere of summer below with all the livery of winter above.

The altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birthplace, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows,
Inscribed as with the silence of the thought
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm
Or obscure record of the path of fire.

There the sun himself
At the calm close of Summer's longest day
Rests his substantial orb; between those heights,
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud:
Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
Than the mute agents stirring there—alone
Here do I sit and watch.

In one place, too, I remarked high up on the side of the rugged and barren mountain two or three cottages, to arrive

at which steps had been cut in the rock. No sign of vegetation was near, so exactly the description of Goldsmith :

Dear is that shed to which their souls conform,
And dear that hill that lifts them to the storm.

In another place there was a cluster of houses and a church newly built. Not far from Lans-le-Bourg (at the foot of Mont Cenis) is a very strong fort, built by the King of Sardinia, which commands the road. It has a fine effect, perched upon a rock, and apparently unapproachable. A soldier was pacing the battlement, and his figure gave life to the scene, and exhibited the immensity of the surrounding objects, so minute did he appear. At Lans-le-Bourg they put four horses and two mules to my carriage, but I took my courier's horse and set off to ride up the mountain with a guide who would insist upon going with me, and who proposed to take me up a much shorter way by the old road, which, however, I declined; he was on foot, and made a short cut up the hill while I rode by the road, which winds in several turns up the mountain. Fired with mountainous zeal, I had a mind to try one of these short cuts, and giving my horse to Paolo (my *valet de chambre*) set off with my guide to climb the next intervening ascent; but I soon found that I had better have stuck to my horse, for the immensity of the surrounding objects had deceived me as to the distance, and the ground was so steep and slippery that, unprepared as I was for such an attempt, I could not keep my footing. When about half-way up, I looked ruefully round and saw steeps above and below covered with ice and snow and loose earth. I could not get back, and did not know how to get on. I felt like the man who went up in a balloon, and when a mile in the air wanted to be let out. My feelings were very like what Johnson describes at Hawkestone in his tour in Wales. "He that mounts the precipices at — wonders how he came hither, and doubts how he shall return; his walk is an adventure and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity but the horrors of solitude—a kind of turbulent pleasure between fright and admiration." My guide, fortunately, was active and strong, and properly shod; so he went first, making steps for me in the snow, into which I put my feet after his, while with one hand I grasped the tail of his blue frock and with the other seized bits of twig or any thing I could lay hold of; and in this ludicrous way, scram-

bling and clambering, hot and out of breath, to my great joy I at last got to the road, and for the rest of the ascent contented myself with my post-horse, who had a set of bells jingling at his head and was a sorry beast enough. I was never weary, however, of admiring the scenery. The guide told me he had often seen Napoleon when he was crossing the mountain, and that he remembered his being caught in a *tormento*,¹ when his life was saved by two young Savoyards, who took him on their backs and carried him to a *rifugio*.² He asked them if they were married, and, finding they were not, inquired how much was enough to marry upon in that country, and then gave them the requisite sum, and settled pensions of 600 francs on each of them. One is dead, the other still receives it. As I got near the top of the mountain the road, which had hitherto been excellent, became execrable and the cold intense. I had left summer below and found winter above. I looked in vain for the chamois, hares, wolves, and bears, all of which I was told are found there. At last I arrived at the summit, and found at the inn a friar, the only inhabitant of the Hospice, who, hearing me say I would go there (as my carriage was not yet come), offered to go with me; he was young, fat, rosy, jolly, and dirty, dressed in a black robe with a traveling-cap on his head, appeared quick and intelligent, and spoke French and Italian. He took me over to the Hospice, which is now quite empty, and showed me two very decently furnished rooms which the Emperor Napoleon used to occupy, and two inferior apartments which had been appropriated to the Empress Maria Louisa. The N.'s on the *grille* of the door had been changed for V. E.'s (Victor Emmanuel) and M. T.'s (Maria Theresa), and frightful pictures of the Sardinian King and Queen have replaced the Imperial portraits. All sorts of distinguished people have slept there *en passant*, and do still when compelled to spend the night on Mont Cenis. He offered to lodge and feed me, but I declined. I told him I was glad to see Napoleon's bedroom, as I took an interest in every thing which related to that great man, at which he seemed extremely pleased, and said, "Ah, monsieur, vous êtes donc comme moi." I dined at the inn (a very bad one) on some trout which they got for me from the Hospice—very fine fish,

¹ A *tormento* (most appropriate name) is a tempest of wind, and sleet, and snow, exceedingly dangerous to those who are met by it.

² A *rifugio* is a sort of cabin, of which there are several built at certain distances all the way up the mountain, where travelers may take shelter.

but very ill dressed. The sun was setting by the time I set off, it was dusk when I had got half-way down the descent, and dark before I had reached the first stage. When half-way down the descent, the last rays of the sun were still gilding the tops of the crags above, and the contrast between that light above and the darkness below was very fine. From what I saw of it, and from what I guess, straining my eyes into the darkness to catch the dim and indistinct shapes of the mountains, the Italian side is the finest—the most wild and savage and with more variety. On the French side you are always on the breast of the same mountain, but on the Italian side you wind along different rocks always hanging over a precipice with huge black, snow-topped crags frowning from the other ridge. I was quite unhappy not to see it. Altogether I never shall forget the pleasure of the two days' journey and the first sight of the Alps, exceeding the expectations I had formed, and for years I have enjoyed nothing so much. The descent (at the beginning of which, by-the-by, I was very nearly overturned) only ends at this place, where I found a tolerable room and a good fire, but the *cameriere* so liking so abominably of garlic that he impregnated the whole apartment.

Turin, March 16th.—Got here early and meant to sleep, but have changed my mind and am going on. A fine but dull-looking town. Found the two Forsters, who pressed me to stay. Made an ineffectual attempt to get into the Egyptian Museum, said to be the finest in the world. It was collected by Drovetti, the French Consul, and offered to us for £16,000, which we declined to give, and the King of Sardinia bought it. Forster told me that this country is rich, not ill governed, but plunged in bigotry. There are near 400 convents in the King's dominions. It is the dullest town in Europe, and it is because it looks so dull that I am in a hurry to get out of it. This morning was cloudy, and presented fresh combinations of beauty in the mountains when the clouds rolled round their great white peaks, sometimes blending them in the murky vapor, and sometimes exhibiting their sharp outlines above the wreath of mist. I did not part from the Alps without casting many a lingering look behind.

Genoa, March 18th.—Got on so quick from Turin that I went to Alessandria last night, and set off at half-past six yesterday morning. Crossed the field of battle of Marengo, a boundless plain (now thickly studded with trees and houses),

and saw the spot where Desaix was killed. The bridge over the Bormida which Melas crossed to attack the French army is gone, but another has been built near it. The Austrians or Sardinians have taken down the column which was erected to the memory of Desaix on the spot where he fell; they might as well have left it, for the place will always be celebrated, though they only did as the French had done before. After the battle of Jena they took down the Column of Rossbach,¹ but that was erected to commemorate the victory, and this the death of the hero. I feel like Johnson—"Far from me and my friends be that frigid philosophy which can make us pass unmoved over any scenes which have been consecrated by virtue, by valor, or by wisdom"—and I strained the eyes of my imagination to see all the tumult of this famous battle, in which Bonaparte had been actually defeated, yet (one can hardly now tell how) was in the end completely victorious. This pillar might have been left, too, as a striking memorial of the rapid vicissitudes of fortune; the removal of it has been here so quick, and at Rossbach so tardy, a reparation of national honor.

The Apennines are nothing after the Alps, but the descent to Genoa is very pretty, and Genoa itself exceeds every thing I ever saw in point of beauty and magnificence.

How boldly doth it front us, how majestically—
Like a luxurious vineyard: the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens, here bright and sumptuous palaces
With cool and verdant garden interspersed.

While over all hangs the rich purple eve.

MILMAN'S *Fall of Jerusalem*.

I passed the whole day after I got here in looking into the palaces and gardens and admiring the prospects on every side. You are met at every turn by vestiges of the old Republic; in fact the town has undergone very little alteration for hundreds of years, and there is an air of gayety and bustling activity, which, with the graceful costumes of the men and women, make it a most delightful picture. Genoa appears to be a city of palaces, and although many of the largest are now converted to humbler uses, and many fallen to

¹ The battle of Rossbach was gained by Frederick the Great over the French and Austrians in 1757.

decay, there are ample remains to show the former grandeur of the princely merchants who were once the lords of the ocean. Every thing bespeaks solidity, durability, and magnificence. There are stupendous works which were done at the expense of individuals. In every part of the town are paintings and frescoes, which, in spite of constant exposure to the atmosphere, have retained much of their brilliancy and freshness. The palaces of Doria are the most interesting; but why the Senate gave him that which bears still the inscription denoting its being their gift it is difficult to say, when his own is so superior and in a more agreeable situation. The old palace of Andrew is now let for lodgings, and the Pamfili Doria live at Rome. The walls are covered with inscriptions, and I stopped to read two on stone slabs on the spot where the houses of malefactors had formerly stood, monuments of the vindictive laws of the Republic, which not only punished the criminal himself, but consigned his children to infamy and his habitation to destruction; though they stand together they are not of the same date. There is no temptation to violate the decree by building again on the spot, for they are in a narrow, dirty court, to which light can scarcely find access. The Ducal Palace now belongs to the Governor. It has been modernized, but in the dark alleys adjoining there are remains demonstrative of its former extent—pictures of the different Doges in fresco on the walls half crased, and little bridges extending from the windows (or doors) of the palace to the public prisons and other adjoining buildings. The view from my *albergo (della villa)* is the gayest imaginable, looking over the harbor, which is crowded with sailors and boats full of animation.

Evening. Passed the whole day seeing sights. Called on Madame Durazzo, and went with her and her niece, Madame Ferrari, to the King's palace, formerly a Durrazzo Palace. Like the others, a fine house, full of painting and gilding, and with a terrace of black and white marble commanding a view of the sea. The finest picture is a Paul Veronese of a Magdalen with our Saviour. The King and Queen sleep together, and on each side of the royal bed there is an assortment of ivory palms, crucifixes, boxes for holy water, and other spiritual guards for their souls. For the comfort of their bodies he has had a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house; it holds about six people, who can be at pleasure

elevated to any story, and at each landing-place there is a contrivance to let them in and out. From thence to the Brignole Palace (called the Palazzo Rosso), where I met M. and Madame de Brignole, who were very civil and ordered a scientific footman to show us the pictures. They are numerous and excellent, but we could only take a cursory look at them; the best are the Vandykes, particularly a Christ and a portrait of one of the Brignoles on horseback, and a beautiful Carlo Dolce, a small bleeding Christ. I saw the churches—San Stefano, Annunziata, the Duomo, San Ambrosio, San Cyro. There are two splendid pictures in the Ambrosio, a Guido and a Rubens; the Martyrdom in the San Stefano, by Julio Romano and Raphael, went to Paris and was brought back in 1814. The churches have a profusion of marble, and gilding, and frescoes; the Duomo is of black and white marble, of mixed architecture, and highly ornamented—all stinking to a degree that was perfectly intolerable, and the same thing whether empty or full; it is the smell of stale incense mixed with garlic and human odor, horrible combination of poisonous exhalations. I must say, as everybody has before remarked, that there is something highly edifying in the appearance of devotion which belongs to the Catholic religion; the churches are always open, and go into them when you will, you see men and women kneeling and praying before this or that altar, absorbed in their occupation, and who must have been led there by some devotional feeling. This seems more accordant with the spirit and essence of religion than to have the churches, as ours are, opened, like theatres, at stated hours and days for the performance of a long service, at the end of which the audience is turned out and the doors are locked till the next representation. Then the Catholic religion makes no distinctions between poverty and wealth—no pews for the aristocracy well warmed and furnished, or seats set apart for the rich and well dressed; here the church is open to all, and the beggar in rags comes and takes his place by the side of the lady in silks, and both kneel on the same pavement, for the moment, at least, and in that place reduced to the same level.

I saw the Ducal Palace, where there are two very fine halls,¹ the old Hall of Audience and the Hall of Council, the

¹ They are left just in the state in which they were in the time of the Republic; the balustrade still surrounds the elevated platform on which the throne of the Doge was placed.

latter 150 by 57 feet; and the Doria Palace, delightfully situated, with a garden and fine fountain, and a curious old gallery opening upon a marble terrace, richly painted, gilt, and carved, though now decayed. Here the Emperor Napoleon lived when he was at Genoa, preferring Andrew Doria's palace to a better lodging: he had some poetry in his ambition, after all. Lastly to the Albergo dei Poveri,¹ a noble institution, built by a Brignole and enriched by repeated benefactions; like all the edifices of the old Genoese, vast and of fine proportions. The great staircase and hall are adorned with colossal statues of its benefactors (among whom are many Durazzos), and the sums that they gave or bequeathed are commemorated on the pedestals. In the chapel is a piece of sculpture by Michael Angelo, a dead Christ and Virgin (only heads), and an altar-piece by Puget. Branching out from the chapel, are two vast chambers, lofty, airy, and light, one for the men, the other for the women. About 800 men and 1,200 or 1,300 women are supported here. Many of the nobles are said to be rich—Ferrari, Brignole, Durazzo, and Pallavicini, particularly. I forgot to mention the chapel and tomb of Andrew Doria; the chapel he built himself; his body, arrayed in princely robes, lies in the vault. There is a Latin inscription on the chapel, signifying that he stood by the country in the days of her affliction. It is a pretty little chapel, full of painting and gilding. In the early part of the Revolution the tomb narrowly escaped destruction, but it was saved by the solidity of its materials. I gave the man who showed me this tomb a franc, and he kissed my hand in a transport of gratitude.

Florence, March 21st.—Arrived here at seven o'clock.

¹ The Albergo dei Poveri and the Scoggetti Gardens pleased me more than any thing I saw in Genoa. I am sorry I did not see the Sordani Muti, which is admirably conducted, and where the pupils by all accounts perform wonders. The Albergo is managed by a committee consisting of the principal nobles in the town. The Scoggetti Gardens are delightfully laid out; there is a shrubbery of evergreens with a cascade, and a summer-house paved with tiles—two or three rooms in it, and a hot and cold bath. It is astonishing how they cherish the memory of "Lord Bentinck." * I heard of him in various parts of the town, particularly here, as he lived in the house when first he came to Genoa. The Gardens command a fine view of the city, the sea, and the mountains. The saloon in the Serra is only a very splendid room, glittering with glass, and gold, and lapis-lazuli; by no means deserves to be called, as it is by Forsyth, the finest saloon in Europe. It is not very large, and not much more gilt than Crockford's drawing-room, but looks cleaner, though it has been done these seventy years or more.

* [Lord William Bentinck was Mr. Greville's uncle.]

Left Genoa on the 19th (having previously gone to see the Scoggetti Gardens and the Serra Palace), and went to Sestri, to pass that evening and the next morning with William Ponsonby, who was staying there. The road from Genoa to Chiavari is one continual course of magnificent scenery, winding along the side of the mountains and hanging over the sea, the mountains studded with villages, villas, and cottages, which appear like white specks at a distance, till on near approach they swell into life and activity. The villas are generally painted as at Genoa; the orange-trees were in full bloom, and the gardens often slope down to the very margin of the sea. Every turn in the road and each fresh ascent supplies a new prospect, and the parting view of Genoa, with the ocean before and the Apennines behind, cannot be imagined by those who have not seen it. "*Si quod vere natura nobis dedit spectaculum in hac tellure vere gratum et philosopho dignum, id semel, mihi contigisse arbitror, cum ex celsissimâ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris mediterranei, hinc aequor cœruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos prospexi, nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile nec in suo genere magis egregium et singulare.*"¹

Chiavari and Sestri are both beautiful, especially the latter, in a little bay with a jutting promontory, a rocky hill covered with evergreens, and shrubs, and heather, and affording grand and various prospects of the still blue sea and the white and shining coast with the dark mountains behind—

A sunny bay
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks
And the sea-breeze as innocently breathes
On Sestri's leafy shores—a sheltered hold
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant beauty.

The mountain-road from Chiavari to La Spezzia presents the same scenery as far as Massa and Carrara, which I unfortunately lost by traveling in the night. I crossed the river in the boat by candle-light, which was picturesque enough, the scanty light gleaming upon the rough figures who escorted me and plied the enormous poles by which they move the ferry-boat. Got to Pisa to breakfast (without stopping at Lucca), and passed three hours looking at the Cathedral, Leaning Tower, Baptistry, and Campo Santo, the last of which alone would take up the whole day to be seen as it

¹ Burnet's "Theory of the Earth."

ought. The Cathedral is under repair; the pictures have been covered up or taken down, and the whole church was full of rubbish and scaffolding; but in this state I could see how fine it is, and admire the columns which Forsyth praises, and the roof and many of the marbles. The Grand Duke has ordered it all to be cleaned, and very little of it to be altered. One alteration, however, is in very bad taste; he has taken away the old confessionals of carved wood, and substituted others of marble, fixed in the wall, which are exactly like modern chimney-pieces, and have the worst effect amid the surrounding antiquities. The exterior is rather fantastic, but the columns are beautiful, and John of Bologna's bronze doors admirable. The Campo Santo is full of ancient tombs, frescoes, modern busts, and morsels of sculpture of all ages and descriptions. The Leaning Tower¹ is 190 feet high, and there are 293 steps to the top of it, which I climbed up to view the surrounding country, but it was not clear enough to see the sea and Elba. Here is the finest aqueduct I have seen, which continues to pour water into the town. Part of the old wall² with its towers is still standing. These pugnacious republics, who were always squabbling with each other and wasting their strength in civil broils, erected very massive defenses. The Pisans are proud of their ancient exploits. The San Stefano or Chiesa dei Cavalieri is full of standards taken from the Turks, and the man who showed me the Campo Santo said that a magnificent Grecian vase which is there had been brought from Genoa by the Pisans before the foundation of Rome. There are Egyptian, Etruscan, Roman, and Grecian remains, which have been plundered, or conquered, or purchased by patriotic Pisans to enrich their native city. The frescoes are greatly damaged. I went to look at the celebrated house "Alla Giornata," a white marble palace on the Arno; the chains still hang over the door, and there is an inscription above them which looks modern. My *laquais de place* told me what I suppose is the tradition of the place—that the son of the family was taken by the Turks, and that they had captured a Turk, who was put in chains; that an exchange was agreed upon, and the prisoners on either side released, and that the chains were hung up and the inscrip-

¹ There was another leaning edifice, but the Grand Duke had it pulled down; it was thought dangerous.

² It had been destroyed, but was restored by the Medici or the present family.

tion added, signifying that the Turk was at liberty to go again into the light of day. But it was a lame and improbable story, and I prefer the mystery to the explanation.

Much as I was charmed with the mountains, I was not sorry, for a change, to get into the rich, broad plain of Tuscany, full of vineyards and habitations along the banks of the Arno. The voice and aspect of cheerfulness is refreshing after a course of rugged and barren grandeur; the road is excellent and the traveling rapid. Yesterday being a holiday, and to-day Sunday, the whole population in their best dresses have been out on the road, and very good-looking they generally are. There are not more beggars than in France, and certainly a far greater appearance of prosperity throughout the north of Italy than in any part of France I have seen, although there are the same complaints of distress and poverty here that are heard both there and in England. Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, is in this inn, and the King of Bavaria left it this morning. The book of strangers is rather amusing; the entries are sometimes remarkable or ridiculous. I found "La Duchesse de Saint-Leu et le Prince Louis-Napoléon; Lord and Lady Shrewsbury and family; Miss Caroline Grinwell, of New York; the King of Bavaria (not down in the book, though); Thorwaldsen." Tuscany seems to be flourishing and contented; the Government is absolute but mild, the Grand Duke enormously rich.

March 23d.—Yesterday morning breakfasted with Lord Normanby, who has got a house extending 200 feet in front, court, garden, and stables, for about £280 a year, every thing else cheap in proportion, and upon £2,000 a year a man may live luxuriously. His house was originally fitted up for the Pretender, and C. R.'s are still to be seen all over the place. Called on Lord Burghersh,¹ who was at breakfast—the table covered with manuscript music, a piano-forte, two fiddles, and a fiddler in the room. He was full of composition and getting up his opera of "Phædra" for to-morrow night. The Embassy is the seat of the Arts, for Lady Burghersh has received the gift of painting as if by inspiration, and she was in a brown robe in the midst of oils, and brushes, and canvas; and a model was in attendance, some part of whose person was to be introduced into a fancy piece. She copies pictures in the Gallery, and really extraordinarily well if it be true that till

¹ [Lord Burghersh, afterward Earl of Westmoreland, was then British Minister at Florence.]

a year ago she had never had a brush in her hand, and that she is still quite ignorant of drawing.

Went into two or three of the churches, then to the Gallery, and sat for half an hour in the Tribune, but could not work myself into a proper enthusiasm for the "Venus," whose head is too small and ankles too thick, but they say the more I see her the more I shall like her. I prefer the "Wrestlers," and the head of the "Remontleur" is the only good head I have seen, the only one with expression. "Niobe" is fine, but I can't bear her children, except one. Then to the Casine on horseback to see the town and the world: it seems a very enjoyable place. This morning again dropped into some of the churches, after which I have always a hankering, though there is great sameness in them, but I have a childish liking for Catholic pomp. The fine things are lost amid a heap of rubbish, but there is no lack of marble, and painting, and gilding, in most of them. They are going on with the Medici Chapel, on which millions have been wasted and more is going after, for the Grand Duke is gradually finishing the work. The profusion of marble is immense, and very fine and curious if examined in detail; the precious stones are hardly seen, and when they are, not to be recognized as such. To the Pitti Palace, of which one part is under repair and not visible, but I saw most of the best pictures. I like pictures better than statues. It is a beautiful palace, and well furnished for show. Nobody knows what Vandyke was without coming here. To the Gabinetto Fisico, and saw all the wax-works, the progress of gestation, and the representation of the plague incomparably clever and well executed. I saw nothing disgusting in the wax-works in the museum, which many people are so squeamish about.

Before dinner yesterday called upon Thorwaldsen, who was in the inn, to tell him Lord Gower likes his "Ganymede." He was mighty polite, squeezed my hand, and reconducted me to my own door. At night went to the Opera and heard David and Grisi in "Ricciardo e Zoraida." She is like Pasta in face and figure, but much handsomer, though with less expression. She is only eighteen. He has lost much of his voice, and embroiders to make up for it, but every now and then he appears to find it again, and his taste and expression are exquisite. To-night at a child's ball at Lady Williamson's, where I was introduced to Lord Cochrane, and had a great

deal of talk with him; told him I thought things would explode at last in England, which he concurred in, and seemed to like the idea of it, in which we differ, owing probably to the difference of our positions; he has nothing, and I every thing, to lose by such an event.

March 25th.—Went yesterday morning to Santa Croce to hear a Mass on the completion of a monument which has been erected to Dante; very crowded and the music indifferent. Afterward to the Gallery and saw all the cabinets, but we were hurried through them too rapidly. I began to like the "Venus" better, best of all the statues. The "Niobe"¹ cannot have been a group, nor the children have belonged to the mother. Rode to Normanby's villa at Sesto, five miles from Florence; a large and agreeable house, gardens full of fountains, statues, busts, orange and lemon trees, shrubs and flowers. He pays six hundred dollars a year for it, exclusive of the race-ground. In the evening to Burghersh's opera, which was very well performed; pretty theatre, crowded to suffocation. All the actors amateurs;² chorus composed of divers ladies and gentlemen of Florence, principally English. Here all the society of Florence was assembled in nearly equal proportions of Italians, English, and other foreigners. Nothing can be worse than it is, for there is no foundation of natives, and the rest are generally the refuse of Europe, people who come here from want of money or want of character. Everybody is received without reference to their conduct, past or present, with the exception, perhaps, of Englishwomen who have been divorced, whose case is too notorious to allow the English Minister's wife to present them at Court.

March 26th.—Yesterday morning to a Mass at the Annun-

¹ The "Niobe" is supposed to have been a group upon some temple so,



of which the mother was the centre figure; this

makes it more probable, but the difficulty to this hypothesis is, that there do not appear to be the necessary gradations in the size or altitude of the other figures; the sons in the "Laocoon" are certainly little men

² Phædra	Miss Williams	Soprano.
Hippolytus	Madame V. gano	Contralto.
The Girl	Madame de Bombelles	Soprano.
Theseus	Goratti	Tenor.
Attendant	Franceschini	Bass.

ziata, to which the Grand Duke came in state, with his family and Court. The piazza was lined with guards; seven coaches-and-six with his *guardia nobile* and running footmen; the Mass beautifully performed by his band, Tacchinardi (father of Madame Persiani, I believe) singing and Manielli directing. Then rode to Lord Cochrane's villa, where we found them under a matted tent in the garden, going to dinner. He talks of going to Algiers to see the French attack it. He has made £100,000 by the Greek bonds. It is a pity he ever got into a scrape; he is such a fine fellow, and so shrewd and good-humored. To the Certosa, on a hill two miles from Florence; very large convent, formerly very rich, and had near forty monks, now reduced to seven residents, though there are a few more who belong to it, but who are absent. It is in good repair, but looks desolate. There is an old monk, Don Fortunatus by name, who understands English and speaks it tolerably, delights in English people and books, received us in his cell, which consists of two or three little apartments, not uncomfortable and commanding a beautiful view; talked with great pleasure of his English acquaintance, and showed all their cards, which he treasured up. A very lively, good-humored old friar. Returned to ride in the Corso, which is a narrow street going from the Duomo to the Annunziata, to drive up and down which is one of the ceremonies of the day (Lady Day), as the people are supposed to go and pay their respects to the Virgin. In the evening to the Opera and heard David again.

Rome, March 29th.—Set off yesterday morning at half-past seven from Florence, and arrived here at six this evening in a fine glowing sunset, straining my eyes to catch interesting objects, and trying in vain to make out the different hills. The last two days at Florence I went to the Gallery and Pitti Palace again with the Copleys. Half the rooms were shut up when I was at the Pitti before, but we now saw them all, and probably the finest collection of pictures in the world. The Raphaels, Rubens, Andrea del Sartos, and Salvators, I liked the best. On Saturday evening went to Court and was presented to the Grand Duke, who is vulgar-looking and has bad manners; but the whole thing is rather handsome. Stopped at Siena to see the cathedral; very fine, the ancient fount beautiful. The mutilated Graces I am not connoisseur enough to appreciate, but the illuminated Missals of the thirteenth century I thought admirable, both for the coloring and the

drawing, and as exquisitely finished as any miniature. The entrance to Rome through the Porta del Popolo appeared very fine, but I was disappointed in the first distant view of the city from the hill of Viterbo. I passed Radifocani in the dark, and saw little to admire in the Lake of Bolsena or the surrounding country. The women throughout Italy appear very handsome, one quite beautiful at Siena.

March 30th.—This morning I awoke very early, and could not rest till I had seen St. Peter's; so set off in a hackney-coach, drove by the Piazza della Colonna and the Castle of St. Angelo (which burst upon me unexpectedly as I turned on the bridge), and got out as soon as St. Peter's was in sight. My first feeling was disappointment, but as I advanced toward the obelisk, with the fountains on each side, and found myself in that ocean of space with all the grand objects around, delight and admiration succeeded. As I walked along the piazza and then entered the church, I felt that sort of breathless bewilderment which was produced in some degree by the first sight of the Alps. Much as I expected I was not disappointed. St. Peter's sets criticism at defiance; nor can I conceive how anybody can do any thing but admire and wonder there, till time and familiarity with its glories shall have subjected the imagination to the judgment. I then came home and went with Morier to take a cursory view of the city and blunt the edge of curiosity. In about five hours I galloped over the Forum, Coliseum, Pantheon, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Vatican, and several arches and obelisks. I cannot tell which produced the greatest impression, St. Peter's or the Coliseum; but if I might only have seen one it should be the Coliseum, for there can be nothing of the same kind besides.¹

They only who have seen Rome can have an idea of the grandeur of it and of the wonders it contains, the treasures of art and the records of antiquity. Of course I had the same general idea of there being much to see that others have, but was far from being prepared for the reality, which exceeds my most sanguine expectations. The Vatican alone would require years to be examined as it deserves. It is remarkable, however, how the pleasure of the imagination arising from antiquities depends upon their accidents. The

¹ Of the same kind there is, at Pompeii, but not near so fine; more perfect as a specimen, far less beautiful as an object. And the amphitheatre at Verona, but that is very inferior.

busts, statues, columns, tombs, and fragments of all sorts, are heaped together in such profusion at the Vatican that the eyes ache at them, the senses are bewildered, and we regard them (with some exceptions) almost exclusively as objects of art, and do not feel the interest which, separately, they might inspire by their connection with remote ages, whereas there is scarcely one of those, if it were now to be discovered, that would not excite the greatest curiosity, and be, in the midst of the ruins to which it belongs, an object of far greater interest than a finer production which had taken its splendid but frigid position in this collection. We went to the Sistine Chapel, and saw Michael Angelo's frescoes, which Sir Joshua Reynolds says are the finest paintings in the world, and which the unlearned call great rude daubs. I do not pretend to the capacity of appreciating their merits, but was very much struck with the ease, and grace, and majesty of some of the figures; it was, however, too dark to see the "Last Judgment." I ended by St. Peter's again, where there were many devout Catholics praying round the illuminated tomb of the Apostle, and many foolish English poking into it to stare and ask questions, the answers to which they did not understand. I have but one fault to find, and that is with the Glory, a miserable transparency in the great window opposite the entrance, throwing a yellow light upon the Dove, which has the most paltry effect, and is utterly unworthy of the grandeur of such a place.

April 1st.—Yesterday morning at nine o'clock went with Edward Cheney and George Hamilton to Frascati to dine with Henry Fox, who has got a villa there. As soon as we arrived Cheney and I walked over to Grotta Ferrata to see Domenichino's frescoes. The convent is about a mile and a half off, large, formerly rich, full of monks, and a fortress; also the scene of various miracles performed by St. Nilo, the founder and patron saint; now tenanted by a few beggarly friars, and part of it let to Prince Gagarin, the Russian Minister, as a villa. Domenichino sought and found an asylum there in consequence of some crime he had committed or debt he had incurred; he staid there two years, and in return for the hospitality of the monks adorned their chapel with (some think) the finest frescoes in the world. They are splendid pictures, and all painted by his own hand.

At dinner we had Hortense, the ex-Queen of Holland, her son, Prince Louis Napoleon, her lady in waiting, Lady Sand-

wich and her daughter, Cheney, Hamilton, Lord Lovaine, and Fordwich. We dined in the garden, but there was too much wind for a *fête champêtre*. Hortense is not near so ugly as I expected, very unaffected and gay, and gives herself no royal airs. The only difference between her and anybody else was that, after dinner, when she rose from table, her own servant presented her with a finger-glass and water, which nobody else had. She is called Madame.

We returned by moonlight, and though I did not go into the Coliseum, because the moon was not full enough, it looked fine, and the light shining through the lower arches had a beautiful effect. This morning went a long round of sights—Caesar's Palace, of which there are no remains but fragments of walls; it really does "grovel on earth in indistinct decay." Caracalla's Baths, which are stupendous; the *custode* showed us a room in which were heaped up bits of marble of all sorts and sizes, fragments of columns and friezes; and he told us that they never excavated without finding something. And Titus's Baths, less magnificent but equally curious, because they contain the remains of the Golden House of Nero, on which Titus built his *Thermæ*. The ruins are, in fact, part of the Golden House, for the *Thermæ* have been altogether destroyed. Then to the Capitol, Forum, Temple of Vesta, *Fortuna Virilis*, and other places, with Morier. The Capitol contains an interesting collection of busts and statues of all the Emperors, most famous characters of ancient Rome and Greece together, with various magnificent objects of art. By dint of repeatedly seeing their effigies, one becomes acquainted with the faces of these worthies. These tastes grow upon one strangely at Rome, and there is a sort of elevation arising from this silent intercourse with the "great of old."

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled,
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints who taught, and led the way to heaven.

TICKELL.

There has been a wrangle about the Borghese Gardens which the Prince ordered to be shut up; the Government remonstrated, and a correspondence ensued which ended in their being reopened to the public, whom he has no right to exclude. Paul V. gave the Borghese Gardens to his nephew

(Aldobrandini) with a condition that they should always be open to the public, which they have been from then till now. They were a part of the Cenci property, which was immense, and confiscated by an enormous piece of injustice.

April 3d.—Went on Thursday to Lady Mary Deerhurst's and the Duchess Torlonia's, where all the English in Rome (or rather all the most vulgar) were assembled. Yesterday morning to the Colonna Palace, Museum of the Capitol, Baths of Diocletian, now Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which are very remarkable because built on the baths, of which it has preserved the form; San Pietro in Vincoli, San Bernardo, all built on the site and amid the ruins of Titus's and Vespasian's Baths; in various parts the old pavement is preserved, which shows how magnificent they must have been, for it is all of giallo, verd antique, porphyry, etc. To the garden of the Maronite Convent to see the Coliseum, whence there is the finest view of it in Rome. Then to the Coliseum, and walked all over the ruins while a parcel of friars with covered faces were chanting and praying at each of the altars in succession round the circle below (called the Via Crucis).

I called yesterday morning on M. de la Ferronnays, the French Ambassador, who was very civil and obliging. Dined in the evening with Lord Haddington, Lovaine, Morier, Prince Gagarin the Russian Minister, Cheney, and M. Dedel. After dinner George Hamilton came in and said that Lady Northampton had died suddenly at five o'clock. I never saw her, but they say she was a very good sort of woman, and remarkably clever, which good sort of women seldom are. She had written a poem full of genius and imagination. Lord Northampton was absent at a *scavo* he has forty miles off.

There has been no rain here for two months, and the clouds of dust are insupportable; as it is the town in Europe best supplied with water (there are three aqueducts; the ancients had sixteen) so it is the worst watered. The excavations which are going on (though languidly) are always producing something. Two busts, said to be fine, were found the day before yesterday at the Borghese Villa at Frascati.

I saw yesterday at San Pietro in Vincoli Michael Angelo's famous "Moses." It may be very fine, but to my eye is merely a colossal statue; the two horns are meant to represent rays of light; but how can rays of light be represented in marble, any more than the breath? It is impossible to make marble imitate that which is impalpable. The beard is ropy and

unnatural; it is, however, an imposing sort of figure. But I am more sensible to painting than to sculpture. I delight in almost every thing of Domenichino's, who is only inferior (if inferior) to Raphael. As to Michael Angelo, he speaks a language the unlearned do not understand; his merit, acknowledged to be transcendent as it is by all artists, cannot be questioned; but he must serve as a model to form future excellence, and not be expected to produce present delight, except to those who, by long study, have learnt to comprehend and appreciate him.

Evening.—This morning to the tomb of the Scipios, Catacombs, Cecilia Metalla (from which I wonder they don't take the battlements), the Circus of Maxentius, Temple of Bacchus, the Fountain of Egeria, San Stefano Rotondo, Temple of Pallas, Arches of Drusus and Dollabella, and the Borghese Villa and Gardens. The ruins of the Gaetani Castle are rather picturesque, but they spoil the tomb, which would be far finer without its turrets. The Circus is as curious as any thing I have seen, for it looks like a fresh ruin. Old Torlonia furbished it up at his own expense, and brought to light the inscription which proved it to be Maxentius's instead of Caracalla's Circus. The remains are so perfect that it is easy to trace the whole arrangement of the ancient games. Forsyth says very truly that the Fountain of Egeria is a mere trough; but everybody praises the water, which is delicious, and it falls with a murmur which invites to idleness and contemplation. This fountain has been beautifully sung, but it is a miserable ruin, ill-deserving of such strains.

In vallum Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
Dissimiles veris—quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.

JUVENAL.

A little wood of firs, and pines, and ilexes, about thirty or forty years old, is pointed out as the grove in which Numa used to meet the nymph. In all the views on one side Soracte is a striking object, as it

From out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing.

I like this side of Rome, where the aqueducts stride over the Campagna, and the ruins of the mighty Claudian tower

over the pigmy arches of the Pope, like the genius of ancient over that of modern Rome. The Borghese is the *beau idéal* of a villa; lofty, spacious apartments, adorned with statues, busts, and marbles, painting and gilding, and magnificent gardens; but deserted by its owner, who has only been there once in the last thirty years, and untenable in the summer from malaria, which is very unaccountable, for it is close to Rome, high, and full of trees; but nobody knows any thing about the malaria. The Gardens are the fashionable lounge, but after June nobody can walk there. Though the Prince never comes here, he has just bought a large piece of ground between the Porta del Popolo and the Gardens, and is making a handsome entrance, has already built gates and some ugly Egyptian imitations, and is making a waterfall. I dined with Lady William Russell, and set off to go to Queen Hortense in the evening, but found so few carriages in the court, that we would not go in.

April 4th.—To the Sistine Chapel for the ceremonies of Palm Sunday; we got into the body of the chapel, not without difficulty; but we saw M. de la Ferronays in his box, and he let us in (Morier and me). It was only on a third attempt I could get there, for twice the Papal halberdiers thrust me back, and I find since it is lucky they did not do worse; for upon some occasion one of them knocked a cardinal's eye out, and, when he found who he was, begged his pardon, and said he had taken him for a bishop. Here I had a fine opportunity of seeing the frescoes, but they are covered with dirt, the "Last Judgment" neither distinguishable nor intelligible to me. The figures on the ceiling and walls are very grand even to my ignorance. The music (all vocal) beautiful, the service harmoniously chanted, and the responsive bursts of the chorus sublime. The cardinals appeared a wretched set of old twaddlers, all but about three in extreme decrepitude—Odescalchi, who is young and a good preacher, Gregorio, Capellari [afterward Pope Gregory XVI.]. On seeing them, and knowing that the sovereign is elected by and from them, nobody can wonder that the country is so miserably governed. These old creatures, on the demise of a Pope, are as full of ambition and intrigue as in the high and palmy days of the Papal power. Rome and its territory are certainly worth possessing, though the Pontifical authority is so shorn of its beams; but the fact is that the man who is elected does not always

govern the country,¹ and he is condemned to a life of privation and seclusion. An able or influential cardinal is seldom elected. The parties in the Conclave usually end by a compromise, and agree to elect some cardinal without weight or influence, and there are not now any Sixtus the Fifths to make such an arrangement hazardous. Austria, Spain, and France, have all vetoes, and Portugal claims and exercises one when she can. To this degradation Rome is now obliged to submit. The most influential of the cardinals is Albani.² At the last election the Papal crown was offered to Cardinal Caprara, but Albani stipulated that he should make him Secretary of State; Caprara refused to promise, and Albani procured the election of the present Pope (who did not desire or expect the elevation), became Secretary of State (being eighty), and governs the country. He is rich and stingy. The great Powers still watch the proceedings of the Conclave with jealousy; and though it is difficult to conceive how the Pope can assist any one of them to the detriment of another, an Ambassador will put his veto upon any cardinal whom he thinks unfavorable to his nation; this produces all sorts of trickery, for when the Conclave want to elect a man who is obnoxious to Austria, for example, they choose another whom they think is equally so (but whom they do not really wish to elect), that the veto may be expended upon him, for each Government has one veto only. The last veto absolutely put was on Cardinal —, who was elected on the death of Pius VII. He had behaved very rudely to the Empress Maria Louisa when she took refuge in the north of Italy, after the downfall of Napoleon, thinking it was a good moment to bully the abdicated Emperor's wife. She complained to her father, who promised her the Cardinal never should be Pope. He was a young and ambitious man, and the veto killed him with vexation and disappointment.

¹ This, from what I have heard since, was not true of the last Pope, Leo XII., who was an odious, tyrannical bigot, but a man of activity, talent, and strength of mind, a good man of business, and his own Minister. He was detested here, and there are many stories of his violent exertions of authority. He was a sort of bastard Sixtus V., but at an immense distance from that great man, "following him of old, with steps unequal." He used, however, to interfere with the private transactions of society, and banish and imprison people, even of high rank, for immorality.

² Albani holds the Austrian veto, and is supported by her authority. But I have heard that, since Clement XI., who was an Albani, there has always been a powerful Albani faction in the Conclave. This cardinal is enormously rich and the head of his house. The Duke of Modena is his nephew, and it is generally thought will be his heir.

Went and walked about St. Peter's, and was surprised to find how very little longer it is than St. Paul's. To the Farnese Palace, built by Paul III. out of the ruins of the Coliseum, which now, with all the Farnese property, belongs to the King of Naples, and is consequently going to decay. It got into his hands by the marriage of a King of Naples with the last heiress of the house of Farnese. The Neapolitan property here consists of the Farnese and Farnesina Palaces, the Orti Farnesiani, and the Villa Madama, all in a wretched state; and the Orti, in which there are probably great remains, they will not allow to be excavated. Many of the fine things are gone to Naples, but a few remain, most of which came out of the *Therma* of Caracalla, and originally from the Villa of Adrian. These two, principally the one through the other, have been the great mines from which the existing treasures of art were drawn. The frescoes in this palace are beautiful—a gallery by Annibal and Agostino Caracci, with a few pictures by Domenichino, Guido, and Lanfranco. Annibal Caracci's are as fine as any I have seen; also a little cabinet picture, painted entirely by Annibal, which is exquisite.

As we were going to this palace we drove by the Cancellaria (which was likewise built out of the Coliseum), and heard by accident that a dead cardinal (Somaglia) was lying in state there. Somaglia was Secretary of State in Leo's time. Having seen all the living cardinals, we thought we might as well complete our view of the Sacred College with the dead one, and went up. After a great deal of knocking we were admitted to a private view half an hour before the public was let in. He had been embalmed, and lay on a bed under a canopy on an inclined plane, full dressed in cardinal's robes, new shoes on, his face and hands uncovered, the former looking very fresh (I believe he was rouged), his fingers black, but on one of them was an emerald ring, candles burning before the bed, and the window-curtains drawn. He was 87 years old, but did not look so much, and had a healthier appearance in death than half the old walking mummies we had seen with palms in their hands in the morning.

Took a look at Pasquin, who had nothing but advertisements pasted upon him. I had seen Marphorius in the Capitol; there has long been an end to the witty dialogues of the days of Sixtus V., so quaintly told by Leti; they are so little "birds of a feather" (for Pasquin is a mutilated fragment, Marphorius a colossal statue of the ocean) that, residing as

they did at different parts of the town, it is difficult to understand how they ever came to converse with each other at all. I remember one of the best of his stories. Sixtus V. made his sister a princess, and she had been a washer-woman. The next day Pasquin appeared with a dirty shirt on. Marphorius asks him "why he wears such foul linen;" and he answers "that his washer-woman has been made a princess, and he can't get it washed."

To the Farnesina: Raphael's frescoes, the famous Galatea, and the great head which Michael Angelo painted on the wall, as it is said as a hint to Raphael that he was too minute. There it is, just as he left it. Here Raphael painted the Transfiguration, and here the Fornarina was shut up with him that he might not run away from his work. It might be thought that to shut up his mistress with him was not the way to keep him to his work. Be that as it may, the plan was a good one which produced these frescoes and the Transfiguration.

I very nearly forgot to mention the Palazzo Spada, where we went to see the famous statue of Pompey, which was found on the spot where the Senate-House formerly stood, and which is (as certainly as these things can be certain) the identical statue at the foot of which Cæsar fell.

Muffling his face within his robe
Ev'n at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

People doubt this statue, because it is not like his busts. There is certainly no resemblance to the bust I have seen, which represents Pompey as a fat, vulgar-looking man with a great double chin. It is impossible for the coldest imagination to look at this statue without interest, for it calls up a host of recollections and associations, standing before you unchanged from the hour when Cæsar folded his robe round him and "consented to death" at its base. Those who cannot feel this had better not come to Rome. Cardinal Spada was Secretary of State when this statue was found, and Julius III. (Giocchi del Monti, 1550) made him a present of it.

The Temple of Bacchus is one of the most remarkable objects in Rome; it is not in the least altered, merely turned into a Christian church, and some saints, etc., painted on the walls. The mosaic ceiling and the pavement are just the same

as when it was devoted to the worship of the jolly god. The mosaics are beautiful, and perfect models of that sort of ceiling. The pavement is covered with names and other scribblings cut out upon it, all ancient Roman. Not a column has been removed or mutilated. The fact is, Rome possesses several complete specimens of places of heathen worship; this temple, the Pantheon, and San Stefano Rotondo, are perfect in the inside, the Pantheon within and without, Vesta and Fortuna Virilis perfect on the outside.

In the Rospigliosi Palace is the famous Aurora of Guido. It is in excellent preservation, and three artists were copying it in oils. One copy was just finished, and admirably done, for which the painter asked forty louis. I begin to like frescoes better than oils; there is such a life and brilliancy about them. At the Quirinal, which was fitted up for the King of Rome and inhabited by the Emperor of Austria, we saw every thing but the Pope's apartments. It is a delightful house, and commands a charming view of Rome. The Pope always goes there the last day of the Holy Week, and stays there all the summer. Nothing can be more melancholy than his life as described by the *custode*; he gets up very early, lives entirely alone and with the greatest simplicity. In short, it shows what a strange thing ambition is, which will sacrifice the substantial pleasures of life for the miserable shadow of grandeur. Coming home we stopped by accident at the Capuchins, and looked in to see Guido's St. Michael, with which I was disappointed till I looked at it from a distance. We then went to their catacombs, the most curious place I ever saw. There are a series of chapels in the cloisters, or rather compartments of one chapel, entirely fitted up with human bones arranged symmetrically and with all sorts of devices. They are laid out in niches, and each niche is occupied by the skeleton of a friar in the robes of his order; a label is attached to it with the name of the skeleton and the date of his death. Beneath are mounds of earth, each tenanted by a dead friar with similar labels. When a friar dies, the oldest buried friar, or rather his skeleton, is taken up and promoted to a niche, and the newly defunct takes possession of his grave; and so they go on in succession. I was so struck by this strange sight that, when I came home at night, I ventured on the following description of it:

THE CATACOMBS IN THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT.

In yonder chapel's melancholy shade,
Through which no wandering rays of daylight peep,
In strange and awful cemetery laid,
The ancient Fathers of the convent sleep.

No storied marble with monastic pride
Records the actions of their tranquil life,
Or tells how, fighting for their faith, they died
Unconquered martyrs of religious strife.

They are not laid in decent shroud and pall,
To wait, commingling with their kindred earth,
Th' Archangel's trumpet, whose dread blast shall call
The whole creation to a second birth.

But 'midst the mouldering relics of the dead
In shapes fantastic, which the brethren rear,
Profaned by heretic's unhallowed tread,
The monkish skeletons erect appear.

The cowl is drawn each ghastly skull around,
Each fleshless form's arrayed in sable vest,
About their hollow loins the cord is bound,
Like living Fathers of the Order drest.

And as the monk around this scene of gloom
The flick'ring lustre of his taper throws,
He says, "Such, stranger, is my destined tomb ;
Here, and with these, shall be my last repose."

At night I went with a party of English to see the Coliseum, but the moon was as English as the party, and gave a faint and feeble light. Still, with this dim moon it was inconceivably grand. The exquisite symmetry of the building appears better, and its vast dimensions are more developed by night. I long to see it with an Italian sky and full moon ; but not with a parcel of chattering girls, who only "flout the ruins gray."

April 9th.—On Wednesday called on Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, who lives at the top of the Tarpeian Rock, in a house commanding one of the best views of Rome. He has devoted himself to the study of Roman history and antiquities, and has the whole subject at his fingers' ends. He is really luminous, and his conversation equally amusing and instructive. He is about to publish a book about ancient and modern Rome, which, from what I hear, will be too minute and prolix. I then went to look at the Tarpeian Rock, but

the accumulation of earth has diminished its height—there is the Rock, but in a very obscure hole. It was probably twice as high as it is now. I think it is now about forty feet. Bunsen says that though the antiquaries pretend to point out the course of the ancient triumphal way, he does not think it can ever be ascertained. The only remains (only bits of foundations) of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, to which the conquerors ascended, are in the garden under his windows. He thinks the population of ancient Rome may be taken at two millions at its most flourishing period. It is curious that there are hardly any houses on the hills on which ancient Rome was built, and that there were none formerly where modern Rome stands—no private houses, only public buildings and temples.

To the Mamertine Prisons, probably not a stone of which has been changed from the time that Jugurtha was starved in them. The tradition about St. Peter and the well of course is not to be believed; but it is very odd there should be a well there when there are so few in Rome. To the Sistine Chapel with M. de la Ferronays, and very much disappointed with the music, which was not so good as on Sunday; nor was the ceremony accompanying the Miserere at all imposing. Yesterday morning to the Sistine again; prodigious crowd, music moderate. As soon as it was over we set off to see the benediction; and, after fighting, jostling, and squeezing through an enormous crowd, we reached the *loggia* over one side of the colonnade. The Piazza of St. Peter's is so magnificent that the sight was of necessity fine, but not near so much so as I had fancied. The people below were not numerous or full of reverence. Till the Pope appears the bands play and the bells ring, when suddenly there is a profound silence; the feathers are seen waving in the balcony, and he is borne in on his throne; he rises, stretches out his hands, blesses the people—URBI ET ORBI—and is borne out again. A couple of indulgences were tossed out, for which there is a scramble, and so it ends. Off we scampered, and, by dint of tremendous exertions, reached the hall in which the feet of the pilgrims are washed. The Pope could not attend, so the Cardinal Deacon officiated. No ceremony can be less imposing, but none more clean. Thirteen men are ranged on a bench—the thirteen represents the angel who once joined the party—dressed in new white caps, gowns, and shoes; each holds out his foot in succession;

an attendant pours a few drops of water on it from a golden jug which another receives in a golden basin; the cardinal wipes it with a towel, kisses the foot, and then gives the towel, a nosegay, and a piece of money to the pilgrim—the whole thing takes up about five minutes—certain prayers are said, and it is over. Then off we scampered again through the long galleries of the Vatican to another hall where the pilgrims dine. The arrangements for the accommodation of the Embassadors and strangers were so bad that all these passages were successive scenes of uproar, scrambling, screaming, confusion, and danger, and, considering that the ceremonies were all religious, really disgraceful. We got with infinite difficulty to another box, raised aloft in the hall, and saw a long table at which the thirteen pilgrims seated themselves; a cardinal in the corner read some prayers, which nobody listened to, and another handed the dishes to the pilgrims, who looked neither to the right nor the left, but applied themselves with becoming gravity to the enjoyment of a very substantial dinner. The whole hall was filled with people, all with their hats on, chattering and jostling, and more like a ring of blacklegs and blackguards at Tattersal's than respectable company at a religious ceremony in the palace of the Pope. There remained the cardinals' dinner, but I had had more than enough, and came away hot, jaded, and disgusted with the whole affair.

In the evening I went to St. Peter's when I was amply recompensed for the disappointment and bore of the morning. The church was crowded; there was a Miserere in the chapel, which was divine, far more beautiful than any thing I have heard in the Sistine, and it was the more effective because at the close it really was night. The lamps were extinguished at the shrine of the Apostle, but one altar—the altar of the Holy Sepulchre—was brilliantly illuminated. Presently the Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Gregorio, with his train, entered, went and paid his devotions at this shrine, and then seated himself on the chair of the Great Confessional, took a golden wand, and touched all those who knelt before him. Then came a procession of pilgrims bearing muffled crosses; penitents with faces covered, in white, with tapers and crosses; and one long procession of men headed by these muffled figures, and another of women accompanied by ladies, a lady walking between every two pilgrims. The cross in the procession of women was carried by the Princess Orsini, one of

the greatest ladies in Rome. They attended them to the church (the Trinità delle Pellegrine) and washed their feet and fed them. A real washing of dirty feet. Both the men and the women seemed of the lowest class, but their appearance and dresses were very picturesque. These processions entered St. Peter's, walked all round the church, knelt at the altars, and retired in the same order, filing along the piazza till they were lost behind the arches of the colonnades. As the shades of night fell upon the vast expanse of this wonderful building it became really sublime; "the dim religious light" glimmering from a distant altar, or cast by the passing torches of the procession, the voices of the choir as they sang the Miserere swelling from the chapel, which was veiled in dusk, and with no light but that of the taper half hid behind the altar, with the crowds of figures assembled round the chapel moving about in the obscurity of the aisles and columns, produced the most striking effect I ever beheld. It was curious, interesting, and inspiring—little of mummary and much of solemnity. The night here brings out fresh beauties, but of the most majestic character. There is a color in an Italian twilight that I have never seen in England, so soft, and beautiful, and gray, and the moon rises "not as in northern climes obscurely bright," but with far-spreading rays around her. The figures, costume, and attitudes that you see in the churches are wonderfully picturesque. I went afterward to the Gesù, where there was a tiresome service (the Tre Ore), and heard a Jesuit preaching with much passion and emphasis, but could not understand a word he said. So then I called on Cheney and saw his mother's illustrations of Milton, which are admirable, full of genius.

At night.—To St. Peter's, where the Miserere was not so good as last night. It was reported that the Pope was coming to St. Peter's, and the Swiss Guards lined the nave, but he did not arrive. Formerly, when the Cross was illuminated, he used to come with all the cardinals to adore it. Now the cardinals (or rather some of them) came and adored the Cross and the relics belonging to the church, which were exhibited in succession from one of the balconies—a bit of the true Cross, Santa Veronica's bloody handkerchief, and others. There were, as the night before, several fraternities of penitents, some in black, others in white or brown, all disguised by long hoods, but there was to-night one of the most striking and remarkable exhibitions I ever beheld.

The Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Gregorio, again took his seat in the chair of the Great Confessional. All those who have been absolved after confession by their priest, and who present themselves before him, are touched with his golden wand, in token of confirmation of the absolution, and here again that quality which I have so often remarked as one of the peculiar characteristics of the Catholic religion is very striking. Men and women, beggars and princesses, present themselves indiscriminately; they all kneel in a row, and he touches them in succession. In the churches there seem to be no distinctions of rank; no one, however great or rich, is contaminated by the approximation of poverty and rags. But to return to the Confessional. There are some crimes of such enormity that absolution for them can only be granted by the Pope himself, who delegates his power to the Grand Penitentiary, and he receives such confessions in the chair in which he was seated to-day. They are, however, very rare; but this evening, after he had finished touching the people, a man, dressed like a peasant in a loose brown frock, worsted stockings, and brogues, apparently of the lowest order, dark, ill-looking, and squalid, approached the Confessional to reveal some great crime. The confession was very long, so was the admonition of the Cardinal which followed it. The appearance of the Cardinal is particularly dignified and noble, and, as he bent down his head, joining it to that of this ruffian-like figure, listening with extreme patience and attention, and occasionally speaking to him with excessive earnestness, while the whole surrounding multitude stood silently gazing at the scene, all conscious that some great criminal was before them, but none knowing the nature of the crime, it was impossible not to be deeply interested and impressed with such a spectacle. Nothing could exceed the patience of the Cardinal and the intensity with which he seemed absorbed in the tale of the penitent. When it was over he wiped his face, as if he had been agitated by what he heard. It was impossible not to feel that be the balance for or against confession (which is a difficult question to decide, though I am inclined to think the balance is against) it is productive of some good effects, and, though susceptible of enormous abuses, is a powerful instrument of good when properly used. I have no doubt it is largely abused, but it is the most powerful weapon of the Romish Church, the one, I believe, by which it principally lives, moves, and has its

being. That penitence must be real, and of a nature to be worked upon, which can induce a man to come forward in the face of multitudes and exhibit himself as the perpetrator of some atrocious though unknown crime.

At night I went to the Trinità dei Pellegrini to see the pilgrims at supper. The washing of the feet was over; a cardinal performs it with the men, and ladies with the women, but it is no mere ceremony as at the Vatican; they really do wash and scrub the dirty feet perhaps of about a dozen of them each night. I saw the room in which they were just clearing away the apparatus and collecting piles of dirty towels. The pilgrims sit on benches; under their feet are a number of small wooden tubs, with cocks to turn the water into them, and there they are washed. Afterward they go to supper, and then to bed. The men sup in a very long hall—most curious figures, and natives of half the world. The Cardinal Camerlengo¹ says grace and cuts the meat. They are waited upon by gentlemen and priests, and have a very substantial meal. The women are treated in the same way.² No men are admitted to their hall, but we contrived to get to the door and saw it all. The Princess Orsini and a number of Roman ladies were there (who had been washing feet) with aprons on, waiting upon them at supper. Their dormitories were spacious, clean, and sweet, though the beds were crowded together. The pilgrims are kept there from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday, when they are dismissed. Their numbers are generally about 250 or 300. The funds of the establishment are supplied by private subscriptions, legacies, and donations, the names of the benefactors, with the amount of their contributions, being recorded on boards hung

¹ Minister of the Interior and Chamberlain; but Gonsalvi deprived the Camerlengo of his Ministerial functions, and joined them to the Secretaryship of State, and so it has since remained.

² I met Lady —, a very tiresome woman, a day or two after, who had been to see this ceremony, and was most devoutly edified by the humility and charity of the ladies. She told me a very old woman put out her foot to her, thinking she was one of them, and begged her to be very careful, as she had got some sores produced by the itch; but, as it formed no part of her Protestant duty, she turned her over to the Princess Orsini, who handled this horrid old leg with great tenderness; and afterward, when the same Princess was handed into the other apartment to see the male pilgrims at supper, by an attendant in the livery which they all wore, this attendant turned out to be Prince Corsini. It sounds very fine, but, after all, I don't think there is much in it. It is ostentatious charity and humility, and, though rather disgusting and disagreeable, it is the fashion, and those who do it are set up in a capital stock of piety and virtue. It may be both cause and effect of great moral excellence, but I think it questionable.

up in the hall. There were a great many spectators, but the whole ceremony was ordered with regularity and decency, which is more than can be said for those of the Vatican. I walked to night to St. Peter's, to look at it by moonlight. From every point of view it is magnificent; the stillness of the night is broken only by the waters of the fountains, which glitter in the moonbeams like sheets of molten silver. The obelisk, the façade, the cupola, and the columns, all contribute to the grandeur and harmony of the scene; but every thing at Rome should be seen at night. The Castle of St. Angelo, the Tiber, and the Bridge, are all wonderfully fine in these bright nights.

April 10th.—In the morning to St. John Lateran, where, as my *laquais de place* said, "converted Jews, or Turks, or Lutherans," were baptized; got too late for the baptism, which I believe is a farce regularly got up, but heard the High Mass. The churches were crowded all this week with pilgrims, whose appearance is always very picturesque. Went into the cloisters, and was shown by the monk or priest (whichever he was) some very remarkable articles that they possess—a bit of the column on which the cock stood when he crowed after Peter's three denials; a slab showing the exact height of Jesus Christ, as he could just stand under it,¹ and two halves which had once been a whole column, but which was broken when the veil of the Temple was rent on the death of Christ. The column is adorned with sculpture, which they say is Jewish, and was brought to Rome with the Holy Stairs. Then to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, where they were performing High Mass, with many assistants and a full choir, but without a congregation; there were not six people in the church. To Minerva Medica, a questionable and uninteresting ruin, and besides falling to pieces. To the Barberini Palace, where there is little besides the Cenci, which is worth going any distance to see. To the Doria, a magnificent palace, with an immense number of pictures, and some very fine ones, which I was hurried through. To the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, which is in the middle of the wall of Aurelian, and forms the back of a very pretty Protestant burial ground, the greatest number of those who have been buried there being of course English. It is on the side of a hill with high, turreted walls behind it.

¹ He must have been just six feet high.

There are two rows of white marble tombs, whose diminutive proportions form a contrast with the enormous sepulchre of the Roman. Round some of the tombstones rose-trees and other shrubs have been planted, and all but one adorned with epitaphs and inscriptions in Latin, English, German, and Italian. That one is the tomb of the pretty Miss Bathurst who was drowned in the Tiber. Her mother was to have returned to Rome and supply the epitaph, but she has never come, and it has not even her name inscribed upon it. I copied the following, which are apparently intended for Latin verses, from one of the tombs—of Frederica Ursulina Arabella de Montmorency, by her father, Colonel Raymond Henry de Montmorency, whose feelings set quantity at defiance :

Frederica quæ claris fueram prælata puellis
Illa ego hæc brevi condita sum tumulo ;
Cui formam pulcherrimam, charites tribuere decoram
Quam Deus cunctis artibus erudit.

Clambered up Monte Testaccio, from which the view is beautiful, and then went on to the ruins of San Paolo fuori le Mura. The church, which was the finest in Rome except St. Peter's, was entirely destroyed by fire ; but although it is near three miles from the gates, and not the least wanted, and that there are hundreds of churches, half of which seldom or never have congregations to fill them, they are already rebuilding this at an enormous cost, and the priest told me, to my great disgust, that they had got all the materials ready, and in ten years they expected the work to be finished. There are plenty of fools found to contribute to the expense, the greatest part of which, however, is supplied by the Government. It is to be built just as it was before, but they cannot replace the enormous marble columns which were its principal ornament. To a church to hear the Armenian Mass. The priests arrived in splendid Oriental dresses, but I did not stay it out. Walked to the Borghese Gardens, the fine weather being something of which no description can convey an idea, and in it the beauty of Rome and its gardens and environs are equally indescribable. Groups of pilgrims in their odd dresses, with staves, and great bundles on their heads, were lounging about, or lying under the trees. At night to the Coliseum (but the moon never will shine properly), and back by the Forum and the Capitol. The columns in the Forum look beautiful, but St. Peter's gains at least as much as the

ancient ruins by the light of the moon. The views from different hills, and sunset from the Pincian in such weather as this, and with spring bursting in every direction, are things never to be forgotten.

Sunday.—High Mass in St. Peter's, which was crowded. I walked about the church to see the groups and the extraordinary and picturesque figures moving through the vast space. They are to the last degree interesting: in one place hundreds prostrate before an altar—pilgrims, soldiers, beggars, ladies, gentlemen, old and young in every variety of attitude, costume, and occupation. The benediction was much finer than on Thursday, the day magnificent, the whole piazza filled with a countless multitude, all in their holiday dresses, and carriages in the background to the very end. The troops forming a brilliant square in the middle, the immense population and variety of costume, the weather, and the glorious locality, certainly made as fine a spectacle as can possibly be seen. The Pope is dressed in white, with the triple crown on his head; two great fans of feathers, exactly like those of the Great Mogul, are carried on each side of him. He sits aloft on his throne, and is slowly borne to the front of the balcony. The moment he appears there is a dead silence, and every head is bared. When he rises, the soldiers all fall on their knees, and some, but only a few, of the spectators. The distance is so great that he looks like a puppet, and you just see him move his hands and make some signs. When he gives the blessing—the sign of the cross—the cannon fires. He blesses the people twice, remains perhaps five minutes in the balcony, and is carried out as he came in.

The numbers who come to the benediction are taken as a test of the popularity of the Pope, though I suppose the weather has a good deal to do with it. Leo XII. was very unpopular from his austerity, and particularly his shutting up the wine-shops. The first time he gave the benediction; after that measure hardly anybody came to be blessed.

At night.—The illumination of St. Peter's is as fine as I was told it was, and that is saying every thing. I saw it from the Pincian, from the windows of the French Academy, and Horace Vernet's room. He is established in the Villa Medici; a very lively little fellow, and making a great deal of money as director of the Academy and by his paintings. His daughter is very pretty. Here I met Savary, the Duc de Rovigo, a tall, stout, vulgar-looking man. We were intro-

duced, and conversed on French politics. Afterward drove down to the piazza and round it. The illumination is more effective at a distance, but I think it looks best from the entrance to the piazza and the Bridge of St. Angelo; the blaze of light, the crowd, and the fountains, covered with a red glare, made altogether the most splendid sight in the world. (One poor devil was killed, and there is almost always some accident.) Eight hundred men are employed in illuminating St. Peter's; the first pale and subdued light, which covers the whole church, is brought out by the darkness of night, the little lamps being lit in the daytime. The blazing lights which succeed are made by large pots of grease with wicks in them; there is one man to every two lamps. On a given signal, each man touches his two lamps as quick as possible, so that the whole building bursts into light at once, by a process the effect of which is quite magical—literally, as the Rejected Addresses say, "Starts into light, and makes the lighter start."

April 12th.—At night, at Torlonia's, to see the girandola, which is as fine as fireworks can be; but nothing will do after the illumination of St. Peter's. All the world was there at an assembly after the ceremony, at which I was introduced to Don Michele Gaetani, said to be the cleverest man in Rome, and I had a long conversation with Monsignore Spada, who is a young layman with ecclesiastical rank and costume, and a judge. A Monsignore holds ecclesiastical rank at Rome, as a Lady of the Bedchamber at St. Petersburg holds military rank, where she is a major-general; there is no other. He is free to marry, and I presume to do any thing else; but he must preserve a certain orthodox gravity of dress and conduct; he is a curious nondescript, about an equal mixture of the cardinal and the dandy. This Monsignore is a very clever, agreeable man, and gave me some information about the administration of law in this country. There seems to be a good deal of laxity in it, for a man was condemned for stabbing another (with premeditation), a little while ago, to six months' imprisonment, or more perhaps; and, having been George Hamilton's *laquais de place*, his family came to him and begged him to try and get him off. He applied to Spada, and got the punishment commuted to some trifling imprisonment, and when he got out he came, with all his family, to kiss Hamilton's hand.

April 13th.—Breakfasted with Bunsen at the Capitol;

Lovaine, Morier, Haddington, Hamilton, Kestner, Falck, G. Fitzclarence, Sir W. Gell, a little Italian servant, and Mr. Hall, Bunsen's brother-in-law. Haddington told the story of Canning's sending to Bagot a dispatch in cipher, containing these lines:

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal protection the French are content:
So we'll lay on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.

Chorus of Officers.—We'll lay, etc.

Chorus of Douaniers.—Nous frapperons Falck avec
Twenty per cent.

He received the dispatch at dinner, and sent it to be deciphered. After some hours, they brought him word they did not know what to make of it, for it seemed to be in verse, when he at once saw there was a joke.

Went to see the excavations in the Via Triumphalis and the Temple of Concord, and heard Bunsen's theory of the Forum. Bunsen gives different names to the remains of the temples in the Forum from those which have been usually given, and by which they are known, and on very plausible grounds, drawn chiefly from accounts in different Roman authors and peculiarities in the buildings themselves. The Temple of Fortune, he thinks, was the Basilica of Augustus, and the Temple of Jupiter Tonans the Temple of Saturn; but all his reasons I need not put down, if I could remember them, for are they not written in the voluminous work he is going to publish in four or six volumes octavo.

Bunsen's history is rather curious. He was a poor German student destined for the Church; came to Rome, and got employed by Niebuhr, from whom he first got a taste for antiquities. The King of Prussia came to Rome and saw him; he was struck with his knowledge and the character he heard of him, and consulted him about a new Liturgy he wished to introduce in Prussia. Bunsen gave him so much satisfaction in that matter, as well as in some others which were intrusted to him, that on Niebuhr's return to Prussia he was appointed to succeed him, and has been at Rome ever since—thirteen years. Some say he is not a profound man, and that his speculations about the ruins are all wrong. He talks English, French, and Italian, like his own language.

The part of the triumphal road was discovered by accident in digging for a drain; and an attempt is being made to pro-

cure the permission of the Government to excavate all that can be found of it, and ascertain its exact course. It was in the Temple of Concord that Cicero assembled the Senate and pronounced one of his orations against Catiline. The building must have been large and magnificent, from the remains now visible, which are of the finest marble. The pavement is in a state of considerable preservation. Then we went to the old Tabularium, standing on the Interimontium, an undoubted work of the Republic. This was the place where the records of the Senate were kept. It is very perfect. Nibby, the great authority here, differs, however, about this place; the antiquaries are at daggers drawn upon the subject of the ruins, remains, and discoveries. They have all different systems, which they support with great vehemence and obstinacy, and perhaps ingenuity, but the ignorant and curious traveler is only perplexed with their noisy and discordant assertions. They will insist upon knowing every thing, whereas there are many things here which are so doubtful, that they can only conjecture about them; but when once they have published a theory they will not hear of its being erroneous, and oppose any fresh discovery likely to throw discredit upon it. After his lecture in the Forum we went to San Nicolo in Cercera, an old church built on three old temples, or two and a prison, but not much to see. The prison of San Nicolo in Cercera is said to be the scene of the story of the Roman daughter, which it probably is not. Over the Bridge of Fabricius to the Basilica of Saint Bartholomew and Temple of Esculapius; small remains, but curious; and very pretty view of the Tiber and Temple of Vesta. To the Villa Lanti, a delicious villa belonging to Prince Borghese, who never goes there, and will neither let nor lend it. One of the finest views of Rome is from the terrace, and Julio Romano's frescoes adorn the ceilings. When Raphael was painting the Vatican, he and Julio Romano used to retire every night to the Villa Lanti, and the ceilings are covered with frescoes painted by both of them. Just below is a terrace, and on it a beautiful tree called Tasso's Oak, because under it he used to sit and compose when he lived in the Convent of San Onofrio, which is close by, and where he died. This convent is remarkably clean, airy, and spacious. In the library is a bust of Tasso, a mask taken from his face just after he died; in the chapel his tomb.

And Tasso is their glory—

Hark to his strain and then survey his cell.—BYRON.

In the cloister are some frescoes of the universal Domenichino. I like the Convent of San Onofrio. To Santa Maria in Trastevere, a very fine church; splendid ceiling with a Domenichino in the middle. Immense granite columns of various orders taken from God knows what temples, and mosaic floor rich to a degree. Large pieces of porphyry and verd antique eternally trodden by the Trasteverine mob, and never even cleaned. It is a basilica, and at the end is an ancient stone chair, which was evidently the old justice-seat, though they of the Church do not know it.

April 14th.—Set off early to make up an arrear of churches. First to Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and lit upon the funeral of a cardinal (Bertazzoli), which I was obliged to see instead of Michael Angelo's Christ. All the cardinals attended; the church hung with black and gold; guards, tapers, mob, etc. Then to the SS. Apostoli, Araceli (built where the Citadel stood, and is a corruption of Arx, but with a legend); a curious church enough, with some fine frescoes of Pintoriccio, and the Chapel of the Virgin with hundreds of ex voto's hung round it, almost all wretched daubs of pictures, and principally representing accidents in gigs, carriages, or carts, broken heads or limbs. To Santa Anastasia, Santa Maria in Cosmedin, Santa Sabina. Santa Maria in Cosmedin, or the Bocca della Verità, built in and on the ruins of an old temple (di Pudicizia), is one of the best worth seeing in Rome; the columns, if freed from the modern church, would present as perfect a front as the temples in the Forum. To Monte Aventino to see the view of Rome and the Chapel of the Order of Malta, where Cardinal Zurla as Grand Prior has a most agreeable residence. The garden contains immense orange-trees and a very large palm. To San Gregorio to see the famous rival frescoes of Guido and Domenichino, which are much impaired. I began by liking Guido's and ended by liking the other best. The view of the Palatine from this convent is magnificent. To San Gregorio and San Paolo, and saw the ruins, which must have belonged to the Coliseum, for the architecture is exactly similar, and they have every appearance of having been the Vivarium from their shape. To the Corsini Palace, containing one of the best collections of pictures, of which the finest are two portraits of cardinals by Raphael and Domenichino. The palace is very fine, and the villa joins it on the opposite hill of the Janiculum, but both are affected by the malaria. Then to the Vatican and

saw all the frescoes and pictures; the collection of pictures is very small, but they are all masterpieces. To the gallery below to see the mosaics and the process of copying the great pictures. The colored bits are numbered, and though there are not above six or seven colors, the subdivisions of various shades amount to 18,000. This art is in a great degree mechanical, but requires ingenuity, attention, and some knowledge of painting. On the large pictures, such as those which are in St. Peter's, several men are employed at the same time, but on the lesser only one. It is very tedious, requiring years to copy one of the largest size. All the pictures in St. Peter's are in mosaic, except one, and they are at work on one which is to replace this single oil-piece. The studio appeared in good order, but there were only two men at work, as the Government spends very little money upon it at present. From one of the open galleries we (Morier and I) saw a thunder-storm, with gusts of wind, flashes of lightning, and rain. It was amazingly grand from that place as it swept over the city and made us "sharers in its fierce delight." Then to the Borghese Gardens, and back to one of those sunsets from the Pincian which will long be remembered among the smoke and fogs in which I am destined to live.

CHAPTER IX.

Lake of Albano—Velletri—Naples—Rapid Traveling in 1830—A Trial at Naples—Deciphering Manuscripts—Ball at the Duchessa d'Ebo's—Matti's Plot and Trial—Pompeii—Taking the Veil—Pausilippo—Baia—La Cava—Salerno—Pestum—Lazarini Museum of Naples—Grotto del Cane—The Camaldoli—Herculaneum—Vesuvius—Sorrento—Miracle of St. Januarius—Astroni—Farewell to Naples.

Velletri, April 15th.—Left Rome at nine o'clock this morning; at Albano procured an ancient rural cicerone, a boy, and two donkeys, and set out on the grand *giro* of the place. The road over the Campagna is agreeable, because the prospect roundabout is so fine, and the aqueducts stretching over the plain so grand. After climbing up to the Capuchin Convent, close to which are the remains of what is called Domitian's Theatre, we came to the lake, which is beautiful, but does not look large, and still less as if it had ever threatened Rome with destruction. There is a road

called the Upper Gallery, shaded by magnificent ilexes which leads to the Villa Barberini, a delicious garden, once Clodius's and afterward part of Domitian's Villa, containing many remains of former magnificence. This villa was probably the scene of the council described by Juvenal (Fourth Satire):

Misso proceres exire jubentur
Concilio, quos Albanam Dux magnus in arcem
Traxerat attonitos.

I could not make out that any excavations have ever been made here, though they would be certain of finding marbles. The road passes along the hill which overhangs the margin of the lake to Castel Gandolfo, and thence a path leads to the bottom, where are the Emissarium, the Nyphaeum (called the Baths of Diana), and a beautiful view of the lake, Monte Albano, and its towns. There is nothing more curious than the Emissarium, built with a solidity which has defied the effect of time, for it has never required reparations, and performs its office still as it did more than 2,000 years ago (393 years before the Christian era). Nothing is so incomprehensible as the magnitude and grandeur of the works of the Republic before it had acquired power, territory, or population. The Romans built as if they had an instinctive prescience of future greatness, and not even the pressure of immediate danger could induce them to sacrifice solidity to haste. After wondering at their enterprise and industry we may go and admire their subsequent luxury in the Baths of Diana, as the place is called, but which is evidently a natural cave improved into a delicious retreat by some inhabitant of one of the villas above. We mounted the hill and went by another road (called the Lower Gallery, shaded by the finest ilexes, elms, and oaks, which "high over-arched embower," and where there is one ilex which twelve men can hardly embrace) to the Doria Villa, once Pompey's and likewise Domitian's, who included both Clodius's and Pompey's in his own. There are no remains here, but some arabesques in a sort of grotto, which I suspect are modern. All their villas command views of the Campagna, the sea, Rome, and the mountains. It is no wonder Hannibal was deeply mortified when he looked down on Rome from these hills (the hills at least close by called the Prati d'Annibale) at having twice just missed taking it. Poetry and history contribute alike to the interest of this beautiful scenery. We met an English-

man, a single bird who had lost his covey, and had procured a guide who could not understand what he said. He wanted to go to Albano, and the man was taking him to the Emisarium. We put him right, but his fury in mixed Italian, French, and English was exceedingly comical. It was unlucky that we met him at the top instead of the bottom of the hill.

The road to Aricia, where Horace got such a bad dinner—

Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ
Hospitio modico—

is beautiful, and close to Gensano we went to look at the Lake of Nemi, which is very pretty, but not so grand as Albano. The peasantry are a fine race in these parts, and we met many men driving carts or riding asses who would not disgrace the most romantic group of banditti. The people were all working in the open air, and seemed very gay. There were few beggars, and not much rags and wretchedness.

Started from Velletri at six in the morning; went very quick over the Pontine Marshes (which form an avenue of about twenty miles, quite straight, shaded with trees, and with vegetation of remarkable luxuriance on each side) to Terracina (Anxur), where we breakfasted in a room looking upon the sea. The place is extremely pretty. Thence to Mola di Gaeta, which is very beautiful, but where we did not stop; and, after a very tiresome journey, got to Naples at two o'clock in the morning. Vesuvius was so obliging as to emit some flames as we passed by, just to show us his whereabouts. They were, however, his first and his last while I was at Naples.

Naples, April 18th.—I am disappointed with Naples. I looked for more life and gayety, a more delicious air, beautiful town, and picturesque lazzaroni, more of Punch, more smoke and flame from Vesuvius. It strikes me as less beautiful than Genoa, but these are only first impressions. The Bay and the Villa Reale, a garden along the sea, full of sweets and sea-breezes and shade, are certainly delightful. All the people seem anxious to cheat as much as they can, from the master of the inn to the driver of the hackney-coach. At present I don't feel disposed to stay here, and when I have seen Pæstum, Pompeii, and the environs, I shall be glad to get back to Rome. Sir Henry Lushington said at dinner yesterday he had seen at Naples a *Courier* newspaper of

that day week, produced by Rothschild and brought by one of his couriers. I came very fast, but was 236 hours on the road, including 20 hours' stoppage. This is 168 hours, which appears incredible, but "gold imp'd by Jews can compass hardest things."

April 19th.—I retract all I said about disappointment, for I have since seen Naples, and it is the most beautiful and the gayest town in the world. Yesterday morning with Morier I walked up to the Castle of St. Elmo and the Certosa; went over the chapel, which is full of costly marbles, and fine pictures, both in oil and fresco, particularly one by Spagnolet as fine as any at Rome or anywhere. Tasted the *custode's* lachryma Christi, which, if it be as good of the sort as he pretends, is middling stuff, but not bad with water. Saw all the views, which are magnificent. Walked down to the Villa Reale, which was crowded with people, and the Chiaja with carriages. Dined with Hill—half English and half foreigners—and went to the Opera; a very indifferent opera of Rossini, ill sung, called the "Siege of Corinth."

This morning at half-past eight we went to the Court of Justice to hear an extraordinary trial which excites great interest here. The proceedings of the day happened to be very uninteresting, not that it made much difference, for I could not understand a word anybody said, but I had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which they conduct trials in this country, and the behavior of the judges, the counsel, and the prisoners. Nothing can be less analogous than the proceedings here to those which prevail in our courts; and although it is possible that ours might be better, it is not possible that theirs could be worse.

I soon left the Court, and walked up the Strada di Toledo—the finest and liveliest street in the world, I believe—crowded with people. An Italian proverb says, "Quando Dio onnipotente è tristo, prende una finestra nella Toledo." Then to the Museum, of which every thing was shut but the library and the papyri. The former contains 180,000 volumes, but is deficient in modern (particularly foreign) books. They showed us the process of deciphering the papyri, which is very ingenious. The manuscript (which is like a piece of charcoal) is suspended by light strings in a sort of frame; gum and goldbeater's skin are applied to it as it is unrolled, and, by extreme delicacy of touch, they contrive to unravel without destroying a great deal of it, but probably they have

been discouraged by the small reward which has attended their exertions ; for there are several black-looking rolls which have never yet been touched, and very few men at work. The gentlemen who explained to us the process said that Sir Humphrey Davy had attended them constantly, and had taken great pains to contrive some better chemical process for the purpose, but without success.

April 20th.—A delightful drive (made by Murat) to the Marquis di Gallo's villa on the Capo di Monte, which far surpasses all the villas I saw at Rome. The entrance is about half a mile from the house, through a wood, one part of which is a vineyard ; the vines hanging in festoons from cherry-trees, and corn growing underneath. The house is not large, but convenient ; a wide terrace runs along the whole front of it with a white-marble balustrade ; below this is a second terrace covered with rose-trees ; below that a third, planted with vines, and oranges, and myrtles. From the upper terrace the view is beautiful. Naples lies beneath, and the Bay stretches beyond with the opposite mountains, and all the towns and villages from Portici to Sorrento. On the right the Castle of St. Elmo and the Certosa, and Vesuvius on the left. There is a large wood on one side, cut into shady walks and laid out with grottoes, and on the other a vineyard, through which there is also a walk under a treillage of vines for nearly half a mile. The ground extremely diversified, and presenting in every part of it views of the surrounding country—

Umbrageous grotts and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant.

It is always let, and, till he went away, was occupied by Stackelberg, the Russian Ambassador.

In the evening went to a ball at the Duchesse d'Eboli's ; very few people, and hardly any English, and those not the best—only four, I think : Sir Henry Lushington, the Consul ; a Mr. Grieve, of whom I know nothing but that his father was a physician at St. Petersburg, and that he killed his brother at Eton by putting a cracker into his pocket on the 5th of November, which set fire to other crackers and burnt him to death ; Mr. Auldjo, the man who made a very perilous ascent of Mont Blanc, of which he published a narrative ; Mr. Arbuthnot, who levanted from Doncaster two years ago—but most of the Italian women were there, and I was surprised at their

beauty. Acton, who introduced me to some of them, assured me that they were models of conduct, which did not precisely tally with my preconceived notions of Neapolitan society. They danced, but with no music but a piano-forte. This is one of the few houses here which is habitually open, for they have not the means of doing much in the way of society and gayety; they are poor, and the Government (the worst in the world) interferes. The Duchesse d'Eboli is poor, but she was a beauty, and has had adventures of various sorts.

April 21st.—Dined with Keppel Craven yesterday; Acton, Morier, Duchesse d'Eboli, and some other people.

The day was so disagreeable yesterday I could not go out—not cold, but a hurricane and clouds of dust. The principal topic of conversation at dinner was the trial, which goes on every day, has already lasted a month, and is likely to last two or three more. The Code Napoléon is in force here, so that there may probably be something like a certain and equal administration of justice between man and man; but this is a Government prosecution, and therefore exempted from ordinary rules. The history of this trial exemplifies the state of both the law and the Government of this country. The accused are five in number; the principal of them, Matteis, was an *intendente*, or governor, of a province; 2d, the advocate-general of the province; 3d, Matteis's secretary; and 4th and 5th, two spies. These men united in a conspiracy to destroy various persons who were obnoxious to them in the province, some of them actuated by political motives, and others in order to get possession of the property of their victims. The bugbear of the Court is Carbonarism, and Matteis pretended that there was a Carbonari plot on foot, in which several persons were implicated. He employed the spies to seduce the victim into some imprudence of language or conduct, and then to inform against them; in this way he apprehended various individuals, some of whom were tortured, some imprisoned or sent to the galleys, and some put to death. These transactions took place eight or nine years ago, and such was the despotism of this man and the terror he inspired, that no resistance was made to his proceedings, or any appeal against them ever sent to Naples. At last one of his own secretaries made some disclosures to Government, and the case appeared so atrocious that it was thought necessary to institute an immediate inquiry. The *intendente* was ordered to Naples, and commissioners were sent to obtain

evidence in the province and sift the matter to the bottom. After much delay they made a report confirming the first accusations, and designating these five men as the criminals. As soon as the matter was thus taken up, the public indignation burst forth, and a host of witnesses who had been deterred by fear from opening their lips came forward to depose against Matteis and his associates. They were arrested in the year 1825 and thrown into prison, but owing to the difficulties and delay which they contrived by their influence to interpose, and to the anomalous character of the prosecution, five years elapsed before the proceedings began. At length a royal order constituted a Court of Justice, composed of all the judges of the Court of Cassation (about twenty), the highest tribunal in the kingdom, and they have just been enjoined not to separate till the final adjudication of the case. Although the offenses with which the criminals are charged are very different in degree, they are all arraigned together; a host of witnesses are examined, each of whom tells a story or makes a speech, and the evidence is accordingly very confused, now affecting one and now another of them. They have counsel and the right of addressing the Court themselves, which the *intendente* avails himself of with such insolence that they are obliged to begin the proceedings of each day by reading an order to the prisoners to behave themselves decently to the Court. Their counsel are assigned by the Court, and it is not one of the least extraordinary parts of this case that the advocate of Matteis is his personal enemy, and a man whom he displaced from an office he once held in the province. They say, however, that he defends him very fairly and zealously. The day I was there the proceedings were uninteresting, but yesterday they were very important. An officer was examined who had been imprisoned and ill-treated in prison, and who deposed to various acts of cruelty. They on their part hardly deny the facts, but attempt to justify them by proving that the sufferers really were Carbonari, that other governors had done the same thing, and that they were doing a service to the Government by these pretended plots and consequent executions. Though their guilt is clear, it is by no means so clear that they will be condemned, or at least all of them. The public indignation is so great that they must sacrifice some of them, and the spies, it is said, will certainly be hanged. Matteis has interest in the

Court, but, as a majority of votes will decide his fate, it is most likely he will be condemned.

April 22d.—Yesterday to Pompeii, far better worth seeing than any thing else in Italy. Who can look at other ruins after this? At Rome there are certain places consecrated by recollections, but the imagination must be stirred up to enjoy them; here you are actually in a Roman town. Shave off the upper story of any town, take out windows, doors, and furniture, and it will be as Pompeii now is: it is marvelous. About one-fifth part of the town has been excavated, and the last house found is the largest. It is said 1,000 men would clear it in a year, and there are thirty at work. The road is a bed of dust, and infested with blind beggars, each led by a boy. There are habitations almost uninterruptedly along the road between Naples and Pompeii, built apparently for no other reason than because they are exposed to eruptions of the mountain, for any other part of the Bay would be just as agreeable, and safe from that danger.

This morning we went to an Ursuline convent to see two girls take the veil. The ceremony was neither imposing, nor interesting, nor affecting, nor such as I expected. I believe all this would have been the case had it been the black veil, but it was the white unfortunately. I thought they would be dressed splendidly, have their hair cut off in the church, be divested (in the convent) of their finery, and reappear to take leave of their relations in the habit of the order. Not at all. I went with A. Hill and Legge, who had got tickets from the brother of one of the *sposine*; we were admitted into the grating, an apartment about ten feet long by five wide, with a very thick double grating, behind which some of the nuns appeared and chattered. A turning box supplied coffee and cakes to the company. I went to the door of the parlor (which was open), but they would not admit me. There the ladies were received, and the nuns and novices were laughing and talking and doing the honors. Their dress was not ugly—black, white, and a yellow veil. The chapel was adorned with gold brocade, and blue and silver hangings, flowers, tapers; a good orchestra, and two or three tolerable voices. It was as full as it could hold, and soldiers were distributed about to keep order; even by the altar four stood with fixed bayonets, who when the Host was raised presented arms—a military salute to the Real Pres-

ence ! The brother of one of the girls did the honors of the chapel, placing the ladies and bustling about for chairs, which all the time the ceremony was going on were handed over heads and bonnets, to the great danger of the latter. It was impossible not to be struck with this man's gayety and *sang-froid* on the occasion, but he is used to it, for this was the fourth sister he has buried here. When the chapel was well crammed the *sposine* appeared, each with two *maraines*. A table and six chairs were placed opposite the altar ; on the table were two trays, each containing a Prayer Book, a pocket-handkerchief, and a white veil. The girls (who were very young, and one of them rather pretty) were dressed in long black robes like dressing-gowns, their hair curled, hanging down their backs and slightly powdered. On the top of their heads were little crowns of blue, studded with silver or diamonds. The ladies attending them (one of whom was Princess Fondi and another Princess Bressano) were very smart, and all the people in the chapel were dressed as for a ball. There was a priest at the table to tell the girls what to do. High Mass was performed, then a long sermon was delivered by a priest who spoke very fluently, but with a strange twang and in a very odd style, continually apostrophizing the two girls by name, comparing them to olives and other fruit, to *candelabri*, and desiring them to keep themselves pure that "they might go as virgins into the chamber of their beloved." When the Sacrament was administered the ladies took the crowns off the girls, who were like automata all the time, threw the white veils over them, and led them to the altar, where the Sacrament was administered to them ; then they were led back to their seats, the veils taken off and the crowns replaced. After a short interval they were again led to the altar, where, on their knees, their profession was read to them ; in this they are made to renounce the world and their parents ; but at this part, which is at the end, a murmuring noise is made by the four ladies who kneel with them at the altar, that the words may not be heard, being thought too heart rending to the parents ; then they are led out and taken into the convent, and the ceremony ends. The girls did not seem the least affected, but very serious ; the rest of the party appeared to consider it as a *fête*, and smirked and gossiped ; only the father of one of them, an old man, looked as if he felt it. The brother told me his sister was eighteen ; that she would be a nun, and that they had done all they

could to dissuade her. It is a rigid order, but there is a still more rigid rule within the convent. Those nuns who embrace it are forever cut off from any sort of communication with the world, and can never again see or correspond with their own family. They cannot enter into this last seclusion without the consent of their parents, which another of this man's four sisters is now soliciting.

We afterward drove through the Grotto of Pausilippo, that infernal grotto which one must pass through to get out of Naples on one side; it is a source of danger, and the ancient account of it is not the least exaggerated:

Nihil isto carcere longius, nihil illis faucibus obscurius, quo nobis præstant non ut per tenebras videamus sed ut ipsas.

There are a few glimmering lamps always obscured by dust, and it is never hardly light enough to avoid danger except at night; in the middle it is pitch dark.

Then round the Strada Nuova, Murat's delightful creation, and walked in the Villa Reale, where I found Acton, who had been all the morning at the trial, which was very interesting. A woman was examined, who deposed that her husband was thrown into prison and ill-treated by Matteis because he would not give some false evidence that he required of him; that she went to Matteis and entreated him to release him, and that he told her he would if she would bring her daughter to him, which she refused, and he was put to death. On this evidence being given, the examining judge dropped the paper, and a murmur of horror ran through the audience. The accused attacked the witness and charged her with perjury, and said he was ill in bed at the time alluded to. The woman retorted, "Canaglia, tu sai ch' egli è vero," and there was a debate between the counsel on either side, and witnesses were called who proved that he was in good health at the time. They think the evidence of to-day and the apparent disposition of the judges must hang him.

Salerno, April 24th.—Here Morier and I are going to pass the night on our way to Pæstum, and as he is gone to bed (at half-past eight) I must write. Yesterday morning Morier, St. John, Lady Isabella, and I, went to P'ozzuoli, embarked in a wretched boat to make the *giro* of Baiæ.

Ante bonam Venerem gelidæ per litora Baiæ
Illa natare lacu cum lampade jussit amore,
Dum natat, argentes cecidit scintilla per undas,
Hinc vapor ussit aquas, quicumque natavit, amavit.

Venus bade Cupid on fair Baiæ's side
 Plunge with his torch into the glassy tide;
 As the boy swam the sparks of mischief flew
 And fell in showers upon the liquid blue,
 Hence all who venture on that shore to lave
 Emerge love-stricken from the treacherous wave.

I was disappointed with the country, which is bare and uninteresting; but the line of coast, with the various bays and promontories and the circumjacent islands, is extremely agreeable, and the Bay of Baiæ, with the Temple of Venus, delightful. The Temple of Mercury is also worth seeing. The Cave of the Sybil, Lake Avernus, and Temple of Apollo, are not worth seeing, but as they are celebrated by Virgil they must be visited, though the embellishments of Virgil's imagination and the lapse of time have made disappointment inevitable. Nature indeed no longer presents the same aspect; for there is a mountain more (Monte Nuovo) and a wood less about the lake than in Virgil's time. We found two ridiculous parties there, one English, the other French, the latter the most numerous and chattering, and mounted on asses, so as to make a long cavalcade. There was a fat old gentleman just coming puffing out of the cave, and calling with delight to his ladies, "Ah, mesdames, êtes-vous noires?" as they certainly were, for all one gets in the cave is a blackened face from the torches. There was another gaunt figure of the party in a fur cap, who was playing the flute—

His reed pipe with music fills,
 To charm the God who loves the hills
 And rich Arcadian scenery.

We landed from our boat in various places, but declined going down the Cento Camerelle to have a second face-blackening. All the ruins, said to be of Cæsar's and Marius's Villas, Agrippina's Tomb, Caligula's Bridge, etc., may be any thing; they are nothing but shapeless fragments, only on a rock I saw a bit of marble or stucco in what they call Cæsar's Villa. The Stygian Lake presents no horrors, nor the Elysian Fields any delights; the former is a great round piece of water, and the latter are very common-looking vineyards. When well-wooded, which in the time of the Romans it was, this coast must have been a most delicious and luxurious retreat, so sequestered and sheltered, such a calm sea, and soft breezes.

*Mira quies pelagi; ponunt hic lassa furorem
Æquora, et insani spirant clementius Austri.*

We went up to look at the old harbor of Misenum, where, instead of a Roman fleet, were a few fishing-boats, and walked back through fields in which spring was bursting forth through endless varieties of cultivation—figs, mulberries, and cherry-trees, with festoons of vines hanging from tree to tree, and corn, peas, and beans, springing up underneath.

Our boatmen, as we rowed back, were very proud of their English, and kept on saying, "Pull away," "Now boys," and other phrases they have picked up from our sailors. This morning we set off to come here [to Salerno] with Vetturino horses; the dust intolerable; stopped at Pompeii, and walked half round the walls and to the Amphitheatre. All the ground (now covered with vineyards) belongs to the King (for Murat bought it); the profusion and brilliancy of the wild flowers make it quite a garden—

*Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pours forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.*

If Murat had continued on the throne two or three years longer, the whole town would have been excavated. He, and still more the Queen, took great interest in it, and they both went there frequently. She used to see the houses excavated, and one day they found the skeleton of a woman with gold bracelets and ear-rings, which were brought to her, and she put them on herself directly. In their time 800 men and 50 cars were at work; now there are 40 men and 6 cars. The expense of 800 men and 50 cars would be about £13,000 a year, but these men will spend nothing. A car costs a scudo, and a man four carlins, a day. (A scudo is ten carlins, a carlin fourpence.) The Royal Family seldom or never come here; the Duke of Calabria has been once. The Amphitheatre, though not to be compared in size or beauty with the Coliseum, is much more perfect. The road here is beautiful, particularly about La Cava. I walked up to the Convent of the Trinità; it stands on the brink of a deep ravine in the middle of the hills, which are tossed into a hundred different shapes and covered with foliage—a magnificent situation. The convent is very large, and well kept; it contains fifty monks, who were most of them walking about the road. Here were all the raw materials requisite for a romance—a splendid setting sun, mountains, convent, flock of goats, evening bell,

friars, and peasants. Arrived here, delighted with the outside and disgusted with the inside of the town; but the Bay of Salerno is beautiful, the place gay and populous, all staring at a fire-balloon which was just ascending, and soon after came down in the sea. The inns execrable. We got into one at last, in which there is a wide terrace looking over the sea, and there we ordered our dinner to be laid; but we were soon driven in, not by the cold, but by the flaring of our tallow-candles.

We were obliged to write our names down for the police, who are very busy and inquisitive. One man, whose name was just before mine, had added this poetical encomium on the inn :

I mention by way of *guidanza*
For those who are going to Pæstum,
They'll find at this inn, the "Speranza,"
A good place to eat and to rest 'em.

I could not concur with this poet, so I added to my name this contradiction :

On the "Hope's" being such a good treat
We must both put our positive vetoes ;
We not only got nothing to eat,
But ourselves were ate up by mosquitoes.

Naples, April 25th.—Started at four o'clock in the morning from Salerno, and got to Pæstum at eight. Tormented to death by beggars and ciceroni (often both characters in one), for in Italy everybody who shows a stranger about is a cicerone, from Professor Nibby down to a Calabrian peasant. There is little beauty in the scenery of Pæstum, but the temples amply repay the trouble of the journey. I agree with Forsyth that they are the most impressive monuments I have ever seen. The famed roses of Pæstum have disappeared, but there are thousands of lizards "*nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos.*" No excavations have ever been made here, but they talk of excavating. There were some fine Etruscan vases found in a tomb at Pæstum, which we did not see. The brute of a *custode* knew nothing of it, nor should I if I had not seen the model in the Museum afterward. Thousands of Etruscan vases may be had for digging; they are found in all the tombs. The peasants have heaps of little carved images of terra-cotta and coins, which they offer for sale. I believed they were fabricated, but a man I met there showed me two or three that he had turned up with his stick,

so that they may be genuine. What treasures Naples possesses, and how unworthy she is of them! Pæstum¹ long neglected, and Pompeii hardly touched! At Rome they are always digging and doing something, and though the Papal Government is neither active nor rich, I do believe they would not let this town (Pompeii, I mean) remain buried when a few thousand pounds would bring it all to light. There seem to be no habitations near Pæstum, but there is a church, which was well attended, for the peasants were on their knees all round it; and while we were breakfasting (in a manger, with the horses out in the air) they came out, strange-looking figures, rude, uncouth, and sunburnt, and without any of the finery which they generally wear on a Sunday.

Naples, April 26th.—To the Museum; met the Dalbergs and Prince and Princess Aldobrandini, a good looking daughter and two sons. They will have all Prince Borghese's estate. I only went into the Pompeii and Herculaneum part of the collections.

The lazzaroni are very amusing. This morning four of them stripped stark naked under my window, put off in a boat, and thirty yards from the shore fished for cockle-fish, which they do by diving like ducks, throwing their feet up in the air as the ducks do their tails. The creatures are perfectly amphibious; they don't care who sees them, and their forms are perfect. Then there are little lazzaroni who ape the big ones. Met a christening this morning, and then a funeral. The wet-nurse, full dressed, was carried in a sedan-chair down the middle of the street, and the child, dressed also, held out of the window in her arms, and so she was going to church. The funeral was a priest's—a long file of penitents in white, carrying torches, a bier covered with crimson and gold, and the priest dressed in robes and exposed upon it, a ghastly sight, with a chalice in his hand and a book at his feet, other priests following, the cross borne before him. When young girls are buried in this way, they are gayly dressed with chaplets of flowers, a flower in the mouth, and flowers at their feet.

¹ The authorities, of course, can't agree when Pæstum was built, and by whom, or whether one of the temples (the largest, was a temple or a basilica. The perfect state of these temples, particularly that called of Neptune, is the more remarkable because there are scarcely any vestiges of other buildings. Most thought them inferior to the temples at Athens, but so they may well be; the Athenian temples are built of white marble from the Pentelic quarries, and highly ornamented by Phidias.

Rode to the race-course and round the hills; such views and such an evening! At seven o'clock I could see the houses at Sorrento, nineteen miles off on the other side of the Bay. Dined with Acton; none but English. In the evening went to Toledo, the Spanish Ambassador's. The Duc de Dalberg talked of an association to excavate at Calabria and Apulia. The government reserves four places—Pompeii, Pæstum, Stabiae, Herculaneum—for its own use, and anybody may excavate elsewhere who will be at the trouble and expense.

April 29th.—On Tuesday again to the Museum and the King's Palace; rather fine, good house, very ridiculous pictures of the royal families of Naples and Spain. The Duchess of Florida's apartment (old Ferdinand's wife) is delightful; the rooms are furnished with blue satin and white silk, opening upon a terrace covered with orange-trees, flowers, and shaded walks, and looks over the bay. A few fine pictures, but not many. There is a bath, built after one of those at Pompeii.

From what I saw at the Museum, I see no reason to doubt that the ancients were as excellent in painting as in sculpture; there are some very exquisite paintings taken from Pompeii. Then we are not to believe that the best have been found, or that a provincial town contained the finest specimens of the art. Painted on walls, they appear deficient in light and shade, but the drawing and expression, and sometimes the coloring (allowing for spoiling), are very good. There are some Cupids playing at games and driving chariots, very like the Julio Romanos in the Lanti Villa at Rome, which indeed were borrowed from the ancient frescoes discovered in the Baths of Titus. The bronzes taken out of Herculaneum and Pompeii are very interesting, because they display the whole domestic economy of the ancients, and their excellent taste in furniture, sacrificial instruments, etc., but there is nothing particularly curious in the fact of their pots and pans being like our pots and pans, for if they were to boil and stew they could not well have performed those operations with a different kind of utensils. However, all the people marvel at them; they seem to think the Romans must have been beings of a different organization, and that every thing that is not dissimilar is strange. What is really curious is a surgical instrument which was lately found, exactly similar to one invented thirty years ago in France. The lava

would not touch bronze; the iron was always incrustated and spoilt, but the bronze things all look like new.

May 2d.—Went to the Lake of Agnano and the Grotto del Cane; very pretty lake, evidently the crater of a volcano; saw the dog perform, a sight neither interesting nor cruel; the dog did not mind it a bit, and the old woman must make a fortune, for she had eight carlins for it. The grotto is very hot and steaming; a torch goes out held near the ground, and when I put my face down the steam from the earth went up my nose like salts. Virgil's Tomb, which is very picturesque, and from whence the common view of Naples is taken; there has been plenty of discussion whether it really is Virgil's tomb or not. Forsyth seems to doubt it, with one of his off-hand flings at the authority for its being so, a sort of "Who the devil, I humbly beg to know, is Donatus?" but there is tradition in its favor, the fact of Virgil having been buried here or hereabouts, and the honor being claimed by no other spot. When there is probability it is unwise to be so very skeptical: take away names, and what are the places themselves? Here not much, at Rome nothing.

Thursday.—Went a long and most beautiful ride up to the Camaldoli, from which the view extends over sea and land to an immense distance in every direction.

Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various views.

The convent was once very rich, but the French stripped all the convents of their property, which they have never since recovered. It is remarkably clean and spacious. Each monk has a house of his own containing two or three little rooms, and a little garden, and they only eat together on particular days. The old man who took us about said he had been there since he was eighteen, had been turned out by the French, but came back as soon as he could, and had never regretted becoming a monk. He showed me a bust of the founder of their order (I think San Romualdo), and when I asked him how many years ago it was founded, he said, "Perhaps 2,000." I said when I became a monk I would go to that convent, when he asked very seriously if I was going to be a monk. I said, "Not just yet." "Very well," he said; "you must pay 120 ducats, and you can come here." We went down a road cut for miles in the mountain, very narrow and steep, through shady lanes, groves, and vineyards (with

magnificent views), through Pianura to Pozzuoli, entering by the old Roman road and Street of Tombs. The *columbaria* in the Street of Tombs are the best worth seeing *ejus generis* of any. Went to the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, of which there are very curious remains.

Hard by the reverent ruins
Of a once glorious temple, reared to Jove,
Whose very rubbish (like the pitied fall
Of virtue, most unfortunate) yet bears
A deathless majesty, though now quite raised,
Hurled down by wrath and lust of impious kings,
So that where holy Flamens wont to sing
Sweet hymns to Heaven, there the daw and crow,
The ill-voiced raven, and still chattering pie
Send out ungrateful sounds.—MARSTON.

To the ruins of the Amphitheatre, from the top of which there is one of the finest views I ever saw of the Bay of Baïæ and the islands; and then to the Solfaterra. The ruins scattered about Naples (those at Pozzuoli, for instance) are far more extensive than most of those at Rome, but partly "carent quia vate sacro," and partly because there are no well-known names attached to them, the ground is not so holy, and little is said or thought about them. If these temples were at Rome, what an uproar they would cause! The Solfaterra is remarkable as a sort of a link between the quick and the dead volcanoes; it is considered extinct, but the earth is hot, the sulphur strong, and at a particular spot, when a hole is made, it hisses and throws up little stones and ashes, and exhibits a sort of volcano in miniature, but the surface of the crater is overgrown with vegetation. The road to Naples by the convent of the Jesuits and Chapel of St. Januarius is the most beautiful I ever saw, particularly toward sunset, when the coloring is so rich and varied. It lies over a crest commanding a prospect of the mountains on one side and the sea on the other.

Quid mille revolvam
Culmina visendique vices.

May 3d.—We sailed across the Bay to Resina, to see Herculaneum, the old and new excavations. At the new there are only seven or eight men at work; the old are hardly worth seeing. So much earth and cinders are mixed with the lava in the new part, that they might excavate largely if they would spend money enough; at present they have only

excavated one or two houses, but have found some bronzes and marbles. The houses are laid open, just like those at Pompeii.

The next day Morier, Watson, and I set off to ascend Vesuvius; we rode on donkeys from Salvator's house to the bottom of the last ascent, which was rather less formidable than I expected, though fatiguing enough. Another party went up at the same time: one man of that party, Watson, and I, walked up alone; the others were all lugged up. They take the bridles off the donkeys and put them on the men; the luggee holds by this tackle and the guide goes before him. After infinite puffing and perspiring, and resting at every big stone, I reached the top in thirty-five minutes. It was very provoking to see the facility with which the creatures who attended us sprang up. There was one fellow with nothing on but a shirt and half a pair of breeches, who walked the whole way from Resina with a basket on his head full of wine, bread, and oranges, and while we were slipping, and clambering, and toiling with immense difficulty, he bounded up, with his basket on his head, as straight as an arrow all the time, and bothering us to drink when we had not breath to answer. I took three or four oranges, some bread, and a bottle of wine of him at the top, and when I asked Salvator what I should pay him, he said two carlins (eight-pence English). I gave him three (a shilling), and he was transported. It was a magnificent evening, and the sunset from the top of Vesuvius (setting in the sea) a glorious sight—

For the sun,
Declined, was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean's isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heaven the stars, that usher evening, rose

The view, too, all round is very grand; the towns round the Bay appear so clear, yet so minute. I had formed to myself a very different idea of the crater, of which the dimensions are very deceitful; it is so much larger than it appears. The bottom of the crater is flat, covered with masses of lava and sulphur, but anybody may walk all about it. At one end stands what looks like a little black hillock, from which smoke was rising, as it was from various crevices in different parts; that little hillock is the crater from which all eruptions burst. The mountain was provokingly still, and only gave one low grumble and a very small emission of smoke and fire while

we were there; it has never been more tranquil. The descent is very good fun, galloping down the cinders; you have only to take care not to tumble over the stones; slipping is impossible. The whole ascent of the mountain is interesting, particularly in that part which is like a great ocean of lava, and where the guides point out the courses of the different eruptions, all of which may be distinctly traced. We got to the Hermitage just as it was dark; there was still a red tint round the western horizon, and the islands were dimly shadowed out, while the course of the Bay was marked by a thousand dancing lights. Salvatore has especial care of the mountain under the orders of the Government, to whom he is obliged to make a daily report of its state, and he is as fond of it as a nurse of a favorite child, or a trainer at Newmarket of his best race horse, and delights in telling anecdotes of old eruptions and phenomena, and of different travelers who have ascended it.

Two years ago an English merchant here laid a bet of two hundred napoleons that he would go from Resina¹ to the top in an hour and a half. Salvatore went with him, and they did it in an hour and thirteen minutes. The Englishman rode relays of horses, but the guide went the whole way on foot, and the best part of the ascent had to drag up his companion. He said it nearly killed him, and he did not recover from it for several weeks; he is fifty-three years old, but a very handsome man. He said, however, that the fatigue of this exploit was not so painful as what he went through in carrying the Duke of Buckingham to the top; he was carried up in a chair by twelve men, and the weight was so enormous that his shoulder was afterward swelled up nearly to his head. When the Duke got down he gave a great dinner (on the mountain), which he had brought with him to celebrate the exploit. Salvatore said that he continues to write to many scientific men in various parts of Europe when any thing remarkable occurs in the mountain, and talked of Buckland, Playfair, and Davy. We got down to Resina about half-past nine, and at ten embarked again and sailed over to Castel-a-Mare, where we arrived at one o'clock.

¹ From Salvatore's house at Resina to the top of the mountain is seven miles; from the Hermitage to the top, 5½. It is a mile and 200 feet from the bottom of the ascent (on foot) to the top, 800 feet from the point we first gain to the bottom of the crater; the inner crater (or black hill, as I call it) is 280 feet high and 180 feet in circumference. The miles are Neapolitan miles, about three-fourths of an English mile.

The next morning Mr. Watson and I got a six-oared boat (with sails) and went to Sorrento. Castel-a-Mare and the whole coast are beautiful. Landed a mile from Sorrento, and walked by a path cut in the rock to the Cocomella, a villa with a magnificent prospect of the Bay exactly opposite Naples.

Placido lunata recessu
Hinc atque hinc curvas perrumpunt æquora rupes.
Dat natura locum, montique intervenit inum
Litus et in terras scopulis pendentibus exit.

Then to the town to see the curiosities, which are the Piscine, Tasso's house, and some very romantic caverns in a wild dell under the bridge at Sorrento; all very well worth seeing, but Tasso's house was locked, so we could not get to the terrace. Just as we arrived at Sorrento we found they were performing a ceremony which takes place there every year on the 1st of May, and there only—the benediction of the flowers, the ushering in the May.

With songs and dance they celebrate the day,
And with due honors usher in the May.

It was in the Archiepiscopal church, which was gayly adorned with hangings of various colors, gold and silver and flowers, full of people, all in their best attire. A priest in the pulpit opposite the Archbishop's throne called on the representatives of the different parishes (seven in number), who advanced in succession, each bearing a huge cross fifteen or twenty feet high, entirely made of flowers, and adorned with garlands and devices, all likewise of the most brilliant flowers, and, as each came up, a little cannon was fired off. They were blessed in succession, and then deposited around the throne of the Archbishop, who, after this ceremony was concluded, went up to the altar and celebrated High Mass. They told me that this festival had taken place at Sorrento from the remotest time.

After seeing the Piscine we went into a garden above, where there was a profusion of orange and lemon trees, loaded with ripe fruit; the oranges were pulled off the trees and ate they were excellent, and as red as Morella cherries—

Whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, of delicious taste.

We could not stay long at Sorrento, and were four hours rowing across the Bay to Naples. Dined with Hill at the Villa Belvidere (a delicious villa on the Vomero), with a large, tiresome party, principally English.

Yesterday the miracle of the blood of San Gennaro was performed, and of course successfully; it will be repeated every morning for eight days. I went to-day to the Cathedral, where San Gennaro's silver bust was standing on one side of the altar, surrounded by lights, and the vessel containing the blood on the other. Round the altar were ranged silver heads of various saints, his particular friends, who had accompanied him there to do him honor, and who will be taken this evening with him in procession to his own chapel. Acton and I went together, and one of the people belonging to the church seeing us come in, and judging that we wanted to see the blood, summoned one of the canons, who was half asleep in a stall, who brought out the blood, which is contained in a glass vase mounted with silver. It liquefies in the morning, remains in that state all day, and congeals again at night. A great many people were waiting to kiss the vessel, which was handed to us first. We kissed it, and then it went round, each person kissing it and touching it with his head, as they do St. Peter's foot at Rome. San Gennaro and his silver companions were brought in procession from one of the other churches, all the nobility and an immense crowd attending. I had fancied that the French had exposed and put an end to this juggle, but not at all. They found the people so attached to the superstition that they patronized it; they adorned the Chapel of St. Januarius with a magnificent altar-piece and other presents. The first time (after they came to Naples) that the miracle was to be performed the blood would not liquefy, which produced a great ferment among the people. It was a trick of the priests to throw odium on the French, and the French General Championnet thought it so serious that he sent word that if the blood did not liquefy forthwith the priests should go to the galleys. It liquefied immediately, and the people were satisfied. Acton told me that nobody believed it but the common people, but that they did not dare to leave it off. It is what is called a false position to be in, when they are obliged to go on pretending to perform a miracle in which no men of sense and education believe, and in which it is well known they don't any of them believe themselves. Miracles, if sometimes useful and profitable, are

sometimes awkward incumbrances. Drove round the obscure parts of the town, and through dense masses of population, by the old palace of Queen Joan and the market-place, which was the scene of Masaniello's sedition. He was killed in the great church (in 1646).

May 4th.—To the Museum, and saw the mummies which have been unrolled; they are like thin, black, shriveled corpses; hair and shape of face perfect, even the eyelids. The canvas-fold in which they are wrapped quite fresh-looking; the best preserved is 3,055 years old. Among the bronzes there is a bust of Livia with a wig. Dined with Toledo, the Spanish Minister. The women put their knives into their mouths, and he is always kissing his wife's hand—an ugly little old woman. Toledo was Romana's aide-de-camp.

May 5th.—To Cumæ, and dined at the Lake of Fusaro with the Talbots and Lushingtons; not a pretty lake, but the country near it pretty enough. A splendid sunset, with real purple. "Lumine vestit purpureo."

May 7th.—In the morning to the Chapel of St. Januarius, to see the blood liquefy. The grand ceremony was last Saturday at the Cathedral, but the miracle is repeated every morning in the Chapel for eight days. I never saw such a scene, at once so ludicrous and so disgusting, but more of the latter. There was the saint, all bedizened with pearls, on the altar, the other silver ladies and gentlemen all round the chapel, with an abundance of tapers burning before them. Certain people were admitted within the rails of the altar; the crowd, consisting chiefly of women, and most of them old women, were without. There is no service, but the priests keep muttering and looking at the blood to see if it is melting. To-day it was unusually long, so these old Sibyls kept clamoring, "Santa Trinità!" "Santa Virgine!" "Dio onnipotente!" "San Gennaro!" in loud and discordant chorus; still the blood was obstinate,¹ so the priest ordered them to go down on their knees and to say the Athanasian Creed, which is one of the specifics resorted to in such a case. He drawled it out with his eyes shut, and the women screamed the responses. This would not do, so they fell to abuse and entreaties with a vehemence and volubility, and a shrill clamor, which was at

¹ I dined at Hill's; sat next to the Duchess de Dalberg, talked of the miracle, which she told me she firmly believed. I fancied none believed it but the lowest of the people, and was (very foolishly) astonished; for what ought ever to produce astonishment which has to do with credulity in matters of religion?

once a proof of their sincerity and their folly. Such noise, such gesticulations! One woman I never shall forget, with outstretched arm, distorted visage, and voice of piercing sharpness. In the mean time the priest handed about the phial to be kissed, and talked the matter over with the bystanders. "È sempre duro?" "Sempre duro, adesso v'è una piccola cosa." At last, after all the handling, praying, kissing, screaming, entreating, and abusing, the blood did melt,¹ when the organ struck up, they all sang in chorus, and so it ended. It struck me as particularly disgusting, though after all it is not fair to abuse these poor people, who have all been brought up in the belief of the miracle, and who fancy that the prosperity of their city and all that it contains is somehow connected with its due performance. The priests could not discontinue it but by acknowledging the imposture, and by an imaginative people, who are the slaves of prejudice, and attached to it by force of inveterate habit, the acknowledgment would not be believed, and they would only incur odium by it; there it is, and (for some time at least) it must go on.

Went up to Craven's villa (this is the villa at which the amour between the present Queen of Naples and Captain Hess was carried on), and sat there doing nothing in the middle of flowers, and sea-breezes, and beautiful views. To comprehend all the luxury of the *bel far niente* one must come to Naples, where idleness loses half its evil by losing all its enervating qualities; there is something in the air so elastic that I have never been at any place where I have felt as if I could make exertions so easily as here, and yet it is a great pleasure to sit and look at the Bay, the mountains, the islands, and the town, and watch its amusing inhabitants. At least half an hour of every morning is spent at my window, while I am dressing, watching the lazzaroni, who fish, work, swim, dress, cook, play, and quarrel under it. At this moment the scene is as follows: Half a dozen boats with awnings and flags moored off the landing-place, a few fishing-boats with men mending their nets, three fellows swimming about them, two with red caps on perched upon the wall playing at cards, two or three more looking on, one on the ground being shaved by a barber with a basin (the exact counterpart of Mambrino's helmet), and two or three more waiting their turn for the same operation—always a certain number lounging about, others smoking or asleep.

¹ Illarum lacrymæ meditataque murmura prestant. JOVENAL, 6.

May 8th.—Rode with a large party to Astroni, where they dined, but I did not. There were the Lushingtons, Prince and Princess Dentici (he is at the head of the Douane), Madame and Mademoiselle Galiati (she is remarkably pretty), Count (I believe) and Countess Rivalvia, her uncle, Lord A. Chichester, Count Gregorio, and a Mr. Stuart. The park, or whatever it is called—for it is the King's chase and full of wild-boars—is one of the most beautiful and curious places about Naples. Milton's description of the approach to Eden applies exactly to Astroni; if ever he saw it it is likely that he meant to describe it—

To the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque, and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

It is an immense crater of a volcano, the amphitheatre quite unbroken, and larger than that of Vesuvius, but covered with wood, the bottom with very fine trees of various sorts and with fern—very wild and picturesque. There are several little hillocks, supposed to have been small craters; but although it is proved that this was a volcano from the lava under the soil and from its shape, there is no mention of it as an active volcano, and nobody can tell how many thousand years ago it was in operation. The King with his usual good taste is cutting down the finest trees, and has made a ride round the bottom, which he has planted with poplars in a double row, spoiling as much as he can all the beauty of the place. They dined in a shady arbor, made on purpose with branches of trees bound together, and on beds of fern, were very merry, pelting each other with oranges and cherries, and dealing about an abundance of manual jests.

Evening.—I have taken my last ride and last look at Naples, and am surprised at the sorrow I feel at quitting it, as I fear, forever. Rode again to Astroni with Morier, and walked through the wood and tried to scale one of the sides of the mountain, but lost my path, and could only get half-way up; it is the most beautiful place about Naples. Came

back by the Strada Nuova, and saw for the last time that delicious Bay with its coast and its islands, which are as deeply imprinted on my memory as if I had passed my life among them. To-night I have stood once more by the shore, and could almost have cried to think I should never see it again—

The smooth surface of this summer sea—

nor breath this delicious air, nor feast my eyes on the scene of gayety, and brilliancy, and beauty, around me. Nobody can form an idea of Naples without coming to it; every gale seems to bring health and cheerfulness with it, and appears “able to drive all sadness but despair.”

Naples, they tell me, does very well for a short time, but you will soon grow tired of it. To be sure, I have been here only three weeks, but I liked it better every day, and I am wretched at leaving it. What could I ever mean by thinking it was not gay, and less lively than Genoa? To-night, as I came home from riding, the shore was covered with lazzaroni and throngs of people, dancing, singing, harping, fiddling—all so merry, and as if the open air and their own elastic spirits were happiness enough. I suppose I shall never come again, for when I have measured back the distance to my own foggy country, there I shall settle forever, and Naples and her sunny shores and her balmy winds will only be as a short and delightful dream, from which I have waked too soon.

CHAPTER X.

Mola di Gaeta—Capua—Lines on leaving Naples—Return to Rome—The Aqueducts—“Domine, quo vadis?”—St. Peter’s—The Sea’s Santa—Reasons in Favor of San Gennaro—Ascent of St. Peter’s—Library of the Vatican—A racing *en voto*—Illness of George IV.—Approaching *Coup d’Etat* in France—The Villa Mills—The Malaria—Duc and Duchesse de Dalberg—The Emperor Nicholas on his Accession—Cardinal Albani—A *Columbarium*—Mail—Sir William Gell—Tivoli—Hadrian’s Villa—The Adventures of Miss Kelly and Mr. Swift—Audience of the Pope—Gibson’s Studio—End of Miss Kelly’s Marriage—A Great Function—The Jesuits—Saint-making—San Lorenzo in Lucina—The Flagellants—Statues by Torchlight—Bunsen on the State of Rome—Frascati—Relations of Protestant States with Rome—The French Ministry—M. de Villele—The Coliseum—Excommunication of a Thief—The Passionists—The Corpus Domini—A Rash Marriage—Farewell to Rome—Falls of Terni—Statue at Pratolino—Bologna—Mezzofanti—Ferrara—Venice—Padua—Vicenza—Brescia—Verona—Milan—Lago Maggiore—The Simplon—Geneva—Paris.

Mola di Gaeta, May 9th.—I have dined here on an open terrace (looking over the garden and the delicious Bay), where I have been sitting writing the whole evening. The moon

is just rising, and throwing a flood of silver over the sea—

Rising in cloudless majesty,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

We left Naples at half-past seven in the morning, went to Caserta, and walked over the palace, in which nothing struck me but the dimensions, the staircase, and a few of the rooms. The theatre is very well contrived; it is at one end of the palace, and the back of it opens by large folding doors into the garden, so that they can have any depth of stage they please, and arrange any pageants or cavalcades. This could, however, only be at a theatre in a country-house. Thence to Capua, and went over the Amphitheatre, which is very remarkable. It is said to be larger than the Coliseum, but the arena did not appear to me so vast. Here we are in the land of names again, and it is impossible for the imagination not to run over the grandeur, luxury, and fate of Capua, for on the very spot on which I was standing (for the chief places are ascertained) in all probability Hannibal often sat to see the games.¹

The Italian postilions, it must be owned, are a comical set. They sometimes go faster than ever I went in England, then at others they creep like snails, and stop at the least inclined plane to put on the *scarpa*. The occasions they generally select for going fast are when they have six horses harnessed to the carriage, and so extend about ten yards, on slippery pavement, through very narrow streets, extremely crowded with women and children; then they will flog their horses to full speed, and clatter along without fear or shame. Nothing happens; I have remarked that nothing ever does anywhere in Italy.

I have walked over this garden [at Gaeta], which contains remains of one of Cicero's villas, but they are only arched rooms like vaults, and not worth seeing but for the name of Cicero, and the recollection that he was murdered almost on this spot. He had good taste in his villas, for this bay is as placid and delicious as that of Baiæ. There is an ancient bath, which probably belonged to the villa; it is in the sea.

¹ No such thing. *His* Capua was nearly destroyed, and if it had an amphitheatre it would have been ruined. These ruins must have belonged to Capua the Second, which was restored by Augustus or Tiberius, and became as flourishing and populous as the first had been.—[C. C. G.]

and still available when cleaned out, which just now it is not.

Rome, May 10th.—Left Mola at half-past seven and got here at ten minutes after seven. It was so kind as to rain last night and this morning, and lay the dust all the way. Stopped at Terracina, and went to see the ancient port, which is worth seeing. The road is pretty all the way, but the scenery in Italy wants verdure and foliage. The beauty of these landscapes consists in the bold outlines, lofty mountains, abundant vegetation, and bright atmosphere, and they are always better to look at from a little distance than very near. Aricia is pretty well wooded. I found a parcel of letters with the London news; but the post is enough to drive one mad, for I got one of the 23d of April and another of the 19th of March on the same day.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF NAPLES.

(Written in a carriage between Naples and Mola di Gaeta.)

"Nascitur poeta."

Though not a spark of true poetic fire
Beamed at my birth, or on my cradle fell,
Though rude my numbers, and untuned my lyre,
I will not leave thee with a mute farewell.

I cannot see recede thy sunny shore,
Nor ling'ring look my last upon thy bay,
And know that they will meet my gaze no more,
Yet tearless take my unreturning way.

'Tis not that Love laments his broken toys,
Nor is it Friendship murmurs to depart,
Touching the chords of recollected joys
Which ring with sad vibration on the heart.

Nor bound am I in Habit's unfelt chain,
Which o'er the fancy steals with gradual power,
Till local sympathy awakes in pain,
That slept unconscious till the parting hour.

But 'tis the charm, so great, yet undefined,
That Nature's self around fair Naples throws,
Which now excites and elevates the mind,
And now invites it to no dull repose.

No exhalations damp the spirits choke,
That feed on ether temp'rate and serene;
No yellow fogs, or murky clouds of smoke,
Obscure the lustre of this joyous scene.

The God of Gladness with prolific ray
 Bids the rich soil its teeming womb expand,
 While healthful breezes, cooled with Ocean's spray,
 Scatter a dewy freshness o'er the land.

No mountain billow's huge uplifted crest
 Lashes the foaming beach with sullen roar;
 The smooth sea sparkles in unbroken rest,
 Or lightly rakes upon the pebbled shore.

The Ocean's Monarch on these golden sands
 Seems the luxurious laws of Love to own,¹
 And yield his trident to Thalass a's hands,
 To rule the waters from the Baian throne.

Here the green olive, and the purple vine,
 The lofty poplar and the elm espouse,
 Or round the mulberry their tendrils twine,
 Or creep in clusters through the ilex-boughs.

A thousand flowers, enameling the fields,
 Declare the presence of returning spring;
 A various harvest smiling Ceres yields,
 And all the groves with vocal music sing.

Earth, air, and sea th' enchantment of the clime,
 Revived that young elation of the breast
 When Hope, undaunted, saw the form of Time
 In Fancy's gay deluding colors drest.

And though those visions are forever fled
 Which in the morning of existence rose,
 And all the false and flatt'ring hopes are dead
 That vainly promised a serener close -

I'll snatch the joys which spite of fate remain
 To cheer life's darkness with a transient ray,
 And oft in vivid fancy roam again
 Through these blest regions when I'm far away.

Rome, May 13th.—Walked about visiting to announce my return, and found nobody at home. Hired a horse and rode with Lovaine till near eight o'clock; rode by the Via Sacra two or three miles along the Street of Tombs—very interesting and curious—and then cut across to the ruin of an old villa, where an apartment floored with marble has lately been discovered, evidently a bath, and a very large one; on to Torlonia's *scavo* and under the arches of the Claudian aqueduct. Nothing at Rome delights and astonishes me more than the aqueducts, the way they stretch over the Campagna—²

¹ The Temple of Venus stands upon the shore of the Bay of Baia.

² The Claudian aqueduct, which is the grandest, and whose enormous ro-

As some earth-born giants spread
Their mighty arms along th' indented mead.

And when you approach them how admirable are their vastness and solidity—each arch in itself a fabric, and the whole so venerable and beautiful. After all my delight at Naples I infinitely prefer Rome; there is a tranquil magnificence and repose about Rome, and an indefinable pleasure in the atmosphere, the coloring, and the ruins, which are better felt than described. We lingered about the aqueducts till dark, but there is hardly any twilight here; the sun sets, and in half an hour it is night. Almost everybody is gone or going, but the heat can't have driven them away, for it is perfectly cool.

As we set out on our ride we passed a little church called "Domine, quo vadis?" which was built on this occasion: St. Peter was escaping from Rome (he was a great coward, that Princeps Apostolorum), and at this spot he met Christ, and said to him, "Domine, quo vadis?" "Why," replied our Saviour, "I am going to be crucified over again, for you are running away, and won't stay to do my business here;" on which St. Peter returned to suffer in his own person, and the church was built in commemoration of the event. The Saint has no reason to be flattered at the character which is given of him by the pious editors of his Epistles. "Confidence and zeal form a conspicuous part of his character, but he was sometimes deficient in firmness and resolution. He had the faith to walk upon the water, but when the sea grew boisterous his faith deserted him and he became afraid. He was forward to acknowledge Jesus to be the Messiah, and declared himself ready to die in that profession, and yet soon after he thrice denied, and with oaths, that he knew any thing of Jesus. The warmth of his temper led him to cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant, and by his timidity and dissimulation respecting the Gentile converts at Antioch he incurred the censure of the eager and resolute St. Paul."

We returned through the Porta di San Giovanni, and by the Scala Santa. There are three flights of steps; those in the middle are covered with wood (that the marble may not be worn out), and these are the holy steps; the other two are for the pious to walk down. I had no idea anybody ever

mains form the great ornament of the Campagna, was begun by Caligula, and finished by Claudius. The structure of the arches is exactly like those of the Coliseum. The first aqueduct was built by Appius Cæcus, the censor, the same who laid down the Via Appia, 310 B.C.

went up on their knees, though I was aware they were not allowed to go up on their feet, and with no small surprise saw several devout females in the performance of this ceremony. They walk up the vestibule, drop upon their knees, rise and walk over the landing-place, carefully tuck up their gowns, drop again, and then up they toil in the most absurd and ridiculous postures imaginable.

Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along.

DRYDEN, *Juv.* 6.

I suppose there is some spiritual advantage derivable from the action, but I don't know what. Why, however, I should be surprised I can't tell, after all I have seen here. Madame de Dalberg came to my recollection, and San Gennaro; she had owned to me that she believed in the miracle, and we had a long dispute about it, though I have since thought that I am wrong to regard her credulity with such pity and contempt. The case admits of an argument, though not that which she made use of. Many people are right in what they do, but without knowing why; some wrong, with very fair reasons. She, however, is wrong both ways, but she had been brought up in principles of strong religious belief, and she belongs to a church which teaches that miracles have never ceased from the days of the Apostles till now. Those who believe that a miracle ever was performed cannot doubt that another *may* be performed now; the only question is as to the fact. *We* believe that miracles ceased with the Apostles, and we pronounce all that are alleged to have happened since to be fictitious. Believing as she does that miracles have continually occurred, it is more reasonable to believe in the reality of one she sees herself than in those which are reported by others. She sees this done; it is, then, a miracle or it is an imposture; but it is declared to be a miracle by a whole body of men, who must know whether it be so or not, and to whom she has been accustomed to look up with respect and confidence, and who have always been deemed worthy of belief. What is it, then, she believes? The evidence of her own senses, and the testimony of a number of men, and a succession of them, who are competent witnesses, and whose characters are for the most part unblemished, in her opinion certainly. The objection that it is improbable, and that no sufficient reason is assigned

for its performance, is quite inadmissible, as all considerations of reason are in matters of revelation.

And when the event only is revealed, it is not for men to dogmatize about the mode or means of its accomplishment, for God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts, and His purposes may be wrought out in a manner that we wot not.—KEITH.

There is nothing of which we are so continually reminded as that we must not pretend to judge of the reasonableness and fitness of the Divine dispensations, and there may therefore be good cause for the San Gennaro affair, though we cannot fathom it. Still, as the generality of people of education have given it up, one wonders at the orthodox few whose belief lingers on. There are other bloods that liquefy in various places besides San Gennaro's.

12th.—Walked to Santa Agnese, in the Piazza Navona, a pretty church, but hardly anybody in it; to Santa Maria sopra Minerva, empty likewise, but Michael Angelo's Christ was there—a grand performance, though defective about the legs, which are too thick; he has one golden foot for the devotees, who were wearing out the marble toe, and would soon have had it as smooth as that of Jupiter's in St. Peter's; *ci-devant* Jupiter, now St. Peter.

I went again to the Pantheon, and walked round and round, and looked, and admired; even the ragged wretches who came in seemed struck with admiration. It is so fine to see the clouds rolling above through the roof; it passes my comprehension how this temple escaped the general wreck of Rome. Then to St. Peter's, and went up to the roof and to the ball, through the aperture of which I could just squeeze, though there is plenty of room when once in it. The ball holds above thirty people, stuffed close of course. Three other men were going up at the same time, who filled the narrow ascent with garlicky effluvia. It is impossible to have an idea of the size and grandeur of St. Peter's without going over the roof, and examining all the details, and looking down from the galleries. The ascent is very easy; there are slabs at the bottom taken from the holy gates, as they were successively opened and closed by the different Popes at the Jubilees.¹ At the top

¹ The Jubilee was established by Boniface VIII, in 1300, and was originally a centenary commemoration, but reduced to fifty years, and afterward to twenty-five, as it still continues. Italian remarks that the Court of Rome at the next Jubilee will read with a sigh the description of that of 1300. "The Pope received an incalculable sum of money, for two priests stood day and

were recorded the ascents of various kings and princes and princesses, who had clambered up; there was also an inscription in Latin and Italian, the very counterpart of that which is still seen on the wall in Titus's Baths, only instead of "Jovem omnipotentem atque omnes Deos iratos habeat," etc., etc., it runs, "Iratos habeat Deum omnipotentem et Apostolos Petrum et Paulum," though I don't see why Paul should care about it. Went afterward and walked on the Pincian.

This morning went with the Lovaines and Monsignore Spada to see the library of the Vatican, which was to have been shown us by Monsignore Maii, the librarian, but he was engaged elsewhere and did not come. These galleries are most beautiful, vast, and magnificent, and the painting of the old part interesting and curious, but that which was done by Pius VI. and Pius VII. has deformed the walls with such trash as I never beheld; they present various scenes of the misfortunes of these two Popes, and certain passages in their lives. The principal manuscripts we saw were a history of Federigo di Felto, Duke of Urbino, and nephew of Julius II., beautifully illuminated by Julio Clovio, a scholar of Giulio Romano. I never saw any thing more exquisite than these paintings. Among the most curious of the literary treasures we saw are a manuscript of some of St. Augustine's works, written upon a palimpsest of Cicero's "De Republicâ;" this treatise was brought to light by Maii; the old Latin was as nearly erased as possible, but by the application of gall it has been brought out faintly, but enough to be made out, and completely read: Henry VIII.'s love letters to Anne Boleyn, in French and English: Henry's reply to Luther, the presentation copy to the Pope (Clement VII.), signed by him twice at the end, in English at the end of the book, in Latin at the dedication, which is also written by his own hand, only a line; the pictures representing St. Peter's in different stages of the work are very curious. In the print-room there is a celestial globe painted by Julio Romano.

Just before I went to the Vatican I read in *Galignani* the agreeable intelligence that my mare Lady Emily had beat Clotilde at Newmarket, which I attribute entirely to my *ex voto* of a silver horseshoe, which I vowed, before I went to Naples, to the Virgin of the Pantheon in case I won the match; and, as I am resolved to be as good as my word, I night at the altar of St. Peter, with rakes in their hands, raking up the heaps of money."—MURATORI.

have ordered the horseshoe, which is to be sent on Monday, and as soon as it arrives it shall be suspended among all the arms, and legs, and broken gigs, and heads, and silver hearts, and locks of hair.

Everybody here is in great alarm about the King (George IV.), who I have no doubt is very ill. I am afraid he will die before I get home, and I should like to be in at the death and see all the proceedings of a new reign; but, now I am here, I must stay out my time, let what will happen. I shall probably never see Rome again, and "according to the law of probability, so true in general, so false in particular," I have a good chance of seeing at least one more King leave us.

May 15th.—I rode with Lord Haddington to the Villa Mellini last evening on a confounded high-going old hunter of Lord Lynedoch's, which he gave to William Russell. On my return found Henry de Ros just arrived, having been stopped at Aquapendente and Viterbo for want of a *lascia passare*.

This morning I have been dragging him about the town till he was half dead. The last three days have been the hottest to which Rome is subject—not much sun, no wind, but an air like an oven. The only cool place is St. Peter's, that is delicious. It is the coolest place in summer and the warmest in winter. We went to St. Peter's, Coliseum, gallery of the Vatican, Villa Albani, and Villa Borghese. The Villa Albani I had not seen before; it is a good specimen of a Roman villa, full of fine things (the finest of which is the Antinous), but very ill kept up. The Cardinal has not set his foot in it for a year and a half; there is one walk of ilexes perfectly shady, but all the rest is exposed to the sun. The post brought very bad accounts of the King, who is certainly dying. I have no notion that he will live till I get home, but they tell me there will be no changes. Gagarin told me last night that Lieven is to be governor to the Emperor of Russia's eldest son, that for the present he will retain the title of Ambassador, and that Matuszewitz will be Chargé d'Affaires in London.

May 18th. Again dragging Henry de Ros about, who likes to see sights, but is not strong enough to undergo fatigue. Yesterday I called on M. de la Ferronays, and had a long conversation about French politics; he is greatly alarmed at the state of affairs in France, and told me that he had said every thing he could to the King to dissuade him from changing his Ministry and trying a *coup d'état*, that the King has always been in his heart averse to a Constitution.

and has now got it into his head that there is a settled design to subvert the royal authority, in which idea he is confirmed by those about him, "son petit entourage." He anticipates nothing but disaster to the King and disorder in the country from these violent measures, and says that France was increasing in prosperity, averse to change, satisfied with its Government and Constitution, and only desirous of certain ameliorations in the internal administration of the country, and of preserving inviolate the institutions it had obtained. He thinks the success of the expedition to Algiers, if it should succeed, will have no effect in strengthening the hands of Polignac; says they committed a capital fault in the beginning by proroguing the Chambers upon their making that violent Address in answer to the Speech, that they should immediately have proceeded to propose the enactment of those laws of which the country stands in need, when if the Chamber had agreed to them the Ministry would have appeared to have a majority, and would thereby gain moral strength; and if they had been rejected, the King would have had a fine opportunity of appealing to the nation, and saying that as long as they had attacked him personally he had passed it by, but as they opposed all those ameliorations which the state of France required, his people might judge between him and them, and that this would at least have given him a chance of success and brought many moderate people to his side. He added that he had also said the same thing to Polignac, but without success, that he is totally ignorant of France and will listen to nobody. I told him that Henry de Ros had been at Lyons when the Dauphin came, and how ill he was received by the townspeople and the troops, at which he did not seem at all surprised, though sorry.

Went to Santa Maria in Trastevere to-day, the Farnese Palace, the Farnesina and Spada, Portico d'Ottavia and Mausoleo d'Augusto; this last not worth seeing at all. The last time I was at the Spada I did not see the pictures, some of which are very good, particularly a Judith by Guido, and a Dido by Guercino, which is damaged, but beautiful. Then to Santa Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran, and a ride over the Campagna to the Claudian aqueduct and Torlonia's scavo.

May 20th.—I breakfasted with Mills at his villa on the Palatine; Madame de Menon, Henry Cheney, Fox, and the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires; very agreeable; his villa

charming; it formerly belonged to Julius II., and one room is painted in fresco by Raphael and his scholars, as they say.

The Portuguese is Donna Maria's officer. The relations of the Holy See with Portugal are rather anomalous, but sensible. The Pope says he has nothing to do with politics, does not acknowledge Dom Miguel, but as he is *de facto* ruler of Portugal, he must for the good of the Church (whose interests are not to be abandoned for any temporal considerations) transact business with him, and so he does. This Envoy is very sanguine as to the ultimate success of the Queen's cause.

Went to the Orti Farnesiani and to Livia's Baths, where there is still some painting and gilding to be seen. Then to the Capitol; saw the pictures and statues (again), and called on Bunsen, who told me a colossal head of Commodus could not be Commodus (which stands in the court of the Capitol); he won't allow any thing is any thing. He is full of politics, and thinks the French will get rid of their domestic difficulties by colonizing Africa, and does not see why they should not as well as the Romans; but he seems a better antiquary than politician.

Some pictures in the Capitol are very fine—Domenichino's Sybil and Santa Barbara, Gueremo's Santa Petronella (copied in mosaic in St. Peter's) and Cleopatra and Antony. There are several unfinished Guidos, some only just begun. They say he played, and when he lost and could not pay, painted a picture; so these are the produce of bad nights, and their progress perhaps arrested by better.

To the Borghese Villa. At present I think Chiswick better than any villa here, but they tell me when I get home and see Chiswick and remember these I shall think differently.

May 22d.—Found it absolutely necessary to adopt Roman customs and dine early and go out after dinner; one must dine at four or at nine. Went to Raphael's house, which is painted by his scholars, and one room by himself; a very pretty villa, uninhabited, and belongs to an old man and an old woman, who will neither live in it nor let it. Though close to the Villa Borghese, which is occupied by the malaria, this villa is quite free from it. The malaria is inexplicable. If it was "palpable to sight as to feeling," it would be like a fog which reaches so far and no farther. Here are ague and salubrity, cheek by jowl. To the Pamfili Doria, a bad house with a magnificent view all round Rome; fine garden in the regular clipped style, but very shady, and the stone-pines the

finest here; this garden is well kept. Malaria again; Rome is blockaded by malaria, and some day will surrender to it altogether; as it is, it is melancholy to see all these deserted villas and palaces, scarcely one of which is inhabited or decently kept. I don't know one palace or villa which is lived in as we should live in England; the Borghese Villa is the only one which is really well kept, but Prince Borghese has £70,000 a year; he lives at Florence and never comes here, but keeps collecting and filling his villa. The other morning the ground here was in many parts covered by a thin red powder, which was known to come from an eruption, and everybody thought it was Vesuvius, and so travelers reported, but it turns out to be from Etna or Stromboli. Naples was covered with it, and the sun obscured, but it is much nearer. Rome must be 300 or 400 miles from Etna.

May 23d.—Went to three churches—Nuova, San Giovanni dei Fiorentini, San Agostino; in this latter is Raphael's fresco of the prophet Isaiah, in the style of M. Angelo, but it did not particularly strike me. There is a remarkable Madonna here, a great favorite; her shrine is quite illuminated with lamps and candles, and adorned with offerings which cover the columns on each side of the church. Numerous devotees were kissing her gilt foot, and the Virgin and Child were decked with ear-rings, bracelets, and jewels and gold in every shape; the Child, which is of a tawny marble, looked like some favorite little "nigger," so bedizened was he with finery. She is a much more popular Madonna than my friend of the Pantheon, to whom I went, as in honor bound, and hung up my horseshoe by a purple ribbon (my racing color) round one of the candlesticks on the altar, with this inscription—C. C. G., P. G. R. N. A. 27, 1830.¹

Took H. de Ros to see the Cenci and the skeleton friars, not exactly birds of a feather; was obliged to squabble with the monk to get a sight of my old friends the skeletons, who at last let us in, but would not take any money, which I thought monks never refused, but my *luquais de place* said, "Lo conosco bene, c'è molto superbo." Rode along the Via Appia and to Maxentius's Circus.

May 24th.—Called on Sir William Gell at his eggshell of a house and pretty garden, which he planted himself ten years ago, and calls it the Boschetto Gellio. He was very agree-

¹ [These letters appear to stand for the following votive inscription "Charles Cavendish Greville. Pro quatuor receptis nuper. April 27, 1830."]

able, with stories of Pompeii, old walls, and ruined cities, besides having a great deal to say on living objects and passing events.

Dined with M. de la Ferronays—a great party—and was desired to hand out Madame la Comtesse de Maistre, wife to the Comte Xavier de Maistre, author of the “*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*” and “*Le Lépreux*,” to which works I gave a prodigious number of compliments. The Dalbergs and Aldobrandinis dined there, and some French whom I did not know. The Duc de Dalberg and his wife are a perpetual source of amusement to me, she with her devotion and believing every thing, he with his air *moqueur* and believing nothing; she so merry, he so shrewd, and so they squabble about religion. “*Qui est cet homme?*” I said to him when a ludicrous-looking abbé, broader than he was long, came into the room. “*Que sais-je? quelque magot.*” “*Ah, je m’en vais dire cela à la Duchesse.*” “*Ah, mon cher, n’allez pas me brouiller avec ma famille.*”

He had been talking to me about La Ferronays the day before, and said he was a sensible, right-headed man, “*mais diablement russe;*” and last night La Ferronnays gave us an account of the revolt of the Guards on the Emperor Nicholas’s accession, of which he had been a witness—of the Emperor’s firmness and his subsequent conversations with him, all which was very interesting, and he recounted it with great energy. He said that the day after the affair of the Guards, all the *Corps Diplomatique* had gone to him, that he had addressed them in an admirable discourse and with a firm and placid countenance. He told them that they had witnessed what had passed, and he had no doubt would give a faithful relation of it to their several Courts; that on dismissing them, he had taken him (La Ferronays) into his closet, when he burst into tears, and said, “*You have just seen me act the part of Emperor; you must now witness the feelings of the man. I speak to you as my best friend, from whom I conceal nothing.*” He went on to say that he was the most miserable of men, forced upon a throne which he had no desire to mount, having been no party to the abdication of his brother, and placed in the beginning of his reign in a position the most painful, irksome, and difficult; but that though he had never sought this elevation, now that he had taken it on himself he would maintain and defend it. When La Ferronays had done, “*L’entendez-vous?*” said Dalberg. “*Comme il parle avec*

goût; cela lui est personnel. L'Empereur ne lui a pas dit la moitié de tout cela."

La Ferronays introduced me to Cardinal Albani, telling him I had brought him a letter from Madame Craufurd, which I did, and left it when I was here before. He thought I was just come, and asked for the letter, which I told his Eminence he had already received. He had, however, forgotten all about me, my letter, and old Craaf. We had a long conversation about the Catholic question, the Duke's duel with Lord Winchelsea (which he had evidently never heard of), the King's illness, etc. He is like a very ancient red-legged macaw, but I suppose he is a dandy among the Cardinals, for he wears two stars and two watches. I asked him to procure me an audience of the Pope, which he promised to do. Escaped at last from the furnace his room was, and went to air in the streets; came home early and went to bed.

This morning got up at half-past six, and went to look out for some *columbaria* I had heard of out of the Porta Pia, and near Santa Agnese. The drones at Santa Agnese knew nothing about them, but I met La Ferronays riding as I was returning in despair, and he showed me the way to them. They have been discovered about six years, and are in a garden. The excavation may be fifteen feet by about eight or nine, more or less, and is full of broken urns and inscriptions, some of which are very good indeed. One is upon C. Cargilius Pedagogus:

Vixi quandiu potui, sine lite, sine rixâ,
Sine contentione, sine ære alieno, amicis fidem
Bonam præstiti, peculio pauper, animo divitissimus,
Benè valeat is qui hoc titulum perlegit meum.

Another:

Lucius Virius Saneius æt. xxiii.
Quod tu mi debebas facere, ego tibi facio, mater pia.

The same idea as in Canning's verses on his son:

While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrows o'er his tomb.

And Evander on Pallas:

Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata superstes
Restarem ut genitor.

As I came back I looked into San Bernardo, Santa Maria della Vittoria, and Santa Susanna, and I stopped to look at the

"Moses striking the Rock," which is certainly very fine, though there is too much of Moses, and not enough of rock or water. After breakfast to the Vatican library, where the Duc de Dalberg had engaged the Abbé Maii to meet him, and he showed us all the manuscripts, most of which I had already seen. He is very laborious as well as learned. Maii is said to undertake too much, and to leave a great deal half examined, and therefore unknown; but somebody (I forget who) is at daggers drawn with him, so it may be the accusation of a literary enemy. Went about with the Dalbergs to several places, to all of which I had been before. At every church the Duchess and her daughter dropped on their knees and sprinkled themselves with holy water, and prayed and courtesied, but nothing could get him down on his marrow bones.

May 25th.—Breakfasted with Gell in his Boschetto Gellio under a treillage of vines and surrounded by fruits and flowers. He was very agreeable, and told us a great many anecdotes of the Queen and her trial. We are just setting off for Tivoli.

May 27th.—Went to Tivoli. The journey hotter than flames over the Campagna. It is the most beastly town I ever saw, more like the Ghetto here than any other place, full of beggars and children. The inn very moderate, but Henry and I got a very good apartment, looking over the country, in a private house. We all dined together.

—— is the merriest of saints, the jolliest of devotees and very unlike the ghost in "Don Juan," who says, "Che si pasce di cibo celeste non si pasce di cibo mortale," for though rigorously obedient to the prescribed fasts of the Church, she devours flesh enough on other days to suffice for those on which it is forbidden; and on the meagre days she indemnifies herself by any quantity of fish, vegetables, and *sucrerics* of all kinds. It is only like eating her first course on Thursday and her second on Friday.

After dinner we sent for the most famous guide with the magnificent name of Pietro Stupendo, called "Stupendous" from his frequent use of that adjective in pointing out the views. His real name is Barbarossa, which is nearly as fine. We went to see the sun set from the Villa d'Este, a very fine villa, with clipped trees, water-works, and all the usual beauties of Italian villas. It belongs to the Duke of Modena, is uninhabited, and falling to decay for want of care and at-

tention. Thence to the Temple of the Sybil or Vesta¹ (for it goes by both names), which is very airy and graceful, and perched on the point of a rock, but its effect spoiled by being embedded in dirty, ugly houses. The fall below was made by Bernini, and is very pretty, but not grand, and it looks rather artificial. We saw it from what is called the Grotto of Neptune. At night I returned again, but nobody else would stir out. I went down to the fall, and had bundles of hay lit on the rock above, and some blue lights called *lumi di Bengala*, a sort of firework, put in the temple, and the effect was beautiful. The reflected light upon the cascade, and the light and shade upon the rocks, and the temple made visible through the darkness by the soft, blue flame, without any of the background of buildings appearing, were very fine, and in the obscurity it seemed much more extensive and natural. I saw this first from the Grotto of Neptune, and then from the opposite height.

Yesterday morning we were to have started on the *giro* of Tivoli at six, but as women are never ready, and a good deal of eating and drinking was to be gone through before we got under weigh, we were not off till near eight. The consequence was that we got into the heat, and lost the coloring of the early morning, and those lights and shades on which great part of the beauty of this scenery depends. I was altogether disappointed; the hills are either quite bare or covered with olives, the most tiresome of trees; the falls are all artificial, and though the view at the foot of the largest (or as near as you can approach it) is beautiful, on the whole no part of the scenery answered my expectations. The water falls at eleven separate cascades (above and below), and sinking into the gulf appears to boil up again in clouds of spray, but the artificial channel above is distinctly visible. There is an ancient bridge over the Anio and part of a road up to Tivoli in wonderful preservation. Our party pleased their imaginations by thinking that Augustus and Mæcenas had probably gone cheek by jowl over the road and bridge, but Stupendous told me it was built by Valerian, A. D. 253, though he had no notion who Valerian was, except that he was an Emperor. There are some curious remains of Mæcenas's Villa, particu-

¹ I believe it to be the Sybil's Temple. There is a frightful square building close to it they call the Sybil's Temple, but I do not see by what authority Nibby says it is Vesta, but everybody else says the Sybil.—FORSYTH, CHAMBER, etc.

larly the places (if they are really so) where the slaves were kept, which are just like cellars. I cannot remember seeing any apartments destined for slaves at Pompeii, but from all one sees or hears and reads of the Roman slaves, they must have been treated in a manner that it is inconceivable they should have endured, considering their numbers, and of what they were generally composed—barbarian prisoners or free citizens reduced to servitude. We ended the *giro* at the Villa d'Este, and breakfasted on the terrace; the rest of the party then retired to sleep and play at cards at the inn, and I started with Stupendous to see the remains of an ancient city, and some specimens of Cyclopean walls, about four or five miles off. The first place is called Ventidius Bassa's, because that gentleman had a villa there, built on the ruins of a little Cyclopean town, where there are still some walls standing. From thence to Mitriano, which must have been a large town, the vestiges still covering several hills, and the remains of walls being very large; there is nothing left but a few broken fluted columns, and one flat marble stone perfect, with an inscription. This joint was hardly worth the trouble.

When I came back from Mitriano, I went down to the Grotto of the Sirens, from whence the view of the cascade is much finer than from the other grotto, and really grand; but the path is very slippery from the clouds of spray constantly falling over it. I did not go quite to the grotto, for Stupendous told me he had nearly slipped down the rock and cracked his crown; so I declined running that risk, but saw just as well, for I went nearly to the bottom.

At half-past four we went to Adrian's Villa, with which I was as much delighted as I was disappointed with Tivoli. Nothing can be more picturesque than the ruins, and nothing gives such an idea of the grandeur of the ancient masters of the world. They are six miles in circumference, and the remains are considerable, though not very distinct, but it is very easy to perceive that they are the ruins of a villa, or a collection of ornamental and luxurious buildings, and not of a town, which from their size they might be. Almost all the ruins of antiquity that adorn Rome were found here, or in Caracalla's Baths, which latter were supplied from this stock—all the Albani collection, most of the Museo Borbonico at Naples, and half the Vatican. The Albani collection was made by a nephew of Clement XI., the Albani Pope. They say only one-fourth has been excavated. The ruins are over

grown with ivy and all sorts of creepers. The grounds are full of pines and cypresses of great size, and it is altogether one of the most interesting and beautiful spots I have seen in Italy. The Villa Adriani now belongs to Duke Braschi, nephew of Pius VI. He has not excavated, but the truth is that there is little temptation to individuals to do so. The Government have taken all the ruins under their protection, and no proprietor is allowed to destroy any part of them. So far so good, but if he digs and finds any thing, he may not sell it; the Government reserves to itself a right of preemption, and should he be offered a large sum by any foreigner for any object he may find, he is not allowed to take it, although the Government may not choose to buy it at the same price. They will fix a fair, but not a fancy price, but the vender is often obliged, when they do buy it, to wait many years for his money. Albani employed 1,000 men to excavate.

We came back in a deliciously cool evening. The Duchess wanted us to keep with her carriage (she had a pair and we had four horses), for fear she should be robbed—for she had heard that somebody had been robbed somewhere a little while ago—which we promised; but our postilions set off in a gallop, we fell asleep, and they were left to their fate.

At night.—This morning as I was sitting at Torlonia's reading the newspapers, a woman came in, who Luigi Chiveri soon after begged to introduce to me. She was a Mrs. Kelly, of whose history I had already heard, and I told Chiveri I would assist her if I could. She told me her case in detail. The short of it is this: She and her daughter (who is very pretty) got acquainted at Florence with a family of Swifts. Young Swift seeing the girl was good-looking, and hearing she was rich, made up to her, gained her affections (as they call it), and proposed to marry her. She agreed, provided her mother did. They came to Rome. Swift followed, established himself at the same inn, and wrote to the mother to propose himself. The mother declined. He wrote a second letter—same reply. He then prevailed on the girl to promise not to give him up, but failed in persuading her to elope with him. She said she would marry him when she was of age. He pressed her to give him a written promise to this effect before witnesses. After some hesitation she agreed, and one evening (having been previously appointed by him) she met him in another room, where she found a priest and two men. She signed two papers without reading

them, heard a short form uttered over, which she did not understand, and then was told to run down-stairs again. A few days after she got uneasy as to what had happened, and confessed it all to her mother, who immediately conceived that this was a marriage ceremony into which she had been inveigled. She told her lover what she had done, who asked her what her mother had said. She told him that her mother fancied that it was a marriage, but that she had told her it was not, when he informed her it was, and this was the first intimation he gave her of the sort, and the first time he had given her to understand that he regarded her as his wife. She reproached him with his duplicity and the imposition he had practised on her, and told him she would have no more to say to him. This took place in St. Peter's one Friday at vespers. Soon after they went to Naples, where Swift followed, and wrote to her mother, saying he had married her daughter, and asking her forgiveness; that she might fancy the marriage was not valid, but she would find it was, having been celebrated by an abbé, witnessed by the nephew of a cardinal, and the certificate signed by a cardinal, with the knowledge of the Pope. She sent no answer, when he begged an interview, which she granted, and then he told her that he was a Catholic, and that her daughter had become so too, and had signed an act of abjuration of the Protestant religion. The mother and daughter, however, declined having any thing to do with him, and the latter declared that she had never changed her religion at all. He then claimed her as his wife, and tried to prevail on Hill and Lushington (Sir Henry Lushington, Consul—the present Lord Berwick, Minister) to prevent their leaving Naples. They declined to interfere, and advised the mother to go home, and let the matter be settled between them in England. She took the hint and set off. He followed, and overtook them at Rome, and there, by representations to the civil and religious authorities that they were taking away his wife to prevent her being a Catholic, and make her relapse to the Protestant faith, he got them to interfere, and their passports were refused. Such is their story. They have nobody to advise, assist, or protect them.

I went to La Ferronays, who was all good-nature, and said he would go with me to Cardinal Albani; but I went first to the hotel and saw the girl alone, who corroborated all her mother had said. I wrote down her evidence, and made her sign it, and then went with the Ambassador to

the Cardinal in the Quirinal Palace. The door of his cabinet was locked, but after a sort of *abbé suisse* had knocked a little he came and opened it, and in we went. He did not recollect my name the last time I saw him, nor my person this. La Ferronays explained the business, with which he was already acquainted, partly through Kestner (the Hanoverian Minister) and partly through the Roman authorities, who had given him the case of the adventurer, for such he seems to be. The Cardinal seemed disposed to do nothing (Bunsen assures me he is a very sensible man, and right-headed and well-disposed), and said she was married. We said, not at all. Then he hummed and hawed, and stammered and slobbered, and talked of the "case being in the hands of the Saint Office [the Inquisition!!] under the eyes of his Holiness. What could he do?" We fired off a tirade against the infamy of the action, said that the English tribunals ought to decide upon the validity of the marriage, that all they wanted was to go home, that the man might follow and make his claim good if he could, and that the story (if they were detained here) would make a noise in England, and would be echoed back to France by the press of both countries, and that it was very desirable to avoid such a scandal. He seemed struck with this, and said it would be best to send them off to settle their disputes at home, but that they must have patience, that time was necessary, and the case must be examined. We were obliged to be contented with this, and saying we were sure the case was in good hands (which I doubt, for he would leave it there if he dared), with many scrapes and compliments we took our leave. The girl has never cared to show her face, for fear of being carried off by the lover or shut up in a convent by the Grand Inquisitor, so I tranquillized their minds and sent them out an airing. In the evening I spoke to Monsignore Spada, who has promised to help get up a case in Italian, if it should be wanted.

Dined with M. de la Ferronays, and went to his villa (Mattei) afterward. He has been perfect in this affair, full of prompt kindness; but what a Government! how imbecile, how superannuated!—a Minister of ninety almost, a sovereign of whom all that can be said is that he is a great canonist, and all that little bubbling and boiling of priestery and monkery, which is at once odious, mischievous, and contemptible, a sort of extinct volcano, all the stink of the sulphur without any of the splendor of the eruption. They want the French again

sadly. English subjects detained by the Inquisition in 1830 ! ! La Ferronnays advised me to ask the Pope for a moment of audience, and to request him to see the girl himself, and interrogate her, and learn the truth of the case.

I had just done writing the above when a note came from La Ferronnays with the passports for the Kellys, which Albani had sent him, so I had only to thank the Cardinal instead of mentioning it to the Pope¹. I did not think he would have been so quick. How enchanted they will be to-morrow morning !

May 29th.—At ten Kestner called for Lovaine and me, and we went to the Pope.¹ His Court is by no means despicable. A splendid suite of apartments at the Quirinal with a very decent attendance of Swiss Guards, *Guardie Nobili*, Chamberlains—generally ecclesiastics—dressed in purple, valets in red from top to toe, of Spanish cut, and in the midst of all a barefooted Capuchin. After waiting a few minutes, we were introduced to the presence of the Pope by the Chamberlain, who knelt as he showed us in. The Pope was alone at the end of a very long and handsome apartment, sitting under a canopy of state in an arm-chair, with a table before him covered with books and papers, a crucifix and a snuff-box. He received us most graciously, half rising and extending his hand, which we all kissed. His dress was white silk, and very dirty, a white-silk skull-cap, red-silk shoes with an embroidered cross, which the faithful kiss. He is a very nice, squinting old twaddle, and we liked him. He asked us if we spoke Italian, and when we modestly answered, a little, he began in the most desperately unintelligible French I ever heard ; so that, though no doubt he said many excellent things, it was nearly impossible to comprehend any of them ; but he talked with interest of our King's health, of the antiquities, and Vescovali, of Lucien Bonaparte and his extortion (for his curiosities), said when he was Cardinal he used to go often to Vescovah. He is, in fact, a connoisseur. Talked of quieting religious dissensions in England, and the Catholic question ; and when I said, "*Très-Saint Père, le Roi mon maître n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets catholiques,*" his eyes whirled round in their sockets like teetotums, and he grinned from ear to ear. After about a quarter of an hour he bade us

¹ [The Pope was Pius VIII. (Francesco Castiglioni), whose reign was a very short one, for he succeeded Leo XII. in March, 1829, and was succeeded by Gregory XVI. in December, 1830.]

farewell: we kissed his hand and backed out again. We then went to the Cardinal, whom I thanked warmly for his prompt attention to my request in having given the passports to my *protégées*. It is the etiquette in the Court of the Quirinal for the servants to descend from behind the carriage, and the horses to go a foot-pace.

After this audience I took the passport to the Kellys. The mother was in bed, but the girl came to me in a transport of gratitude and joy. They went off in the evening to Florence. La Ferronays advised me to send them off directly, for fear the priests should begin to stir in the matter and raise fresh obstacles.

In the afternoon went to Gibson's, the sculptor. He is very simple and intelligent, and appears to be devoted to his art. There is a magnificent Venus, composed from various models, like Zeuxis's statue of Juno at Crotona.

Quando Zeusi l'immagine far volse
Che par dovea nel tempio di Giunone,
E tante belle nude insieme accolse,
E per una farne in perfezione,
Da chi, una parte, e da chi, un' altra tolse.

May 31st.—Yesterday the advocate to whom I had advised Mrs. Kelly to go came to me, and said he could not understand what she said, and she had desired him to call on me. I told him the story, and he said he would look into it and see what was to be done. I had advised her before she went to consult an Italian lawyer as to the necessary steps to be taken here in order to prove the invalidity of the marriage in England. This man, whose name is Dottore Belli, was recommended to me by Monsignore Spada as a clever lawyer, and particularly good for the case, because brother of one of the judges (or other officer) in the Vicar-General's court. But I suppose he has less influence over the brother than the brother over him, for this morning he sent me a very civil but formal letter, saying "the parties were married, and had abjured after instruction received"—evidently a letter dictated by the court or by his brother, or at all events by some ecclesiastical interest. They evidently want to make the marriage good to save their own credit, but there is a great mystery in the whole affair. Cardinal Weld told La Ferronays that they had not yet found the priest who had performed the ceremony. Bunsen at my request undertook to inquire into the affair, but up to the pres-

ent moment (June 13th) he has only made the case more confused and inexplicable.¹

To-day there was a grand ceremony of the transportation of the standard of a new saint (that is, one made about fifty years ago) from St. Peter's to San Lorenzo in Lucina, his own church. This saint is San Francisco Carracciolo, a Neapolitan. All the peasantry came in, covered with religious gewgaws, and the streets were crowded. There was a balcony at the Cardinal's as for the Girandola, but the Duc de Dalberg and I went to the Piazza di San Pietro, and saw it there; it was curious. First came the guards; then the footmen of the cardinals in State liveries, four for each, carrying torches; the clergy of various orders with chandeliers, crucifixes, immense crosses, standards, and all with torches; a long file of Jesuits, whose appearance was remarkable, so humble and absorbed did they look; bands of music and soldiers, the whole reaching from the door of St. Peter's to the other side of the Castle of St. Angelo. This procession made the *giro* of the city, for we fell in with it again in the Piazza della Colonna two hours afterward. The Church of San Lorenzo and the adjoining houses were illuminated, and there was a picture, inscription, etc., stuck up over the door. The Cardinal Galetti, who is the patron of this order, asked the General of the Jesuits to send some of his flock to swell the procession, which he was desirous of making as brilliant as possible. The General excused himself on the ground that the Jesuits were not in the habit of attending processions. The Cardinal complained to the Pope of the General's refusal. The next time the Pope saw him (he goes once a week to the Quirinal to make his report), after discussing all their matters of business and giving him the benediction, just as he was leaving the room, the Pope

¹ The conclusion of this affair is not less curious than its commencement. The parties returned to this country. Swift sued Miss Kelly in the Ecclesiastical Court, for the restitution of conjugal rights. After much delay, the case was elaborately argued before Sir John Nicholl, who at very great length pronounced judgment against the validity of the marriage. Swift appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, when the sentence of the Court below was reversed, and the ceremony at Rome decided to be a good and binding marriage. The parties were thus irrevocably made man and wife; and, after some time had elapsed, their mutual friends and relations set on foot a negotiation for a reconciliation, and eventually Miss Kelly agreed to live with Mr. Swift, on condition that the marriage ceremony should be regularly performed, which was accordingly done; certain settlements were made, and they are now (for all I know to the contrary) living happily and harmoniously together. [The further proceedings in this cause are described later on in this Journal, when they came before the Privy Council.]

called after him, "O reverend Father, I hope you will not send less than a hundred of your Jesuits to the procession to-morrow." The General was thunderstruck, but obliged to obey. This ecclesiastical anecdote makes a noise here. The present General is a Belgian, and a man of great ability. The Jesuits have a college here, and a seminary; a hundred in the one, and three hundred in the other.

The process of saint-making is extremely curious. There are three grades of saintship: the first, for which I forget the name, requires irreproachable moral conduct; the second (beatification), two well-proved miracles; the third (sanctification), three. It costs an immense sum of money to effect the whole, in some cases as much as 100,000 piastres. The process begins by an application to the Pope, on the part of the relatives of the candidate, or on that of the confraternity, if they belong to a religious order. The Pope refers the question to a tribunal, and the claimants are obliged to appear with their proofs, which are severely scrutinized, and the miracles are only admitted upon the production of the most satisfactory evidence. Individuals continually subscribe for this purpose, particularly for members of religious orders, in order to increase the honor or glory of the society. These trials last many years, sometimes for centuries. There is a Princess of Sardinia, sister of the late King, who died lately, and they want to make a saint of her. The money (estimated at 100,000 piastres) is ready, but they cannot rout out a miracle by any means, so that they are at a dead stand still before the second step. Nobody can be sanctified till two hundred years after their death, but they may arrive at the previous grades before that, and the proofs may be adduced and registered.

June 1st.—Yesterday news came of the change in the French Ministry,¹ of which La Ferronays knew nothing the night before, and from which Dalberg anticipates an increase of desperate measures on the part of the Court. Went in the morning to Gibson's; in the evening to the Orti Salustiani, one of the many objects here not worth seeing, though they show two great holes in a wall, which they

¹ [Charles X. had signed the decree for the dissolution of the existing Chamber of Deputies on the 16th of May; on the 18th of May another ordinance appointed M. de Chateaufort to the Ministry of Justice, M. de Peyronnet to the Interior, M. de Montbel to the Finances, and M. Capelle to the Department of Public Works. These appointments, more especially that of M. de Peyronnet, were deemed in the English degree hostile to the Liberal party.]

call the Campo Scelerato, and they say it is the place where the frail vestals were buried. Coming back we met the Pope taking a drive—two coaches-and-four, with guards and outriders. We got out of the carriage and took off our hats, and our *laquais de place* dropped on his knees. The Pope was in white, two people sitting opposite to him, and as he passed he scattered a blessing. All persons kneel when he appears—that is, all Catholics. The equipage was not brilliant. To the Corsini Villa, the gardens of which are some of the shadiest and most agreeable in Rome, but nobody inhabits the palace. The Corsinis live at Florence, and when they come here they lodge elsewhere, for the malaria, they say, occupies their domain. Thus it is that between poverty and malaria Rome is deserted by its great men. But the population ought to be increasing, for almost every woman one meets is with child. Gell denies the malaria, says he should not mind living where they say it is dangerous to live; but can this be matter of opinion?

In the evening looked into the Church and Piazza of San Lorenzo in Lucina. The church is hung with drapery, adorned with statues, and illuminated by innumerable wax-candles. The piazza is illuminated too, and drapery hung out from the windows. There were crowds of people, lines of chairs, and boys bawling to the people to come and sit upon them; others selling lemonade, others the life and exploits of the saint on penny papers; a band of military music on a scaffolding, and guards patrolling about. Between the intervals of the band the bells, in discordant chorus, regaled "the ears of the groundlings." This strange, discordant scene, the foundation of which is religious, but which has but little of the appearance of religion in it, lasts eight successive days, and costs a vast sum of money—they say 9,000 scudi—the greatest part of which is furnished by the Government. It probably answers some end, for it is difficult to conceive that any Government, even this, should spend money, of which they have so little to spare, on these fooleries while poverty overspreads the land. This ceremony has not taken place before for a hundred years. The sight is certainly very gay. Close by, in the Palazzo Fiani, is a theatre of marionettes, who play a comedy of Goldoni. The Duke Fiani lets parts of his palace for this purpose. What an exhibition of wretchedness! He reserves a box which his servants let to anybody, whether on his account or their own I don't know.

Evening.—Went before dinner to the Villa Madama, a ruined villa belonging to the royal house of Naples, with fine paintings still on the walls and ceilings, the vestiges of former luxury, and a capital view of Rome, the Tiber, the Milvian Bridge, and the mountains. After dinner to the San Gregorio to see the frescoes, the "Martyrdom of St. Andrew," the rival frescoes of Guido and Domenichino, and afterward drove about till dark, when we went to a most extraordinary performance—that of the Flagellants. I had heard of it, and had long been curious to assist at it. The church was dimly lit by a few candles on the altar, the congregation not numerous. There was a service, the people making the responses, after which a priest, or one of the attendants of the church, went round with a bundle of whips of knotted cord, and gave one to each person who chose to take it. I took mine, but my companion laughed so at seeing me gravely accept the whip, that he was obliged to hide his face in his hands, and was passed over. In a few minutes the candles were extinguished, and we were left in total darkness. Then an invisible preacher began exhorting his hearers to whip themselves severely, and as he went on his vehemence and passion increased. Presently a loud smacking was heard all round the church, which continued a few minutes; then the preacher urged us to fresh exertions, and crack went the whips again louder and faster than before as he exhorted. The faithful flogged till a bell rang; the whips stopped, in a few minutes the candles were lit again, and the priest came round and collected his cords. I had squeezed mine in my hands, so that he did not see it, and I brought it away with me. As soon as the candles were extinguished the doors were locked, so that nobody could go out or come in till the discipline was over. I was rather nervous when we were locked up in total darkness, but nobody whipped me, and I certainly did not whip myself. A more extraordinary thing (for sight it can't be called) I never witnessed. I don't think the people stripped, nor, if they did, that the cords could have hurt them much. From thence to St. Peter's, where we found the *quarant' ore* and the high altar illuminated with heaps of candles. Only a few lights scattered at a great distance through the rest of the church, very few people there; but the dim light, the deep shades, the vast space, and the profound stillness, were sublime.

Certainly nothing in the world can approach St. Peter's, and it always presents something new to admire.

From St. Peter's to the Vatican, to see the statues by torchlight. The effect is wonderful, and totally unlike that which is produced by day. The finest statues unquestionably gain the most, and it is easy, after seeing this, to understand why most of the best are found in the baths; a better notion, too, may be formed of their magnificence. It would seem as if some statues had been formed expressly to be thus exhibited. There is a mutilated statue they call a Niobe (God knows why), with drapery blown back by the wind and appearing quite transparent. This effect cannot be produced by daylight.

June 2d.—Called on Bunsen, who has not yet got an answer from the agent he sent to the office of the Grand Vicar. I had a long conversation with him about the expediency of appointing an English Minister or agent of some sort at Rome, which he thinks very desirable and very feasible, upon the same plan on which the diplomatic relations of Prussia with Rome are conducted, and which he says go on very smoothly, and without embarrassment or inconvenience. There is good faith on both sides. The Catholic bishops do not attempt to deceive the Government, and he thinks that the Court of Rome does not attempt to hold any clandestine intercourse with the Prussian States. He says Albani is a sensible man; that the cardinals are bigoted and prejudiced, hostile to England, and most of them forgetful of all the Sec of Rome owes to our country; but they are still aware that, in the hour of danger, it is to England and the Protestant countries they must look for protection, as they found it when Austria wanted to strip them of the March of Ancona. He thinks there is much superstition among the lower classes, little religion among any, great immorality in all; the same desire of intriguing and extending its influence which the Romish Church has always had, but with very diminished means and resources. The Inquisition is still active in repressing heresy among Roman subjects, but not venturing to meddle with the opinions of foreigners. Its principles and its forms are the same as in former times. He says we have an inefficient Consul at Ancona, who was put in by Canning on account of his Liverpool connections. It would be very desirable to establish a regular Protestant church in Rome, with an able and permanent minister; but there is only an occa-

sional church, with anybody who will serve in it, and who is paid by the congregation; but such a man is totally unable to cope with the Catholic preachers, and consequently many converts are made to the Catholic religion. A Consul-General at Rome might answer the purpose of an agent, and, without being an accredited Minister, perform all the functions of one. This was the pith of what he said, besides a great deal about the Catholic religion itself, its inferiority to the Reformed, its incompatibility with free institutions, and a good deal more, not much to the purpose. Bunsen is a man of very considerable information, learned, very obliging, and communicative, sensible, moderate, but rather prejudiced. At this moment he is full of the French expedition [to Algiers], and their colonizing projects, of which he is thoroughly persuaded and not a little afraid.

The Duc de Dalberg told me that at the Congress of Vienna he was deputed to speak to Consalvi about ceding the March of Ancona to the Austrians. He answered: "My dear Duke, the Congress can treat us as it pleases. If we are pressed, we must retreat to the walls; further we cannot go, and we are there already." The Cardinal afterward spoke to the Emperor, and the next day Metternich said he had orders from the Emperor to declare that he would take nothing from the Pontifical States without the free concurrence of the Pope; so there ended that question.

At night.—Just returned from Frascati with Henry de Ros—a very agreeable expedition. We went to the inn, a most execrable hotel, but dined very well on a repast we had the foresight to take with us. Before dinner went to the Villa Conti, which has a delicious garden, with fine trees and ample shade, and one of the prettiest falls of water I have seen. The house we did not enter, but it appeared small. To the Villa Marconi, without any garden, but a capital house, and the only one which looks well kept and inhabited. The Marconi house in the Conti garden would be perfect. After dinner to Tusculum, a beautiful walk under shade, with magnificent views over the Campagna on one side and Monte Cavo, Rocca di Papa, and the Prati d'Annibale on the other. The remains at Tusculum are next to nothing, part of a theatre, of an aqueduct, and of the walls. I believe the town was destroyed by Pope Celestine III. (1191), in order to extirpate a band of robbers which had long infested the country and made Tusculum their stronghold

All the country hereabout is beautiful, and the air excellent, so that a more perfect residence cannot be imagined. To the Villa Belvidere, belonging to Prince Aldobrandini, deserted and neglected, but very enjoyable, full of childish water-works, but a good house, which is to be hired for £150 a year, and might be made very comfortable. Here is Mount Parnassus, and the water turns an organ, and so makes Apollo and the Muses utter horrid sounds, and a Triton has a horn which he is made to blow, producing a very discordant noise. I fell in with Lady Sandwich, and went back to tea with her at a villa which belonged to the Cardinal York. There are the royal arms of England, a bust of the Cardinal, and a picture of his father or brother. We also went to the Rufinella, whence the view is extremely fine; this was Lucien Bonaparte's villa, and the scene of the capture of a painter and a steward by the banditti, who carried them off from the door of the villa and took them into the Abruzzi, which may be descried from the terrace. The cicerone who went with us (a tiresome and chattering fellow) told us that he had attended Queen Caroline, that they had come to him for evidence against her, and he had declared he knew nothing; but he said he could have deposed to some things unfavorable to her, having seen her and Bergami together and witnessed their familiarity.

June 4th.—Yesterday rode round the walls. In the evening to the Vatican, and afterward to Bunsen's. He gave me his memorandum to read, which is contained in a letter to Wilmot Horton of the 23th of December, 1828, upon the settlement of the Catholic question, and his view of the mode in which it might be done. He approves of Wilmot's plan, not knowing at that time that the Duke had resolved to grant unqualified emancipation. In this paper he describes the existing arrangements between the other Protestant Powers and the Court of Rome, and states in what manner he thinks we might pursue a similar course. It is well done, and his ideas seem to be very clear and sound. It is pretty evident that we should meet with no difficulties here, and that they would practically agree to every thing we should require, provided we did not insist upon their doing so in specific terms. Our difficulties would arise from the extreme parties at home—the ultra-Catholics and the ultra-Protestants—but a steady hand might steer betwixt them both. Bunsen describes what has been done in Prussia, Hanover, Netherlands, and the minor German States; the Prussian arrangements appear to be the

wisest. When the King of Prussia began to negotiate, he did not allow his Ministers to enter upon any discussion of principles, nor to ask for any express sanction of the *status quo*. On the other hand, he did not prescribe to the Church of Rome the canonical form in which an express or tacit acknowledgment of the claims and rights of the Crown are to be made as to the secularization of Church property. The Netherlands went on a different plan, and framed a constitution of the Roman Catholic Church in their dominions, called a Pragmatic Sanction, which they wanted the Pope to acknowledge. The Hanoverian Government also wished to conclude a formal treaty, and oblige the Pope to sanction certain civil regulations concerning Church government. He observes that the Court of Rome will appear ignorant of, and thus tacitly acknowledge, many things which it never will nor can expressly sanction and approve.

Throughout Germany, both Catholic and Protestant, all correspondence between the clergy and the Pope goes through the Government by the law of the country—all matters public and private—the Pope's bulls and briefs are returned in the same way, and whenever any of these contain expressions which run against the national laws, the *placet regium* is only given with clauses reserving the rights of the Crown, and annulling what is irreconcilable with the civil law. The Court of Rome is quite aware of this practice, and the legations of Bavaria and Austria, as well as those of Prussia and Hanover, present the respective petitions of their clergy through their Roman agents. Bunsen says nothing can be practically more established, but that no consideration would induce the Pope formally to sanction the practice in a treaty.

In the arrangements respecting the appointment of bishops and dignitaries, Prussia proposed the establishment of chapters, with the same right of election which had existed before the French Revolution. The smaller States of Germany followed a similar plan. Hanover proposed and obtained a veto. The chapter presents a list; the Government strikes out any name, but must leave two, out of which the chapter may elect; but, in case of irregularity or inconvenience, the chapter may make a second list. The Netherlands have the same system of limited veto and second list, and the confidential brief in addition.¹ The chapters have the right of election, the Pope

¹ [These facts, originally suggested by Bunsen at Rome to Mr. Greville, were afterward used by him as the basis of his argument for the establishment

of confirmation, by canonical institution as the necessary condition of the bishop's consecration; but, besides, a confidential brief was agreed on, desiring the chapter not to elect as bishop a person "minus gratam serenissimo regi;" this insures respect to the royal recommendation.

June 5th.—Yesterday morning called on M. de la Ferrounays, but only saw him for a minute, for the Austrian Ambassador arrived, and I was obliged to go. He is in great alarm, as well as sorrow, at the appointment of M. de Peyronnet¹ and the aspect of affairs in France. He told me that he had so little idea of this appointment, that he would have guessed anybody rather than that man, who was so odious that he had been rejected for three successive places, for the representation of which he had stood when he was Minister; that Villèle, with all his influence, could not get him elected; and that in the Chamber of Peers he had been so intemperate that he had been repeatedly called to order, a thing which hardly ever occurred; that the Government had evidently thrown away the scabbard by naming him on the eve of a general election, and thus offering a sort of insult to the whole nation; that it rendered his own position here very disagreeable, although his was an ecclesiastical and not a political mission, and that he in fact considered it only as an honorable retreat; yet he had written to Polignac, the moment the news reached him, saying that, if he considered him as in the least degree implicated politically with his Government, he should immediately resign, and that, if he found by his answer that he looked upon him as in the remotest degree connected with their measures, he should instantly retire. I saw Dalberg afterward, who appears to me deeply alarmed. He looks with anxiety to the Duke of Wellington as the only man whose authority or interference can arrest the French Ministry in the career which must plunge France into a civil war, if not create a general war in Europe. He believes that Metternich and the Austrians are backing up Charles X., and that, in case of any troubles, they will, in virtue of the Treaty of Chaumont, pour troops into France. His hope, then, is that the Duke will interpose and prevent this Austrian interference.

of diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome in his book on the "Policy of England to Ireland," published in 1845.]

¹ [M. de Peyronnet was the Garde des Sceaux in the Polignac Cabinet: he was considered one of the most reactionary members of that ill-fated Administration.]

When La Ferronnays told Polignac his opinion of the course he was beginning, the other only said, "Mon cher, tu ne connais pas le pays." The King told Dalberg himself that he would rather labor for his bread than be King of England; that it was not being a king. In his presence, too, he asked General —, the Governor of Paris, what was the disposition of the troops, and he answered: "Excellent, sir; I have been in all the *casernes*, and they desire nothing so much as to fight for your Majesty;" and such words as these the King swallows and acts upon. Their confidence, audacity, and presumption, are certainly admirable, disdaining any art and management, and apparently anxious to bring about a crisis with the least possible delay.

June 7th.—Drove about yesterday taking leave of people and places, the former of which I probably shall, and the latter shall not, see again. I have seen almost every thing, but leave Rome with great regret, principally because I am afraid I shall never come again. If I was sure of returning, I should not mind it.

Three o'clock.—Have determined to stay till after the Corpus Domini. Called on the Cardinal, who received me *à bras ouverts*, was full of civilities, and reconducted me to the outward room; talked of the Catholics and of the anxiety of his Government to see relations established with ours. I was obliged to go and take leave of him, for Bruti brought me a message full of politeness and a letter to convey to the Nuncio at Paris. Then to La Ferronnays, who says, as does Dalberg, that he is persuaded it will end by the recall of Villèle to the Ministry, a compromise that all parties will be glad to make—that he has had the prudence to decline being a party to Polignac's Administration, and when he is called to form one he will have nothing to say to Polignac.¹ It certainly will be curious if Villèle, after being driven from the Government with universal execration, and almost proscribed, should in two years be recalled by the general voice as the only man who can save France from anarchy and civil war. La Ferronnays

¹ [M. de Villèle had come to Paris from his country seat in April, and a secret attempt had been made to bring him back to power. Prince Polignac offered him a seat in the Cabinet, but showed no disposition to make way for him. The King feared Villèle and preferred Polignac. Yet if M. de Villèle had then returned to power, he would probably have saved the monarchy and changed the course of events in Europe. See Duvivier de Harcourt, "Histoire du Gouvernement parlementaire en France," tome x, p. 408, for a narration of these transactions.]

says that Villèle is not a great minister, but a clever man, with great ingenuity and the art of management. He wishes to be thought like Pitt, who was also obliged to quit the Ministry, and afterward resumed it; and he considers Polignac as his Addington, not that the resemblance holds good in any of the particulars, either of the men, or the times, or the circumstances.

June 8th.—Last night to the La Ferronays's, when the Princess Aldobrandini was so delighted with the anecdote of my horseshoe that she is gone off to the Pantheon to look at it. It was a full moon and a clear night, so I went to the Coliseum, and passed an hour there. I never saw it so well; the moon rode above without a cloud, but with a brilliant planet close to her; there was not a breath of air, not a human being near but the soldiers at the gates below, and the monk above with me; not a sound was heard but those occasional noises of the night, the bark of a dog, the chimes from churches and convents, the chirp of a bird, which only served to make silence audible. Though I have seen the Coliseum a dozen times before, I never was so delighted with its beauty and grandeur as to-night. No description in poetry or painting can do it justice; it is a "wreck of ruinous perfection," whose charm must be felt, and on such a night as this. The measures which the Government have taken to save the Coliseum from destruction will certainly accomplish that end, but its picturesque appearance will be greatly damaged. There is no part of the ruin which is not already supported by some modern brickwork, and they are building a wall which will nearly surround it. If they had been more selfish they would have left it to moulder away, and posterity to grumble over their stinginess or indifference. I am always tossed backward and forward between admiration of the Coliseum and St. Peter's, and admire most that which I see last. They are certainly "*magis pares quam similes*," but worth every thing else in Italy put together, except Pæstum.

To-day the spiritual arms of the Church are to be fulminated against a sinner in a case which is rather curious. There are two brothers who live at a place called Genezzano, in two adjoining houses, which formerly formed but one, belonging to the Colonna family, of whom the progenitors of these men bought it. A short time ago a man came to the brothers, and told them that in a particular spot on the premises there was a treasure concealed, the particulars of

which he had learned from a memorandum in the papers of the Colonna family, to which he had got access, and he proposed to discover the same to them, if they would give him a part of it. They agreed, when he told them that under a little column built against a wall they would find a flat brick, covering a hole, in which was an earthen pot containing 2,000 ducats in gold. The column was there, so at night the brothers set to work to take it down, and beneath it they found the flat stone as described. When one of them (an apothecary) said to the other that, after all, it was probably an invention, that they should be laughed at for their pains, and he thought they had better give up the search, the other (who must be a great flat) said, "Very well," and they retired to bed. In the morning the apothecary told the other that in the night he could not help thinking of this business, and that his curiosity had induced him to get up and dig on, and that he had actually found the pot, but nothing in it. The other, flat as he was, could not stand this, and, on examining the pot, he found marks which, on further investigation, turned out to be indications of coin having been in it. The thief stuck to his story, so the dupe complained, and, as the presumption is considered to be strongly against him, they are going to try what excommunication will do. It is remarkable that they asked this man if he would swear upon the Host that he had not found any money, and this he refused to do, though he continued to deny it and to decline restitution. He was accounted a very religious man, and these were religious scruples, which, however, were not incompatible with robbery and fraud. His refusal to swear was taken as a moral evidence of guilt, and he was to be excommunicated to-day.

June 9th.—Saw Torlonia's house; very fine, and the only one in Rome which is comfortably furnished, and looks as if it was inhabited. A great many good pictures, and Canova's Hercules and Lycus, which I do not admire. In the evening to the Convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, which is remarkably clean and well kept. There are forty-five friars (Passionisti), whose vows were not irrevocable, and, though the cases do not often occur, they can lay aside the habit if they please. They live on charity. In their garden is a beautiful palm, one of three which grow in Rome. They have several apartments for strangers who may like to retire to the convent for a few days, which are very decently furnished, clean, and not uncomfortable. They were at supper when I got there, so I

went to look at them. They eat in silence at two long tables like those in our college halls, and instead of conversation they were entertained by some passages of the life of St. Ignatius, which a friar was reading from a pulpit. Their supper seemed by no means despicable, for I met a smoking *frittura* which looked and smelt very good, and the table was covered with bread, fruit, vegetables, and wine. But they fast absolutely three times a week, and whip themselves (*la disciplina*) three others. They teach theology and *la dogmatica*, and there is a library containing (they told me) books of all sorts, though their binding (for I only saw them through a trellis) looked desperately theological. At night to a very fine *feu d'artifice* in the Piazza San Lorenzo, which ended the festivities in honor of San Francisco Caraccioli, whose name appeared emblazoned amid rockets and squibs and crackers, and the uproarious delight of the mob. Afterward to the Pantheon to see it by moonlight, but the moon was not exactly over the roof, so it failed, but the effect of the partial light and the stars above was fine with the torches below half hid behind the column.

June 10th. -I thought I had seen every thing here worth seeing, yet, though I have been several times to the Capitol, I have somehow missed seeing the Palazzo dei Conservatori, containing the famous wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, in bronze, said to have been struck by lightning (of which it bears all the marks) the day Julius Cæsar was killed; the boy picking the thorn from his foot; the statue of the first Brutus; the geese of the Capitol (which are more like ducks); and the Fasti Consulares. It just occurred to me in time, and I went there yesterday morning. After dinner to the Villa Ludovisi with the Dalbergs and Aldobrandinis, which must owe its celebrity principally to the difficulty of getting access to it. I was extremely disappointed; Guercino's "Aurora" is not to be compared to Guido's; his "Day" and "Night" are very fine, and the "Fame" magnificent, but the ladies bustled through so rapidly that it was not possible to examine any thing. The gardens are large, but all straight walks and clipped hedges. The gallery of statues contains three or four fine things, but they are huddled together and their effect spoiled.

June 11th.—While the carriage is getting ready I may as well scribble the last day at Rome. And this morning went at eight to the Palazzo Accoramboni, to see the procession

of the Corpus Domini, and was disappointed. This Palazzo Accoramboni, in which we were accommodated, belonged to a very rich old man, who was married to a young and pretty wife. He died and left her all his fortune, but, suspecting that she was attached to a young man who used to frequent the house, he made the bequest conditional upon her not marrying again, and if she did the whole property was to go to some religious order. She was fool enough (and the man too) to marry, but clandestinely. She had two children, and this brought the marriage to light. They therefore lost the property, amounting to £10,000 to £12,000 a year; but the Pope, in his vast generosity, allows her out of it 300 piastres (about £65) a year, and gives a portion of 1,000 piastres (£200) to each of the little girls. It is supposed that she consulted some priest, who urged her to marry secretly, and then revealed the fact to the order interested. Otherwise it is difficult to account for their folly.

The magnificence of ceremonies and processions here depends upon the locality, and the awnings and flowers round the piazza spoil it all. It was long and rather tiresome—all the monks and religious orders in Rome, the cardinals and the Pope, plenty of wax-lights, banners, and crosses, the crosses of Constantine and Charlemagne. The former is not genuine; that of Charlemagne is really the one he gave to the Sec. The Pope looks as if he was buddled into a short bed, and his throne, or whatever it is called, is ill managed. He is supposed to be in the act of adoration of the Host, which is raised before him, but as he cannot kneel for such a length of time, he sits covered with drapery, and with a pair of false legs stuck out behind to give his figure the appearance of kneeling! Before him are borne the triple crown and other Pontifical ornaments. The Guardia Nobile, commanded by Prince Barberini, looked very handsome, and all the troops *en très-belle tenue*. All the Embassadors and foreigners were in this palace, and from it we flocked to St. Peter's, which is always a curious sight on these occasions from the multitudes in it and the variety of their appearance and occupation—cardinals, princes, princesses, mixed up with footmen, pilgrims, and peasants. Here, Mass going on at an altar, and crowds kneeling round it; there, the Host deposited amid a peal of music at another; in several corners, cardinals dressing or undressing, for they all take off the costume they wore in the procession and resume their scarlet robes in the church; men

hurrying about with feathers, banners, and other paraphernalia of the day, the peasantry in their holiday attire, and crowds of curious idlers staring about. All this is wonderfully amusing, and is a scene which presents itself in continual variety. Went afterward and took leave of all my friends—La Ferronays, Dalbergs, Bunsens, Lovaines, etc.—and at seven, to my great sorrow, left Rome. But as I do all that superstition dictates, I drank in the morning a glass of water at the Fountain of Trevi, for they say that nobody ever drinks of the Fountain of Trevi without returning to Rome.

The road about Narni and Augustus's Bridge is beautifully picturesque. I set off directly to the cascade, with which I was as much delighted as I was disappointed with that of Tivoli. It is difficult to conceive any thing more magnificent than the whole of this scenery.

Florence, June 10th.—The horses were announced, and I was obliged to break off my account of Terni and resume it here, where I arrived after a tedious journey of forty hours from Rome.

Most people are dragged up the mountain by *bovi*, see the upper part of the fall, and walk down. But as the *bovi* were not at hand, I reversed the usual order, walked to the bottom, and then toiled to the top. The walk, which is lovely, lies through the grounds of a count, who has a house close to the Nera (the Nera, Nar, is the river into which the Velino runs, and in which there is very good trout-fishing), where the Queen of England once lived for a month. At the different points of view are little cabins (which would be very picturesque if they were less rudely constructed) for the accommodation of artists and other travelers. This gentleman has got a house which he reserves for the use of artists, of which there are always several on the spot during the summer. They pay nothing for the accommodation, but each is obliged to leave a drawing when he goes away; and by this means he has got an interesting collection of the scenery of Terni. Nothing can be more accurate, as well as beautiful, than Byron's description of the cascade, and it is wonderful, in his magnificent poetry, how he has kept his imagination within the bounds of truth, and neither added a circumstance nor lavished an epithet to which it is not entitled:

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,

An Iris sits amid the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable men.

The rainbows are very various, seen from different points: from the middle, where the river rushes from the vortex of the great fall to plunge into another, the stream appears to be painted with a broad layer of divers colors, never broken or mixed till they are tossed up in the cloud of spray, and mingled with it in a thousand variegated sparkles. Above, an iris bestrides the moist green hill which rises by the side of the fall; and, as the spray is whirled up in greater or less abundance, it perpetually and rapidly changes its colors, now disappearing altogether, and now beaming with the utmost vividness. The man told me that at night the moon forms a white rainbow on the hill. There is a delicious but dangerous coolness all about the cascade. All the scenery about is as beautiful as possible. Just above the great fall is the Velinus tearing along in the same channel, which was first made for him by the Roman Consul 2,200 years ago—

Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice—

and there, the guide told me, some years ago a man threw in a young and beautiful wife of whom he was jealous. He took her to see the cascade, and when he got to this part (which is at the end of a narrow path overhung with brushwood) he got rid of the boys who always follow visitors, and after some delay returned alone, and said the woman had fallen in. One scream had been heard, but there was nobody to witness the truth. The mangled body was found in the stream below. Jealousy is probably common here. As I was walking a man passed me, going in great haste to the mountain, but I paid no attention to him. When I got back I heard that he was escaping from justice (into the Abruzzi, which are in the Neapolitan dominions), having stabbed his brother-in-law a few moments before out of jealousy of his wife. The wounded man was still alive, but badly hurt. The murderer was *un bravo mechanico*.

The mountain and the river have undergone many revolutions. The rock through which the present path is cut

has been formed entirely by petrified deposits, and there are marks in various parts of former cascades, from which the water has been turned away. Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini) turned the water into its present course. At the bottom the old outlet of the Romans is dry, but is marked with that solidity which defies time, like all their works of this kind. Great part of the road from Terni is beautiful, and the Papal towns and villages appear to be in much better condition than on the other road. Some of them perched on the mountains are remarkably picturesque.

Bologna, June 14th.—I went yesterday morning to Pratolino to see the statue of the genius of the Apennines, by John of Bologna, six miles from Florence. Pratolino was the favorite residence of the famous Bianca Capello. The house has been pulled down. It is in a very pretty English garden belonging to the Grand Duke, and, I think, amazingly grand, but disgraced by presiding over a duck-pond. They told me that if he stood up (and he looks as if he could if he would) he would be thirty *braccia* in height. I went into his head, and surveyed him on all sides. He ought to be placed over some torrent, or on the side of a mountain; but as he is, from a little distance (whence the ducks and their pond are not visible) he is sublime. Myriads of fire-flies sparkled in every bush; they are beautiful in a night-journey, flitting about like meteors and glittering like shooting-stars.

Dined with Lady Normanby at Sesto, set off at half-past eight, and arrived here at nine this morning. The first thing I did was to present my letter to Madame de Marescalchi from her sister, the Duchesse de Dalberg, who received me graciously and asked me to dinner; the next to call on Mezzofanti at the public library, whom I found at his desk in the great room, surrounded by a great many people reading. He received me very civilly, and almost immediately took me into another room, where I had a long conversation with him. He seems to be between fifty and sixty years of age, short, pale, and thin, and not at all remarkable in countenance and manner. He spoke English with extraordinary fluency and correctness, and with a very slight accent. I endeavored to detect some inaccuracy of expression, but could not, though perhaps his phraseology was occasionally more stiff than that of an Englishman would be. He gave me an account of his beginning to study languages, which he did not do till he was of a mature age. The first he mastered were the Greek and He-

brew, the latter on account of divinity, and afterward he began the modern languages, acquiring the idioms of each as he became acquainted with the parent tongue. He said that he had no particular disposition that way when a child, and I was surprised when he said that the knowledge of several languages was of no assistance to him in mastering others; on the contrary, that when he set to work at a fresh language he tried to put out of his head all others. I asked him of all modern languages which he preferred, and which he considered the richest in literature. He said, "Without doubt the Italian." He then discussed the genius of the English language, and the merits of our poets and historians, read, and made me read, a passage of an English book, and then examined the etymology and pronunciation of several words. He has never been out of Italy, or farther in it than Leghorn, talks of going to Rome, but says it is so difficult to leave his library. He is very pleasing, simple, and communicative, and it is extraordinary, with his wonderful knowledge, that he should never have written and published any work upon languages. He asked me to return if I staid at Bologna. The library has a tolerable suite of apartments, and the books, amounting to about 80,000 volumes, are in excellent order. One thousand crowns a year are allowed for the purchase of new books.

The Bolognese jargon is unintelligible. A man came and asked him some questions while I was there in a language that was quite strange to me, and when I asked Mezzofanti what it was, he said Bolognese, and that, though not harmonious, it was forcible and expressive. Afterward to the gallery, which contains the finest pictures in Italy, though only a few: the Guidos and Domenichinos are splendid. I think Domenichino the finest painter that ever existed.

June 15th.—Dined yesterday with Madame de Mariscalchi, who lives in a great palace, looking dirty and uncomfortable, except one or two rooms which they occupy. There is a gallery of pictures, all of which are for sale. Seven or eight Italians came to dinner, whose names I never discovered. After dinner she took me to the Certosa, to see the Campo Santo, which is a remarkably pretty spot, and the dead appear to be more agreeably lodged at Bologna than the living. I had much rather die here than live here. It is very unlike the Campo Santo at Pisa, entirely modern, and looks exceedingly cheerful. Guido's skull is kept here.

Went again to the gallery, and the Zambeccari Palace,

where there are a few good pictures, but not many. All the pictures in all the palaces are for sale.

In the ferry, crossing the Po (i. e., written in the ferry).

Called on Madame de Marescalchi to take leave. Set off at half-past one, and in clouds of dust arrived at Ferrara. It is curious to see this town, so large, deserted, and melancholy. A pestilence might have swept over it, for there seems no life in it, and hardly a soul is to be seen in the streets. It is eight and a half miles round, and contains 24,000 inhabitants, of which 3,000 are Jews, and their quarter is the only part of the town which seems alive. They are, as usual, crammed into a corner, five streets being allotted to them, at each end of which is a gate that is closed at nine o'clock, when the Jews are shut in for the night. The houses are filthy, stinking, and out of repair. The Corso is like a street in an English town, broad, long, the houses low, and with a *trottoir* on both sides. The Castle, surrounded by a moat, stands in the middle of the town, a gloomy place. In it lives the Cardinal Legate. I went to see the dungeon in which Tasso was confined; and the library, where they show Ariosto's chair and inkstand, a medal found upon his body when his tomb was opened, two books of his manuscript poetry; also the manuscript of the "*Gerusalemme*," with the alterations which Tasso made in it while in prison, and the original manuscript of Guarini's "*Pastor Fido*." The *custode* told me that in the morning the library was full of readers, which I did not believe. There are some illuminated Missals, said to be the finest in Italy. Though the idea of gayety seems to be inconsistent with Ferrara, they have an opera, corso, and the same round of festivals and merriment as other Italian towns, but I never saw so dismal a place.

Venice, June 16th.—We crossed the Po, and afterward the Adige, in boats. The country is flat, and reminded me of the Netherlands. I was asleep all night, but awoke in time to see some of the villas on the banks of the Brenta. Of Padua I was unconscious. Embarked in a gondola at Fusina, and arrived at this remarkable city under the bad auspices of a dark, gloomy, and very cold day. It is Venice, but living Venice no more. In my progress to the inn I saw nothing but signs of ruin and blasted grandeur, palaces half decayed, and the windows boarded up. The approach to the city is certainly as curious as possible, so totally un-

like every thing else, and on entering the Great Canal, and finding

The death-like silence and the dread repose

of a place which was once the gayest and most brilliant in the world, a little pang shoots across the imagination, recollecting its strange and romantic history and its poetical associations.

Two o'clock.—I am just driven in by a regular rainy day, and have the prospect of shivering through the rest of it in a room with marble floor and hardly any furniture. However, it is the only bad day there has been since the beginning of my expedition. The most striking thing in Venice (at least in such weather as this) is the unbroken silence. The gondolas glide along without noise or motion, and, except other gondolas, one may traverse the city without perceiving a sign of life. I went first to the Church of Santa Maria dei Frati, which is fine, old, and adorned with painting and sculpture. At Santa Maria dei Frati Titian was buried. Canova intended a monument for him, but after his death his design was executed and put up in this church, but for him, and not for Titian, the reverse of "sic vos non vobis." Here are tombs of several Doges, of Francis Foscari, with a pompous inscription. The body of Carmagnola lies here in a wooden coffin; his head is under the stone on which it was cut off in the Piazza di San Marco. He was beheaded by one of those pieces of iniquity and treachery which the Venetian Government never scrupled to use when it suited them. Then to the Scuola di San Rocco, containing a splendid apartment and staircase, all richly gilded, painted by Tintoret, and with bronze doors. To the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, containing a very rich altar-piece of precious stones, which is locked up, and produced on great occasions; and in the sacristy three fine pictures by Titian. To the Church of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace—all very interesting, antique, and splendid. But the Austrians have modernized some of the rooms, and consequently spoilt them. They have also blocked up the Bridge of Sighs, and the reason (they told me) is that all the foreigners who come here are so curious to walk over it, which seems an odd one for shutting it up. The halls of audience and of the different councils are magnificently gilded, and contain some very fine pictures.

The Hall of the Council of Ten (the most powerful and

the most abominable tribunal that ever existed) has been partly modernized. In the Chamber of the Inquisitors of State is still the hole in the wall which was called the "Lion's Mouth," through which written communications were made; and the box into which they fell, which the Inquisitors alone could open. There were "Bocche di Lioni" in several places at the head of the Giant's Staircase, and in others. The mouths are gone, but the holes remain. Though the interior of the Ponte di Sospiri is no longer visible, the prisons are horrible places, twenty-four in number, besides three others under water which the French had closed up. They are about fourteen feet long, seven wide, and seven high, with one hole to admit air, a wooden bed, which was covered with straw, and a shelf. In one of the prisons are several inscriptions, scrawled on the wall and ceiling.

Di chi mi fido, mi guardi Iddio,
Di chi non mi fido, mi guardio io.

Un parlar pocho, un negar pronto,
Un pensar in fine può dar la vita
A noi altri meschini.

Non fida d'alcuno, pensi e tacci
Se fuggir vuoi di spioni, insidie e lacci
Il pentirti, il pentirti, nulla giova
Ma ben del valor tuo far vera prova.

There are two places in which criminals, or prisoners, were secretly executed; they were strangled, and without seeing their executioner, for a cord was passed through an opening, which he twisted till the victim was dead. This was the mode pursued with the prisoners of the Inquisitors; those of the Council were often placed in a cell to which there was a thickly-grated window, through which the executioner did his office, and if they resisted he stabbed them in the throat. The wall is still covered with the blood of those who have thus suffered. From the time of their erection, 800 years ago, to the destruction of the Republic, nobody was ever allowed to see these prisons, till the French came and threw them open, when the people set fire to them and burnt all the wood-work; the stone was too solid to be destroyed. One or two escaped, and they remain as memorials of the horrors that were perpetrated in them.

June 17th.—This morning was fine again, and every thing looks gayer than yesterday. From the Rialto to the Piazza

di San Marco there is plenty of life and movement, and it is exactly like Cranbourne Alley and the other alleys out of Leicester Square. While Venice was prosperous, St. Mark's must have been very brilliant, but every thing is decayed. All round the piazza are coffee-houses, which used to be open and crowded all night, and some of them are still open, but never crowded. They used to be illuminated with lamps all round, but most of these are gone. One sees a few Turks smoking and drinking their coffee here, but they are all obliged to dine and sleep in one house, which is on the Grand Canal, and called the Casa dei Turchi. I went this morning to the Chiesa Scalzi, San Giorgio Maggiore, Redentore, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and the Gesuiti. The latter is the most beautiful church I ever saw, the whole of it adorned with white marble inlaid with verd antique in a regular pattern. SS. Giovanni e Paolo has no marble or gilding, but is full of monuments of Doges and generals. To the Manfrini Palace for the pictures. The finest picture in the palace is Titian's "Deposition from the Cross," for which the Marchese Manfrini refused 10,000 ducats. A Guido (Lucretia) and some others. Tintoret was no doubt a great genius, but his large pictures I cannot admire, and Bassano's still less. Titian's portrait of Ariosto is the most interesting in the collection. To the Arsenal, which is three miles in circumference, and a prodigious establishment. In the time of the Republic there were nearly 6,000 men employed in it, in that of the French 4,000, now 800. The old armory is very curious, full of ancient weapons, the armor of Henry IV. of France, and of several Doges, Turkish spoils, and instruments of torture. The Austrians have made the French much regretted here. It is since the last peace that the population of Venice has diminished a fourth, and the palaces of the nobles have been abandoned. There is no commerce; the Government spend no money, and do nothing to enliven or benefit the town (there has not yet been time to see the effect of making it a free port). The French employed the people, and spent money and embellished the place. They covered over a wide canal and turned it into a fine street, and adjoining it they formed a large public garden, which is a delightful addition to the town. Till the French came the bridges were dangerous; there was no balustrade on either side, and people often fell into the water. They built side walls to all of them, which was the most useful gift they could bestow upon the Venetians.

This morning I asked for the newspapers which came by the post yesterday, and found that they had not yet returned from the police, and would not be till to-morrow. Before anybody is allowed to read their newspapers they must undergo examination, and if they contain any thing which the censor deems objectionable they detain them altogether. After dinner I went to the public gardens, and into a theatre which is in them; there is no roof to it, and the acting is all by daylight, and in the open air. I only arrived at the end, just in time to see the deliverance of a Christian heroine and a very truculent-looking Turk crammed down a trap-door, but I could not understand the dialogue. Nothing certainly can be more extraordinary or more beautiful than Venice with her adjacent islands, and nothing more luxurious than throwing one's self into a gondola and smoothly gliding about the whole day, without noise, motion, or dust. At night I went to a dirty, ill-lit theatre, to see the "*Barbiere di Seviglia*," which was very ill performed. There was a ballet, but I did not stay for it.

June 18th.—To the Church of St. Mark, and examined it. It is not large, but very curious, so loaded with ornament within and without, and so unlike any other church. The pavement, instead of being flat, is made to undulate like the waves of the sea. All the sides are marble, all the top mosaic, all the pavement colored marble in exquisite patterns. There is not a single tomb in it, but it wants no ornament that the wealth and skill of ages could supply. Climbed up the tower to see Venice and the islands; a man is posted here day and night to strike the hours and quarters on a great bell, to ring the alarm in case of fire in any part of the city. It is a very curious panorama, and the only spot from which this strange place can be completely seen. In the Grimani Palace there are some Titians (not very good) of Grimani Doges, and others of the family; the famous statue of Agrippa, which Cardinal Grimani brought from Rome, and a ceiling by Salviati of Neptune and Minerva contending to give a name to Athens. In the Pisani Palace, a fine picture of P. Veronese, "*Darius's Family at the Feet of Alexander*."¹ The Barbarigo Palace has never been modernized, has kept all its original form and decorations. It is full of Titians, all very dirty and spoiling. The finest is the "*Magdalen*," which is famous. The Royal Academy, called the *Scuola*

¹ [This fine work is now in the National Gallery, London.]

della Carità, contains a magnificent collection of the Venetian school.

In I forget which church is the "Martyrdom of St. Peter," by Titian, so like in composition the same subject by Domenichino at Bologna that the one is certainly an imitation of the other (Titian died in 1576; Domenichino was born in 1581). There is the same sort of landscape, same number of figures, and in the same respective attitudes and actions, and even the same dress to each. In the hall of the Academy are preserved Canova's right hand in an urn, and underneath it his chisel, with these words inscribed: "Quod amoris monumentum idem gloriæ instrumentum fuit." There is also a collection of drawings and sketches by various masters; some by M. Angelo and some by Raphael.

Vicenza, June 19th.—This morning went again to St. Mark's to examine the library and the palace, which I could hardly see the other day, it was such gloomy weather. The library is open to everybody, but with a long list of rules, among which silence is particularly enjoined. The *custos librorum* is a thorough Venetian; talked with fond regret of the splendor of the Republic, and is very angry with Daru for his history. The Hall of the Great Council, containing the portraits of the Doges (and Marino Faliero's black curtain), is splendid, and adorned with paintings of Paul Veronese, Bassano, Tintoret, and Palma Giovane. At twelve o'clock I got into the gondola and left Venice without the least regret or desire to return there. The banks of the Brenta would be very gay if the villas were inhabited, but most of them are shut up, like the palaces at Venice. There is one magnificent building, formerly a Pisani palace, which belongs to the Viceroy, the Archduke Rainer.

Padua is a large and rather gloomy town. They say it is beginning to flourish, having been ruined by the French, and that, since their downfall, the population has increased immensely. The University contains 1,400 scholars. It contained 52,500 in the time of the French, and in the great days of Padua 18,000. I went to look at the outside of the building, which is not large, but handsome. The old palace of the Carraras is half ruined, and what remains is tenanted by the commandant of the place. The old Sala di Giustizia, which is very ancient, is now a lumber-room, and they were painting scenes in it. Still it is undamaged, and they call it the finest room in Europe, and perhaps it is. It is 300 feet

long, 100 wide, and 100 high. At one end of it is the monument and bust of Livy, the latter of which they pretend to have found here; they also talk of his house and the marbles, etc., that have been dug up in it, which they may believe who can. The Cathedral has nothing to boast of, except that Petrarch was one of its canons, and in it is his bust, put up by a brother canon. I had not time to go to the churches.

The whole road from Fusina to this place is as flat as the paper on which I am writing. I really don't believe there is a molehill, but it is extremely gay from the variety of habitations and the prodigious cultivation of all sorts. Vicenza is one of the most agreeable towns I ever saw, and I would rather live in it than in any place I have seen since Rome. It is spacious and clean, full of Palladio's architecture; besides the Palazzo della Ragione, a very fine building, there are twenty-two palaces built by him in various parts of the town. They show the house in which he lived. From the Church of Santa Maria del Monte, a mile from the town, there is a magnificent view, and the town itself, under the mountains of the Tyrol, and the end of a vast cultivated plain, looks very inviting and gay. There is a Campo di Marte, a public walk and drive, and from it a covered walk (colonnade) half a mile long, up to the church on the hill. One of the most remarkable things here is the Olympic Theatre, which was begun by Palladio, and finished by his son. It is a small Grecian theatre, exactly as he supposes those ancient theatres to have been, with the same proscenium, scenes, decorations, and seats for the audience. There appeared to me to be some material variations from the theatre at Pompeii. In the latter the seats go down to the level of the orchestra, which they do not here, and at Pompeii there is no depth behind the proscenium, whereas here there is very considerable. It is, however, a beautiful model. The air and the water are good, and there is shooting, so that I really think it would be possible to live here. They talk with horror of the French, and of the two seem to prefer the Austrians, but peace is better than war, *cæteris paribus*.

Brescia, June 21st.—This is a particularly nice town, airy, spacious, and clean, and in my life I never saw so many good-looking women. There is a drive and walk on the ramparts, where I found all the beauty and fashion of Brescia, a string of carriages not quite so numerous as in Hyde Park, but a very decent display. The women are ex-

cessively dressed, and almost all wear black-lace veils, thrown over the back of the head, which are very becoming. The walks on the ramparts are shaded by double rows of trees, and command a very pretty view of the mountains and country round. This inn is execrable. I stopped at Verona to see the Amphitheatre, which is only perfect in the inside, and has been kept so by repeated repairs. It is hardly worth seeing after the Flavian and the Pompeian. There is a wooden theatre in it, where they act, and the spectators occupy the ancient seats. The tombs of the Scaligeri are admirable, the most beautiful and graceful Gothic; their castle (now the Castle Vecchio), a gloomy old building in a moat, but with a very curious bridge over the Po. The Church of St. Zeno is remarkable from its Gothic antiquity and the profusion of ornament about it of a strange sort. Here is the tomb of Pepin, erected by Charlemagne, but empty; for the French, in one of their invasions, carried the body to France. In the Cathedral is a fine picture of the "Assumption of the Virgin," by Titian. I saw many Veronese beauties in their balconies, but none quite like Juliet. Her tomb (or, as they would say at Rome, "sepolcro detto di Giulietta") I did not see, for it was too far off. I was in a hurry to be off, and there was nobody to detain me with a tender "Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near" *night*. The road, which is excellent, runs in sight of the Alps all the way, and the Lago di Garda is excessively pretty.

Milan, June 23d.—Milan is a very fine town, without much to see in it. The Duomo, Amphitheatre, Arch of the Simplon, Brera (pictures). There are a few fine pictures in the Brera; among others, Guido's famous "St. Peter and St. Paul," Guercino's "Hagar and Abraham;" a row of old columns, which were broken and lying about till the French set them upon their legs; Leonardo da Vinci's fresco, which is entirely spoilt. The view from the top of the Duomo is superb, over the boundless plain of Lombardy with the range of the Alps, and the Apennines in the distance. I like the Duomo, but I know my taste is execrable in architecture. I don't, however, like the mixture of Italian with the Gothic—balustrades over the door, for instance—but I admire its tracery and laborious magnificence. Bonaparte went on with it (for it was never finished), and this Government are completing it by degrees; there will be 7,000 statues on different parts of the outside, and there are already 4,500. St. Charles

Borromeo's tomb is very splendid, and for five francs they offered to uncover the glass case in which his much-esteemed carcass reposes, and show me the venerable mummy, but I could not afford it. The entrance to Milan from Venice, and the Corso, are as handsome as can be. The Opera is very bad; but the Scala is not open, and none of the good singers are here.

Varese, June 26th.—Left Milan at six o'clock on the 24th, and got to Como after dark. Embarked in the steamboat at eight yesterday morning, went as far as Cadenebbia, where I got out, saw the Villa Sommariva, then crossed over and went round the point of Bellagio, to see the opening of the Lake of Lecco, turned back to the Villa Melzi, saw the house and gardens, and then went back to dine at Cadenebbia, and waited for the steamboat, which returned at four, and got back to Como at half-past six. Nothing can surpass the beauty of all this scenery, or the luxury of the villas, particularly Melzi, which is the best house, and contains abundance of shade, flowers, statues, and shrubberies. The owners live very little there, and principally in winter, when, they say, it is seldom cold in this sheltered spot. The late Count Melzi was Governor of Milan under Napoleon, and used to feast the Viceroy here. He once gave him a *fête*, and had all the mountain-tops illuminated, of which the effect must have been superb.

Evening. Top of the Simplon.—Set off at five from Varese, traveled very slowly through a very pretty road to Navero, where I crossed the Lago Maggiore in a boat, and landed at the Isola Bella, which is very fine in its way, though rather flattered in its pictures. The house is large and handsome, and there is a curious suite of apartments fitted up with pebbles, spars, and marble, a suite of habitable grottoes. The garden and terraces are good specimens of formal grandeur, and, as the Count Borromeo's son is a botanist, they are full of flowers and shrubs of all sorts and climates.

Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal flowers, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil.

The expense of keeping this place up is immense, but the owner is very rich. He lives there during August and September, and has fifteen other country-houses. All the island belongs to him, and is occupied by the palace and gardens, except some fishermen's huts, which are held by a sort of feudal tenure. They live there as his vassals, fishing for him, rowing him about the lake, and their children and wives alone are employed in the gardens. It was built about 150 years ago by a younger son (a nephew of San Carlo), who was richer than his elder brother. He was his own architect, and planned both house and garden, but never completed his designs. The cost was enormous, but if he had lived and finished it all he would have spent four millions more. There is a laurel in the garden, the largest in Europe, two trees growing from one stem, one nine and the other ten feet round and eighty high; under this tree Bonaparte dined, as he came into Italy, before the battle of Marengo, and with a knife he cut the word "Battaglia" on the bark, which has since been stripped off, or has grown out—so the gardeners said, at least. Breakfasted at Baveno, which is the best inn I have seen in Italy. The road from Baveno is exceedingly beautiful, but on the whole I am rather disappointed with the Simplon, though it is very wild and grand; but I am no longer struck with the same admiration at the sight of mountains that I was when I entered Savoy and saw them for the first time. I walked the last thirteen miles of the ascent to this place, and found one of the best dinners I ever tasted, or one which my hunger made appear such.

Geneva, June 29th.—Got here last night, and found twenty letters at least. I only think of getting home as fast as I can. Left the Simplon in torrents of rain, which lasted the whole day. The descent is uncommonly grand, wild, savage, and picturesque, the Swiss side the finest. All along the valley of the Rhone fine scenery; and yesterday, in the most delightful weather I ever saw, the drive from Martigny, along the lake and under the mountains, is as beautiful as possible. The approach to Geneva is gay, but Mont Blanc looks only very white, and not very tall, which is owing to the level from which he is seen. They tell me it has never ceased raining here, while on the other side of the Alps hardly a drop has fallen. Only three rainy days while I was in Italy—one at Venice, one at Rome, and a couple of halves elsewhere.

Evening.—Passed the whole day driving about Geneva, in Bautt's shop, and at the Panorama of Switzerland. Dined with Newton, drove round the environs by Sécheron; a great appearance of wealth and comfort, much cultivation, no beggars, and none of the houses tumbling down and deserted. Altogether I like the appearance of the place, though in a great hurry to get away from it. We had a storm of thunder and lightning in the evening, which was neither violent nor long, but I had the pleasure of hearing

Jura answer from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, that call on her aloud.

Mont Blanc was hid in clouds all day, but the mountains owe me some grudge. Mont Blanc won't show his snows, nor would Vesuvius his fires. It was dark when I crossed the Cenis, and raining when I descended the Simplon.

Paris, July 3d.—Got here last night, after a fierce journey of sixty-three hours from Geneva, only stopping two hours for breakfast; but, by never touching any thing but bread and coffee, I was neither heated nor tired. The Jura Mountains, which they say are so tedious, were the pleasantest part of the way, for the road is beautiful all through them, not like the Alps, but like a hilly, wooded park. It rained torrents when I set out, but soon cleared up, and when I got to the top of the first mountain, I saw a mass of clouds rise like a curtain and unveil the whole landscape of Geneva, lake, mountains, and country—very fine sight. We heard of the King's death in the middle of the night.

Calais, July 6th.—Voilà qui est fini. Got here last night, and found the Government packet only goes out five days a week, and not to-day. I am very sorry my journey is all over, but glad to find myself in England again—that is, when I get there. I saw Lord Stuart at Paris, just breaking up his establishment and sending his wife off to the Pyrenees. Heard all the news of London and Paris, such as it was. Not a soul left in Paris, which was like a dead city. I only heard that, notwithstanding the way the elections are going against the Government, Polignac is in high spirits. The King of France was very civil about the death of our King,¹ and, without waiting, as is usual, for the announcement of the

¹ [George IV. died at Windsor on the 26th of June, 1830.]

event by the English Ambassador, he ordered the Court into mourning upon the telegraphic account reaching Paris.

Here is the end of my brief but most agreeable expedition, probably the only one I shall ever make. However this may be, I have gained thus much at least—

A consciousness remains that it has left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images, and precious thoughts,
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

A JOURNAL

OF THE

REIGN OF KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XI.

Accession of William IV.—The King's Proceedings—His Popularity—Funeral of George IV.—Dislike of the Duke of Cumberland—The King's Simplicity and Good nature—Reviews the Guards—The First Court—The King in St. James's Street—Dissolution of Parliament—The King dines at Apsley House—The Duke of Gloucester—The Quakers' Address—The Ordinances of July—The French Revolution—Brougham's Election for Yorkshire—Struggle in Paris—Elections adverse to Government—The Duke of Wellington on the French Revolution—Duke of Cumberland resigns the Gold Stick and the Blues—George IV's Wardrobe—Fall of the Bourbons—Weakness of the Duke's Ministry—The King at Windsor—The Duke of Orleans accepts the Crown of France—Chamber of Peers remodeled—Prince Polignac—The New Parliament—Virginia Water—Details of George IV's Illness and Death—Symptoms of Opposition—Brougham—Charles X in England—Dinner in St. George's Hall—Lambeth—Marshal Marmont—His Conversation—Campaign of 1814—The Conflict in Paris—Dinner at Lord Dudley's.

1830.

London, July 16th.—I returned here on the 6th of this month, and have waited these ten days to look about me and see and hear what is passing. The present King and his proceedings occupy all attention, and nobody thinks any more of the late King than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it be to abuse him and to rake up all his vices and misdeeds. Never was elevation like that of King William IV. His life has been hitherto passed in obscurity and neglect, in miserable poverty, surrounded by a numerous progeny of bastards, without consideration or friends, and he was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little, meddling curiosity. Nobody ever invited him into their house, or thought it necessary to honor him with any mark of attention or respect; and so he went on for above forty years, till Canning brought him into notice by making him Lord High Admiral at the time of his grand Ministerial schism. In that post he distinguished himself by making absurd speeches, by a morbid official activity, and by a general wildness which was thought to indicate incipient insanity, till shortly after Canning's death and the

Duke's accession, as is well known, the latter dismissed him. He then dropped back into obscurity, but had become by this time somewhat more of a personage than he was before. His brief administration of the navy, the death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, his increased wealth and regular habits, had procured him more consideration, though not a great deal. Such was his position when George IV. broke all at once, and after three months of expectation William finds himself King.

July 18th.—King George had not been dead three days before everybody discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain. Certainly nobody ever was less regretted than the late King, and the breath was hardly out of his body before the press burst forth in full cry against him, and raked up all his vices, follies, and misdeeds, which were numerous and glaring enough.

The new King began very well. Everybody expected he would keep the Ministers in office, but he threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Wellington with the strongest expressions of confidence and esteem. He proposed to all the Household, as well as to the members of Government, to keep their places, which they all did except Lord Conyngham and the Duke of Montrose. He soon after, however, dismissed most of the equerries, that he might fill their places with the members of his own family. Of course such a King wanted not due praise, and plenty of anecdotes were raked up of his former generousities and kindnesses. His first speech to the Council was well enough given, but his burlesque character began even then to show itself. Nobody expected from him much real grief, and he does not seem to know how to act it consistently; he spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and subdued, but just afterward, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration, he said, in his usual tone, "This is a damned bad pen you have given me." My worthy colleague, Mr. James Buller, began to swear Privy Councillors in the name of "King George IV.—William, I mean," to the great diversion of the Council.

A few days after my return I was sworn in, all the Ministers and some others being present. His Majesty presided very decently, and looked like a respectable old admiral. The Duke [of Wellington] told me he was delighted with him—"If I had been able to deal with my late master as I do with

my present, I should have got on much better"—that he was so reasonable and tractable, and that he had done more business with him in ten minutes than with the other in as many days.

I met George Fitzclarence, afterward Earl of Munster,¹ the same day, and repeated what the Duke said, and he told me how delighted his father was with the Duke, his entire confidence in him, and that the Duke might as entirely depend upon the King; that he had told his Majesty, when he was at Paris, that Polignac and the Duke of Orleans had both asked him whether the Duke of Clarence, when he became King, would keep the Duke of Wellington as his Minister, and the King said, "What did you reply?" "I replied that you certainly would; did not I do right?" "Certainly, you did quite right."

He began immediately to do good-natured things, to provide for old friends and professional adherents, and he bestowed a pension upon Tierney's widow. The great offices of Chamberlain and Steward he abandoned to the Duke of Wellington. There never was any thing like the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by all ranks; though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he cannot stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels. All the Park congregated round the gate to see him drive into town the day before yesterday. But in the midst of all this success and good conduct certain indications of strangeness and oddness peep out which are not a little alarming, and he promises to realize the fears of his Ministers that he will do and say too much, though they flatter themselves that they have muzzled him in his approaching progress by reminding him that his words will be taken as his Ministers', and he must, therefore, be chary of them.

At the late King's funeral he behaved with great indecency. That ceremony was very well managed, and a fine

¹ [Eldest son of King William IV. by Mrs. Jordan, who was shortly after the accession created an earl by his father. The rank of "marquis's younger children" was conferred upon the rest of the family. The King had nine natural children by Mrs. Jordan: 1, George, a major-general in the army, afterward Earl of Munster; 2, Frederick, also in the army; 3, Adolphus, a rear-admiral; 4, Augustus, in holy orders; 5, Sophia, married to Lord de l'Isle; 6, Mary, married to Colonel Fox; 7, Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Errol; 8, Augusta, married first to the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, and secondly to Lord John Frederick Gordon; 9, Amelia, married to Viscount Falkland.]

sight, the military part particularly, and the Guards were magnificent. The attendance was not very numerous, and when they had all got together in St. George's Hall a gay company I never beheld; with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The King was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, if not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the Dean's stall, shook him heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. He had previously gone as chief mourner to sit for an hour at the head of the body as it lay in state, and he walked in procession with his household to the apartment. I saw him pass from behind the screen. Lord Jersey had been in the morning to Bushy to kiss hands on being made Chamberlain, when he had received him very graciously, told him it was the Duke and not himself who had made him, but that he was delighted to have him. At Windsor, when he arrived, he gave Jersey the white wand, or rather took one from him he had provided for himself, and gave it him again with a little speech. When he went to sit in state, Jersey preceded him, and he said when all was ready, "Go on to the body, Jersey; you will get your dress-coat as soon as you can." The morning after the funeral, having slept at Frogmore, he went all over the Castle, into every room in the house, which he had never seen before except when he came there as a guest; after which he received an address from the ecclesiastical bodies of Windsor and Eton, and returned an answer quite unpremeditated, which they told me was excellent.

He is very well with all his family, particularly the Duke of Sussex, but he dislikes and seems to know the Duke of Cumberland, who is furious at his own discredit. The King has taken from him the Gold Stick, by means of which he had usurped the functions of all the other colonels of the regiments of the Guards, and put himself always about the late King. He says the Duke's rank is too high to perform those functions, and has put an end to his services. He has only put the Gold Sticks on their former footing, and they are all to take the duty in turn.

In the mean time the Duke of Cumberland has shown his teeth in another way. His horses have hitherto stood in the

stables which are appropriated to the Queen, and the other day Lord Errol, her new Master of the Horse, went to her Majesty and asked her where she chose her horses should be; she said, of course, she knew nothing about it, but in the proper place. Errol then said the Duke of Cumberland's horses were in her stables, and could not be got out without an order from the King. The King was spoken to, and he commanded the Duke of Leeds to order them out. The Duke of Leeds took the order to the Duke of Cumberland, who said "he would be damned if they should go," when the Duke of Leeds said that he trusted he would have them taken out the following day, as unless he did so he should be under the necessity of ordering them to be removed by the King's grooms, when the Duke was obliged sulkily to give way. When the King gave the order to the Duke of Leeds, he sent for Taylor that he might be present, and said at the same time that he had a very bad opinion of the Duke of Cumberland, and he wished he would live out of the country.

The King's good-nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him, are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of King, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Chesterfield went to Bushy to kiss his hand, and be presented to the Queen, he found Sir John and Lady Gore there lunching, and when they went away the King called for their carriage, handed Lady Gore into it, and stood at the door to see them off. When Lord Howe came over from Twickenham to see him, he said the Queen was going out driving, and should "drop him" at his own house. The Queen, they say, is by no means delighted at her elevation. She likes quiet and retirement and Bushy (of which the King has made her Ranger), and does not want to be a Queen. However, "*l'appétit viendra en mangeant.*" He says he does not want luxury and magnificence, has slept in a cot, and he has dismissed the King's cooks, "*renversé la marmite.*" He keeps the stud (which is to be diminished) because he thinks he ought to support the turf. He has made Mount Charles a Lord of the Bedchamber, and given the robes to Sir C. Pole, an admiral. Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad may make a very decent King, but he exhibits oddities. He would not have his servants in mourning—that is,

not those of his own family and household—but he sent the Duke of Sussex to Mrs. Fitzherbert to desire she would put hers in mourning, and consequently so they are. The King and she have always been friends, as she has, in fact, been with all the Royal Family, but it was very strange. Yesterday morning he sent for the officer on guard, and ordered him to take all the muffles off the drums, the scarfs off the regimentals, and so to appear on parade, where he went himself. The colonel would have put the officer under arrest for doing this without his orders, but the King said he was commanding officer of his own guard, and forbade him. All odd, and people are frightened, but his wits will at least last till the new Parliament meets. I sent him a very respectful request through Taylor that he would pay £300, all that remained due of the Duke of York's debts at Newmarket, which he assented to directly, as soon as the Privy Purse should be settled—very good-natured. In the mean time it is said that the bastards are dissatisfied that more is not done for them, but he cannot do much for them at once, and he must have time. He has done all he can; he has made Errol Master of the Horse, Sidney a Guelph and Equerry, George Fitzclarence the same and Adjutant-General, and doubtless they will all have their turn. Of course the stories told about the rapacity of the Conynghams have been innumerable. The King's will excited much astonishment, but as yet nothing is for certain known about the money, or what became of it, or what he gave away, and to whom, in his lifetime.

July 20th.—Yesterday was a very busy day with his Majesty, who is going much too fast, and begins to alarm his Ministers and astonish the world. In the morning he inspected the Coldstream Guards, dressed (for the first time in his life) in a military uniform and with a great pair of gold spurs half-way up his legs like a game-cock, although he was not to ride, for having chalk-stones in his hands he can't hold the reins. The Queen came to Lady Bathurst's to see the review and hold a sort of drawing-room, when the Ministers' wives were presented to her, and official men, to which were added Lady Bathurst's relations; everybody was in undress except the officers. She is very ugly, with a horrid complexion, but has good manners, and did all this (which she hated) very well. She said the part as if she was acting, and wished the green curtain to drop. After the review the King, with the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex,

and Gloucester, and Prince George and the Prince of Prussia, and the Duchess of Cumberland's son, came in through the garden-gate; the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Augusta were already there; they breakfasted and then went away, the Duke of Gloucester bowing to the company while nobody was taking any notice of him or thinking about him. Nature must have been merry when she made this Prince, and in the sort of mood that certain great artists used to exhibit in their comical caricatures; I never saw a countenance which that line in Dryden's M'Flecknoe would so well describe—

And lambent dullness plays around his face.

At one there was to be a Council, to swear in Privy Councilors and Lords-Lieutenant, and receive Oxford and Cambridge addresses. The review made it an hour later, and the Lieutenants, who had been summoned at one, and who are great, selfish, pampered aristocrats, were furious at being kept waiting, particularly Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Newcastle, the former very peevish, the latter bitter-humored. I was glad to see them put to inconvenience. I never saw so full a Court, so much nobility with academical tagrag and bobtail. After considerable delay the King received the Oxford and Cambridge addresses on the throne, which (having only one throne between them) he then abdicated for the Queen to seat herself on and receive them too. She sat it very well, surrounded by the Princesses and her ladies and household. When this mob could be got rid of, the table was brought in and the Council held. The Duke was twice sworn as Constable of the Tower and Lieutenant of Hants; then Jersey and the new Privy Councilors; and then the host of Lieutenants six or seven at a time, or as many as could hold a bit of the Testament. I begged the King would, to expedite the business, dispense with their kneeling, which he did, and so we got on rapidly enough; and I whispered to Jersey, who stood by me behind the King with his white wand, "The farce is good, ins't it?" as they each kissed his hand. I told him their name or county, or both, and he had a civil word to say to everybody, inviting some to dinner, promising to visit others, reminding them of former visits, or something good-humored; he asked Lord Egremont's *permission* to go and live in his county, at Brighton.

All this was very well; no great harm in it; more

affable, less dignified, than the late King; but when this was over, and he might very well have sat himself quietly down and rested, he must needs put on his plainer clothes and start on a ramble about the streets, alone too. In Pall Mall he met Watson Taylor, and took his arm and went up St. James's Street. There he was soon followed by a mob making an uproar, and when he got near White's a woman came up and kissed him. Belfast (who had been sworn in Privy Councilor in the morning), who saw this from White's, and Clinton, thought it time to interfere, and came out to attend upon him. The mob increased, and, always holding W. Taylor's arm, and flanked by Clinton and Belfast, who got shoved and kicked about to their inexpressible wrath, he got back to the Palace amid shouting and bawling and applause. When he got home he asked them to go in and take a quiet walk in the garden, and said, "Oh, never mind all this; when I have walked about a few times they will get used to it, and will take no notice." There are other stories, but I will put down nothing I do not see or hear, or hear from the witnesses. Belfast told me this in the Park, fresh from the scene and smarting from the buffeting he had got. All the Park was ringing with it, and I told Lady Bathurst, who thought it so serious she said she would get Lord Bathurst to write to the Duke directly about it. Lord Combermere wanted to be made a Privy Councilor yesterday, but the Duke would not let it be done; he is in a sort of half-disgrace, and is not to be made yet, but will be by-and-by.

Grove Road, July 21st.—I came and established myself here last night after the Duchess of Bedford's ball. Lady Bathurst told me that the Queen spoke to her yesterday morning about the King's walk and being followed, and said that for the future he must walk early in the morning, or in some less public place, so there are hopes that his activity may be tamed. He sent George Fitzclarence off from dinner in his silk stockings and cocked-hat to Boulogne to invite the King of Würtemberg to come here; he was back in fifty-six hours, and might have been in less. He employs him in every thing, and I heard Fitzclarence yesterday ask the Duke of Leeds for two of his father's horses to ride about on his jobs and relieve his own, which the Duke agreed to, but made a wry face. Mount Charles has refused to be Lord of the Bedchamber; his wife can't bear it, and he doesn't like

to go to Windsor under such altered circumstances. I hardly ever record the scandalous stories of the day, unless they relate to characters or events, but what relates to public men is different from the loves and friendships of the idiots of society.

July 24th.—Went to St. James's the day before yesterday for a Council for the dissolution, but there was none. Yesterday morning there was an idea of having one, but it is to-day instead, and early in the morning, that the Ministers may be able to go to their fish-dinner at Greenwich. I called on the Duke yesterday evening to know about a Council, but he could not tell me. Then came a Mr. Moss (or his card) while I was there. "Who is he?" I said. "Oh, a man who wants to see me about a canal. I can't see him. Everybody will see me, and how the Devil they think I am to see everybody, and be the whole morning with the King, and to do the whole business of the country, I don't know. I am quite worn out with it." I longed to tell him that it is this latter part they would willingly relieve him from.

I met Vesey Fitzgerald, just come from Paris, and had a long conversation with him about the state of the Government; he seems aware of the difficulties and the necessity of acquiring more strength, of the universal persuasion that the Duke will be all in all, and says that in the Cabinet nobody can be more reasonable and yielding and deferential to the opinions of his colleagues. But Murray's appointment, he says, was a mistake,¹ and no personal consideration should induce the Duke to sacrifice the interests of the country by keeping him; it may be disagreeable to dismiss him, but he must do it. Hay told me that for the many years he had been in office he had never met with any public officer so totally inefficient as he, not even Warrender at the Admiralty Board.

In the mean time the King has had his levee, which was crowded beyond all precedent. He was very civil to the people, particularly to Sefton, who had quarreled with the late King.

Yesterday he went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered the speech very well, they say, for I did not go to hear him. He did not wear the crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot compre-

¹ [Sir George Murray was Secretary of State for the Colonial Department.]

hend. He wanted to take the King of Württemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. In his private carriage he continues to sit backward, and when he goes with men makes one sit by him, and not opposite to him. Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open calèche with the Queen, Princess Augusta, and the King of Württemberg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern! It is impossible not to be struck with his extreme good-nature and simplicity, which he cannot or will not exchange for the dignity of his new situation and the trammels of etiquette; but he ought to be made to understand that his simplicity degenerates into vulgarity, and that without departing from his natural urbanity he may conduct himself so as not to lower the character with which he is invested, and which belongs not to him, but to the country.

At his dinner at St. James's the other day more people were invited than there was room for, and some half-dozen were forced to sit at a side-table. He said to Lord Brownlow, "Well, when you are flooded (he thinks Lincolnshire is all fen) you will come to us at Windsor." To the Freemasons he was rather good. The Duke of Sussex wanted him to receive their address in a solemn audience, which he refused, and when they did come he said, "Gentlemen, if my love for you equaled my ignorance of every thing concerning you, it would be unbounded," and then he added something good-humored. The consequence of his trotting about, and saying the odd things that he does, is that there are all sorts of stories about him which are not true, and he is always expected everywhere. In the mean time I believe that politically he relies implicitly on the Duke, who can make him do any thing. Agar Ellis (who is bustling and active, always wishing to play a part, and gets mixed up with the politics of this and that party through his various connections) told me the other day that he knew the Duke was knocking at every door, hitherto without success, and that he must be contented to take a *party*, and not expect to strengthen himself by picking out individuals. I think this too, but why not open his doors to all comers? There are no questions now to stand in his way; his Government must be remodeled, and he may last forever personally.

July 25th.—Yesterday at court at eleven; a Council for

the dissolution. This King and these Councils are very unlike the last—few people present, frequent, punctual, less ceremony observed. Though these Ministers have been in office all their lives, nobody knew how many days must elapse before Parliament was summoned; some said sixty, some seventy days, but not one knew, nor had they settled the matter previously; so Lord Rosslyn and I were obliged to go to Bridgewater House, which was near, and consult the journals. It has always been fifty-two days of late.

In the afternoon another embarrassment. We sent the proclamations to the Chancellor (one for England and one for Ireland), to have the great seal affixed to them; he would only affix the seal to the English, and sent back the Irish unsealed. The Secretary of State would not send it to Ireland without the great seal, and all the Ministers were gone to the fish-dinner at Greenwich, so that there was no getting at anybody. At last we got it done at Lincoln's Inn, and sent it off. The fact is, nobody knows his business, and the Chancellor least of all. The King continues very active; he went after the Council to Buckingham House, thence to the Thames Tunnel, has immense dinners every day, and the same people two or three days running. He has dismissed the late King's band, and employs the bands of the Guards every night, who are ready to die of it, for they get no pay and are prevented earning money elsewhere. The other night the King had a party, and at eleven o'clock he dismissed them thus: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a good-night. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own, which is to go to bed; so come along, my Queen." The other day he was very angry because the guard did not know him in his plain clothes and turn out for him—the first appearance of jealousy of his greatness he has shown; and he ordered them to be more on the alert for the future.

July 26th.—Still the King; his adventures (for they are nothing else) furnish matter of continual amusement and astonishment to his liege subjects. Yesterday morning, or the evening before, he announced to the Duke of Wellington that he should dine with him yesterday; accordingly the Duke was obliged, in the midst of preparations for his breakfast, to get a dinner ready for him. In the morning he took the King of Würtemberg to Windsor, and just at the hour when the Duke expected him to dinner he was driving through

Hyde Park back from Windsor—three barouthes-and-four, the horses dead knocked up, in the front the two Kings, Jersey, and somebody else, all covered with dust. The whole mob of carriages and horsemen assembled near Apsley House to see him pass and to wait till he returned. The Duke, on hearing he was there, rushed down without his hat and stood in his gate in the middle of servants, mob, etc., to see him pass. He drove to Grillon's "to drop" the King of Würtemberg, and at a quarter-past eight he arrived at Apsley House. There were about forty-five men, no women, half the Ministers, most of the foreign Ministers, and a mixture rather indiscriminate. In the evening I was at Lady Salisbury's, when arrived the Duke of Sussex, who gave a short account to Sefton of what had passed, and of the King's speech to the company. "You and I," he said, "are old Whigs, my Lord, and I confess I was somewhat astonished to hear his Majesty's speech." I went afterward to Crockford's, where I found Matuscewitz, who gave me a whole account of the dinner. The two Kings went out to dinner arm-in-arm, the Duke followed; the King sat between the King of Würtemberg and the Duke. After dinner his health was drunk, to which he returned thanks, sitting, but briefly, and promised to say more by-and-by when he should give a toast. In process of time he desired Douro to go and tell the band to play the merriest waltz they could for the toast he was about to give. He then gave "The Queen of Würtemberg," with many eulogiums on her and on the connubial felicity of her and the King; not a very agreeable theme for his host, for conjugal fidelity is not his forte. At length he desired Douro to go again to the band and order them to play "See the conquering hero comes," and then he rose. All the company rose with him, when he ordered everybody to sit down. Still standing, he said that he had been so short a time on the throne that he did not know whether etiquette required that he should speak sitting or standing, but, however this might be, he had been long used to speak on his legs, and should do so now; he then proposed the Duke's health, but prefaced it with a long speech—instigated a comparison between him and the Duke of Marlborough; went back to the reign of Queen Anne, and talked of the great support the Duke of Marlborough had received from the Crown, and the little support the Duke of Wellington had had in the outset of his career, though after the battle of Vimciro he had been backed by all the ener-

gies of the country; that, notwithstanding his difficulties, his career had been one continued course of victory over the armies of France; and then recollecting the presence of Laval, the French Ambassador, he said, "Remember, Duc de Laval, when I talk of victories over the French armies, they were not the armies of my ally and friend the King of France, but of him who had usurped his throne, and against whom you yourself were combating;" then going back to the Duke's career, and again referring to the comparison between him and Marlborough, and finishing by adverting to his political position, that he had on mounting the throne found the Duke Minister, and that he had retained him because he thought his Administration had been and would be highly beneficial to the country; that he gave to him his fullest and most cordial confidence, and that he announced to all whom he saw around him, to all the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign powers, and to all the noblemen and gentlemen present, that as long as he should sit upon the throne he should continue to give him the same confidence. The Duke returned thanks in a short speech, thanking the King for his confidence and support, and declaring that all his endeavors would be used to keep this country in relations of harmony with other nations. The whole company stood aghast at the King's extraordinary speech and declaration. Matuscewitz told me he never was so astonished, that for the world he would not have missed it, and that he would never have believed in it if he had not heard it.

Falck¹ gave me a delightful account of the speech and of Laval. He thought, not understanding one word, that all the King was saying was complimentary to the King of France and the French nation, and he kept darting from his seat to make his acknowledgments, while Esterhazy held him down by the tail of his coat, and the King stopped him with his hand outstretched, all with great difficulty. He said it was very comical.

July 27th.—Review in the morning (yesterday), breakfast at Apsley House, chapter of the Garter, dinner at St. James's, party in the evening, and ball at Apsley House. I don't hear of any thing remarkable, and it was so hot I could

¹ [Baron Falck, Dutch Minister at the Court of St. James. M. de Laval was the French Ambassador. This dinner took place on the day after the publication of the ordinances of July. Three days later Charles X. had ceased to reign. M. de Laval instantly left London on the receipt of the intelligence leaving M. de Vaudreuil as Chargé d'Affaires.]

not go to any thing, except the breakfast, which I just looked in to for a minute, and found everybody sweating and stuffing, and the royalties just going away. The Duke of Gloucester keeps up his quarrel with the Duke; the Duke of Cumberland won't go to Apsley House, but sent the Duchess and his boy. The Queen said at dinner the other day to the Duke of Cumberland, "I am very much pleased with you for sending the Duchess to Apsley House," and then turned to the Duke of Gloucester and said, "but I am not pleased with you for not letting the Duchess go there." The fool answered that the Duchess should never go there; he would not be reconciled, forgetting that it matters not twopence to the Duke of Wellington and a great deal to himself.

I have been employed in settling half a dozen disputes of different sorts, but generally without success, trifling matters, foolish or violent people, not worth remembering any of them. The Chancellor, who does not know his own business, has made an attack on my office about the proclamations, but I have vindicated it in a letter to Lord Bathurst.

July 28th.—Yesterday Charles Wynn and I settled the dispute between Clive and Charlton about the Ludlow matters. Charlton agrees to retire from the contest both in the Borough and Corporation, and Clive agrees to pay him £1,125 toward his expenses, and not to oppose the reception of any petition that may be presented to the House of Commons for the purpose of reopening the question of the right of voting. Both parties are very well satisfied with this termination of their disputes. Met the Chancellor at Lady Ravensworth's breakfast yesterday, who told me he had sent a rejoinder to my letter to Lord Bathurst about the proclamations.

July 29th.—Yesterday a standing Council at the levee, to swear in Lord Hereford and Vesey Fitzgerald, and to declare Lord Bathurst President of the Council and the Duke of Northumberland Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Previously the King received the address of the dissenting ministers, and then that of the Quakers, presented by William Allen; they were very prim and respectable persons; their hats were taken off by each other in the room before the Throne Room, and they did not bow, though they seemed half inclined to do so; they made a very loyal address, but without "Majesty," and said "O King." There was a question after his answer what they should do. I thought it was whether they should kiss

hands, for the King said something to Peel, who went and asked them, and I heard the King say, "Oh, just as they like; they needn't if they don't like; it's all one."

But the great event of the day was the reception of the King of France's two decrees, and the address of his Ministers, who produced them; nothing could surpass the universal astonishment and consternation. Falck told me he was reading the newspaper at his breakfast regularly through, and when he came to this the teacup almost dropped from his hands, and he rubbed his eyes to see whether he read correctly. Such was the secrecy with which this measure was conceived and acted on, that Pozzo, who is quicker and has better intelligence than anybody, had not a notion of it, as Matuscewitz told me. Aberdeen learnt it through the *Times*, and had not a line from Stuart. That, however, is nothing extraordinary. I suspect somebody had it, for Raikes wrote me a note the day before, to ask if there was not *something bad* from France. Matuscewitz told me that Russia would not afford Charles X. the smallest support in his new crusade against the Constitution of France, and this he pronounced openly *à qui voulait l'entendre*. I suspect the Duke will be desperately annoyed. The only Minister I had a word with about it was Lord Bathurst, whose Tory blood bubbled a little quicker at such a despotic act, and while owning the folly of the deed he could not help adding that "he should have repressed the press when he dissolved the Chambers, then he might have done it."

July 30th.—Everybody anxious for news from France. A few hope, and still fewer think, the King of France will succeed, and that the French will submit, but the press here joins in grand chorus against the suppression of the liberty of that over the water. Matuscewitz told me he had a conference with the Duke, who was excessively annoyed, but what seems to have struck him more than any thing is the extraordinary secrecy of the business, and neither Pozzo nor Stuart having known one word of it. Up to the last Polignac has deceived everybody, and put such words into the King's mouth that nobody could expect such a *coup*. The King assured Pozzo di Borgo the day before that nothing of the sort was in contemplation. This, like every thing else, will be judged by the event—desperate fatuity if it fails, splendid energy and accurate calculation of opposite moral forces if it succeeds. I judge that it will fail, because I can see no marks of wisdom

in the style of execution, and the State paper is singularly puerile and weak in argument. It is passionate and not dexterous, not even plausible. All this is wonderfully interesting, and will give us a lively autumn.

The King has been to Woolwich, inspecting the artillery, to whom he gave a dinner, with toasts and hip, hip, hurrahing and three times three, himself giving the time. I tremble for him; at present he is only a mountebank, but he bids fair to be a maniac.

Brougham will come in for Yorkshire without a contest; his address was very eloquent. He is rather mad without a doubt; his speeches this year have been sometimes more brilliant than ever they were; but who with such stupendous talents was ever so little considered? We admire him as we do a fine actor, and nobody ever possessed such enormous means, and displayed a mind so versatile, fertile, and comprehensive, and yet had so little efficacy and influence. He told me just before he left town that Yorkshire had been proposed to him, but that he had written word he would not stand, nor spend a guinea, nor go there, nor even take the least trouble about the concerns of any one of his constituents, if they elected him; but he soon changed his note.

July 21st.—Yesterday morning I met Matuscewitz in St. James's Street, who said, "You have heard the news?" But I had not, so I got into his cabriolet, and he told me that Bulow had just been with him with an account of Rothschild's estafette, who had brought intelligence of a desperate conflict at Paris between the people and the Royal Guard, in which 1,000 men had been killed of the former, and of the eventual revolt of two regiments, which decided the business; that the Swiss had refused to fire on the people; the King is gone to Rambouillet, the Ministers are missing, and the Deputies who were at Paris had assembled in the Chambers, and declared their sittings permanent. Nothing can exceed the interest and excitement that all these proceedings create here, and unless there is a reaction, which does not seem probable, the game is up with the Bourbons. They richly deserve their fate. It remains to be seen what part Bourmont and the Algerian army will take; the latter will probably side with the nation, and the former will be guided by his own interest, and is not unlikely to endeavor to direct a spirit which he could not expect to control. He may reconcile himself to the country by a double treachery.

At night.—To-day at one o'clock Stuart's messenger arrived with a meagre account, having left Paris on the night of the 29th. The tricolored flag had been raised; the National Guard was up, commanded by old Lafayette (their chief forty years ago), who ruled in Paris with Gérard, Odier, Casimir, Prier, Lafitte, and one or two more. The Tuileries and the Louvre had been pillaged; the King was at Rambouillet, where Marshal Marmont had retired, and had with him a large force. Nobody, however, believed they would fight against the people. The Deputies and the Peers had met, and the latter separated without doing any thing; the former had a stormy discussion, but came to no resolution. Some were for a republic, some for the Duke of Orleans, some for the Duke of Bordeaux with the Duke of Orleans as Regent. Rothschild had another courier with later intelligence. The King had desired to treat, and that proposals might be made to him; all the Ministers escaped from Paris by a subterranean passage which led from the Tuileries to the river, and even at St. Cloud the Duke told Matuscewitz that "Marmont had taken up a good military position," as if it was a military and not a moral question. Strange he should think of such a thing, but they are all terrified to death at the national flag and colors, because they see in its train revolutions, invasions, and a thousand alarms. I own I would rather have seen an easy transfer of the crown to some other head under the white flag. There was Lady Tankerville going about to-day inquiring of everybody for news, trembling for her brother "and his brigade." Late in the day she got Lady Jersey to go with her to Rothschild, whom she saw, and Madame Rothschild, who showed her all their letters. Tankerville, who is a sour, malignant little Whig (since become an ultra-Tory), loudly declares Polignac ought to be hung. The elections here are going against Government, and no candidate will avow that he stands on Government interest, or with the intention of supporting the Duke's Ministry, which looks as if it had lost all its popularity.

August 2d.—Yesterday (Sunday) we had no news and no reports, except one that Marmont was killed. I never believe reports. The elections still go against Government. G. Dawson returned from Dublin; all the Peels lose their seats. Fordwich beat Baring at Canterbury by 370 votes. It is said the King was in a state of great excitement at Woolwich the other day, when it was very hot, and he drank a good deal of wine.

Evening.—This morning, on going into town, I read in the *Times* the news of the day—the proclamation of the Provisional Government, the invitation to the Duke of Orleans, his proclamation, and the account of the conversation between Lafitte and Marmont. It is in vain to look for private or official information, for the *Times* always has the latest and the best; Stuart sends next to nothing. Soon after I got to George Street the Duke of Wellington came in, in excellent spirits, and talked over the whole matter. He said he could not comprehend how the Royal Guard had been defeated by the mob, and particularly how they had been forced to evacuate the Tuileries; that he had seen English and French troops hold houses whole days not one-fourth so strong. I said that there could not be a shadow of doubt that it was because they *would* not fight, that if they *would* have fought they must have beat the mob, and reminded him of the French at Madrid, and asked him if he did not think his regiment would beat all the populace of London, which he said it would. He described the whole affair as it has taken place, and said that there can be no doubt that the moneyed men of Paris (who are all against the Government) and the Liberals had foreseen a violent measure on the part of the King, and had organized the resistance; that on the appearance of the edicts the bankers simultaneously refused to discount any bills, on which the great manufacturers and merchants dismissed their workmen, to the number of many thousands, who inflamed the public discontent, and united to oppose the military and the execution of the decrees. He said positively that we should not take any part, and that no other Government ought or could. He does not like the Duke of Orleans, and thinks his proclamation mean and shabby, but owned that under all circumstances his election to the Crown would probably be the best thing that could happen. The Duke of Chartres he had known here, and thought he was intelligent. The Duke considered the thing as settled, but did not feel at all sure they would offer the Crown to the Duke of Orleans. He said he could not guess or form an opinion as to their ulterior proceedings.

After discussing the whole business with his usual simplicity, he began talking of the Duke of Cumberland and his resignation of the command of the Blues. Formerly the colonels of the two regiments of Life Guards held alternately the Gold Stick, and these two regiments were under the im-

mediate orders of the King, and not of the Commander-in-Chief. When the Duke of Wellington returned from Spain and had the command of the Blues, the King insisted upon his taking the duty also; so it was divided into three, but the Blues still continued under the Commander-in-Chief. But when the Duke of Cumberland wanted to be continually about the King, he got him to give him the command of the Household troops; this was at the period of the death of the Duke of York and the Duke of Wellington's becoming Commander-in-Chief. The Duke of Cumberland told the Duke of Wellington that he had received the King's verbal commands to that effect, and from that time he alone kept the Gold Stick, and the Blues were withdrawn from the authority of the Commander-in-Chief. The Duke of Wellington made no opposition: but last year, during the uproar on the Catholic question, he perceived the inconvenience of the arrangement, and intended to speak to the King about it, for the Duke of Cumberland was concerned in organizing mobs to go down to Windsor to frighten Lady Conyngham and the King, and the Horse Guards, who would naturally have been called out to suppress any tumult, would not have been disposable without the Duke of Cumberland's concurrence, so much so that on one particular occasion, when the Kentish men were to have gone to Windsor 20,000 strong, the Duke of Wellington detained a regiment of light cavalry who were marching elsewhere, that he might not be destitute of military aid. Before, however, he did any thing about this with the King ("I always," he said, "do one thing at a time") his Majesty was taken ill and died.

On the accession of the present King the Duke of Cumberland wished to continue the same system, which his Majesty was resolved he should not, and he ordered that the colonels of the regiments should take the Stick in rotation. He also ordered (through Sir R. Peel) that Lord Combermere should command the troops at the funeral as Gold Stick. This the Duke of Cumberland resisted, and sent down orders to Lord Cathcart to assume the command. The Duke of Wellington, however, represented to Lord Cathcart that he had better do no such thing, as nobody could disobey the King's orders gone through the Secretary of State, and accordingly he did nothing. But the King was determined to put an end to the pretensions of the Duke of Cumberland, and spoke to the Duke on the subject, and said that he would have

all the regiments placed under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. The Duke recommended him to replace the matter in the state in which it stood before the Duke of Cumberland's pretensions had altered it, but he would not do this, and chose to abide by his original intention; so the three regiments were placed under the orders of the Horse Guards like the rest, and the Duke of Cumberland in consequence resigned the command of the Blues.

August 3d.—Notwithstanding the above story, the King dined with the Duke of Cumberland at Kew yesterday. I went yesterday to the sale of the late King's wardrobe, which was numerous enough to fill Monmouth Street, and sufficiently various and splendid for the wardrobe of Drury Lane. He hardly ever gave away any thing except his linen, which was distributed every year. These clothes are the perquisite of his pages, and will fetch a pretty sum. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 300 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting-coats and breeches, and among other things a dozen pair of corduroy breeches he had made to hunt in when Dom Miguel was here. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by. It is difficult to say whether in great or little things that man was most odious and contemptible.

Nothing from France yesterday but the most absurd reports.

August 5th.—Yesterday morning at a Council; all the Ministers, and the Duke of Rutland, Lord Somers, Rosslyn, and Gower, to be sworn Lieutenants. Talked about France with Sir G. Murray, who was silly enough to express his disappointment that things promised to be soon and quietly settled, and hoped the King would have assembled an army and fought for it. Afterward a levee. While the Queen was in the closet they brought her word that Charles X. was at Cherbourg, and had sent for leave to come here; but nobody knew yesterday if this was true or not. In the afternoon I met Vaudreuil, and had a long conversation with him on the state of things. He said, "My family has been twice ruined by these cursed Bourbons, and I will be damned if they shall a

third time!" that he had long foreseen the inevitable tendency of Polignac's determination, ever since he was here, when he had surrounded himself with low agents and would admit no gentleman into his confidence; one of his *affidés* was a man of the name of Carrier, a relation of the famous Carrier de Nantes. Vaudreuil's father-in-law had consulted him many months ago what to do with £300,000 which he had in the French funds, and he advised him to sell it out and put it in his drawer, which he did, sacrificing the interest for that time. He had hitherto done nothing, been near none of the Ministers, feeling that he could say nothing to them; no communication had been made to him, but whenever any should be he intended to reply to it. Laval ran away just in time, and Vaudreuil was so provoked at his evasion that he sent after him to say that in such important circumstances he could not take upon himself to act without his Ambassador's instructions. No answer of course. He thinks that if this had not taken place a few years must have terminated the reign of the Bourbons, and that it is only the difference between sudden and lingering death; that when he was at Paris he had seen the dissatisfaction of the young officers in the Guards, who were all Liberal; and with these sentiments, what a condition they must have been in when called upon to charge and fire on the people while secretly approving of their conduct, "entre leurs devoirs de citoyens et de militaires!"

I had a conversation with Fitzgerald (Vesey) the other day about the Government and its prospects. They want him greatly to return to office, but he is going abroad again for his health, and I suspect is not very anxious to come in just now, when things look gloomy. He thinks they have acted very injudiciously in sending down candidates to turn out their opponents, attempts which generally failed, and only served to exasperate the people interested more and more against them. Such men as the Grants, as he said, cannot be kept out of Parliament. But they manage every thing ill, and it is impossible to look at the present Ministry and watch its acts, and not marvel that the Duke should think of going on with it. If he does not take care he will be dragged down by it, whereas, if he would, while it is yet time, remodel it altogether, and open his doors to all who are capable of serving under him (for all are ready to take him as chief), he might secure to himself a long and honorable possession of power. Then it is said he can't whistle off these men merely

because it is convenient, but he had better do that than keep them on bungling through all the business of the country. Besides, I have some doubts of his tender-heartedness in this respect.

Goodwood, August 10th.—On Saturday, the 7th, the King and Queen breakfasted at Osterley, on their way to Windsor. They had about sixty or seventy people to meet them, and it all went off very well, without any thing remarkable. I went to Stoke afterward, where there was the usual sort of party.

The King entered Windsor so privately that few people knew him, though he made the horses walk all the way from Frogmore that he might be seen. On Saturday and Sunday the Terrace was thrown open, and the latter day it was crowded by multitudes and a very gay sight; there were sentinels on each side of the east front to prevent people walking under the windows of the living-rooms, but they might go where else they liked. The King went to Bagshot and did not appear. All the late King's private drives through the Park are also thrown open, but not to carriages. We went, however, a long string of four carriages, to explore, and got through the whole drive round by Virginia Water, the famous fishing-pagoda, and saw all the penetralia of the late King, whose ghost must have been indignant at seeing us (Sefton particularly) scampering all about his most secret recesses. It is an exceedingly enjoyable spot, and pretty, but has not so much beauty as I expected.

Came here yesterday and found thirty-two people assembled. I rode over the downs three or four miles (from Petworth), and never saw so delightful a country to live in. There is an elasticity in the air and turf which communicates itself to the spirit.

In the mean time the French Revolution has been proceeding rapidly to its consummation, and the Duke of Orleans is King. Montrond, who was at Stoke, thinks that France will gravitate toward a republic, and principally for this reason, that there is an unusual love of equality, and no disposition to profit by the power of making *majorats*, therefore that there never can be any thing like an aristocracy. We are so accustomed to see the regular working of our constitutional system, with all its parts depending upon each other, and so closely interwoven, that we have difficulty in believing that any monarchical Government can exist which is founded on a

basis so different. This is the great political problem which is now to be solved. I think, however, that in the present settlement it is not difficult to see the elements of future contention and the working of a strong democratical spirit. The Crown has been conferred on the Duke of Orleans by the Chamber of Deputies alone, which, so far from inviting the Chamber of Peers to discuss the question of succession, has at the same time decreed a material alteration in that Chamber itself. It has at a blow cut off all the Peers of Villèle's great promotion, which is an enormous act of authority, although the measure may be advisable. There is also a question raised of the hereditary quality of the peerage, and I dare say that for the future at least peerages will not be hereditary, not that I think this signifies as to the existence of an aristocracy, for the constant subdivision of property must deprive the Chamber of all the qualities belonging to an English House of Lords, and it would perhaps be better to establish another principle, such as that of promoting to the Chamber of Peers men (for life) of great wealth, influence, and ability, who would constitute an aristocracy of a different kind indeed, but more respectable and efficient, than a host of poor hereditary senators. What great men are Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Cleveland! but strip them of their wealth and power, what would they be? Among the most insignificant of mankind; but they all acquire a factitious consideration by the influence they possess to do good and evil, the extension of it over multitudes of dependants. The French can have no aristocracy but a personal one, ours is in the institution; theirs must be individually respectable, as ours is collectively looked up to. In the mean time it will be deemed a great step gained to have a monarchy established in France at all, even for the moment, but some people are alarmed at the excessive admiration which the French Revolution has excited in England, and there is a very general conviction that Spain will speedily follow the example of France, and probably Belgium also. Italy I don't believe will throw off the yoke; they have neither spirit nor unanimity, and the Austrian military force is too great to be resisted. But Austria will tremble and see that the great victory which Liberalism has gained has decided the question as to which principle, that of light or darkness, shall prevail for the future in the world.

London, August 14th.—Staid at Goodwood till the 12th; went to Brighton, riding over the downs from Goodwood to

Arundel, a delightful ride. How much I prefer England to Italy! There we have mountains and sky; here, vegetation and verdure, fine trees and soft turf; and in the long-run the latter are the most enjoyable. Yesterday came to London from Brighton; found things much as they were, but almost everybody gone out of town. The French are proceeding steadily in the reconstruction of their Government, but they have evinced a strong democratical spirit. The new King, too, conducts himself in a way that gives me a bad opinion of him; he is too complaisant to the rage for equality, and stoops more than he need do; in fact, he overdoes it. It is a piece of abominably bad taste (to say no worse) to have conferred a pension on the author of the Marseillaise hymn; for what can be worse than to rake up the old ashes of Jacobinism, and what more necessary than to distinguish as much as possible this Revolution from that of 1789? Then he need not be more familiar as King than he ever was as Duke of Orleans, and affect the manners of a citizen and a plainness of dress and demeanor very suitable to an American President, but unbecoming a descendant of Louis XIV.

The new Charter is certainly drawn up with great moderation, the few alterations which have been made approximating it to the spirit of the English Constitution, and in the whole of the proceedings the analogies of our revolution have been pretty closely followed. But there has been a remarkable deviation, which I think ominous, and I can't imagine how it has escaped with so little animadversion here. That is the cavalier manner in which the Chamber of Peers has been treated, for the Deputies not only assumed all the functions of Government and legislation, and disposed by their authority of the Crown without inviting the concurrence of the other Chamber, but at the same time they exercised an enormous act of authority over the Chamber of Peers itself in striking off the whole of that great promotion of Charles X., which, however unwise and perhaps unconstitutional, was perfectly legal, and those Peers had, in fact, as good a right to their peerages as any of their colleagues. They have reconstructed the Chamber of Peers, and conferred upon it certain rights and privileges; but the power which can create can also destroy, and it must be pretty obvious after this that the Upper Chamber will be for the future nothing better than a superior Court of Judicature, depending for its existence upon the will of the popular branch. There are some articles of the

old Charter which I am astonished at their keeping, but which they may possibly alter¹ at the revision which is to take place next year, those particularly which limit the entrance to the Chamber of Deputies to men of forty, and which give the initiation of laws to the King. But on the whole it is a good sign that they should alter so little, and looks like extreme caution and a dislike to rapid and violent changes.

In the mean time we hear nothing of the old King, who marches slowly on with his family. It has been reported in London that Polignac is here, and also that he is taken. Nobody knows the truth. I have heard of his behavior, however, which was worthy of his former imbecility. He remained in the same presumptuous confidence up to the last moment, telling those who implored him to retract while it was still time that they did not know France, that he did, that it was essentially Royalist, and all resistance would be over in a day or two, till the whole ruin burst on him at once, when he became, like a man awakened from a dream, utterly confounded with the magnitude of the calamity and as pusillanimous and miserable as he had before been blind and confident. It must be owned that their end has been worthy of the rest, for not one of them has evinced good feeling, or magnanimity, or courage in their fall, nor excited the least sympathy or commiseration. The Duke of Fitzjames made a good speech in the Chamber of Peers, and Chateaubriand a very fine one a few days before, full of eloquence in support of the claim of the Duke of Bordeaux against that of Louis Philippe I.

In the mean time our elections here are still going against Government, and the signs of the times are all for reform and retrenchment, and against slavery. It is astonishing the interest the people generally take in the slavery question, which is the work of the Methodists, and shows the enormous influence they have in the country. The Duke (for I have not seen him) is said to be very easy about the next Parliament, whereas, as far as one can judge, it promises to be quite as unmanageable as the last, and is besides very ill composed—full of boys and all sorts of strange men.

August 20th.—On Monday to Stoke; Alvanley, Fitzroy Somerset, Matuscewitz, Stanislas Potocki, Glengall, and Mornay, were there. Lady Sefton (who had dined at the Castle a few days before) asked the King to allow her to take Stanislas

¹ [They are altered. The first translation of the Charter which I read was incorrect.]

Potocki to see Virginia Water in a carriage, which is not allowed, but which his Majesty agreed to. Accordingly we started, and going through the private drives, went up to the door of the tent opposite the fishing house. They thought it was the Queen coming, or at any rate a party from the Castle, for the man on board the little frigate hoisted all the colors, and the boatmen on the other side got ready the royal barge to take us across. We went all over the place on both sides, and were delighted with the luxury and beauty of the whole thing. On one side are a number of tents, communicating together in separate apartments and forming a very good house, a dining-room, drawing-room, and several other small rooms, very well furnished; across the water is the fishing-cottage, beautifully ornamented, with one large room and a dressing-room on each side; the kitchen and offices are in a garden full of flowers, shut out from every thing. Opposite the windows is moored a large boat, in which the band used to play during dinner, and in summer the late King dined every day, either in the house or in the tents. We had scarcely seen every thing when Mr. Turner, the head keeper, arrived in great haste, having spied us from the opposite side, and very angry at our carriages having come there, which is a thing forbidden; he did not know of our leave, nor could we even satisfy him that we were not to blame.

The next day I called on Batchelor (he was *valet de chambre* to the Duke of York, afterward to George IV.), who has an excellent apartment in the Lodge, which, he said, was once occupied by Nell Gwynne, though I did not know the lodge was built at that time. I was there a couple of hours, and heard all the details of the late King's illness and other things. For many months before his death those who were about him were aware of his danger, but nobody dared to say a word. The King liked to cheat people with making them think he was well, and when he had been at a Council he would return to his apartments and tell his *valets de chambre* how he had deceived them. During his illness he was generally cheerful, but occasionally dejected, and constantly talked of his brother the Duke of York, and of the similarity of their symptoms, and was always comparing them. He had been latterly more civil to Knighton than he used to be, and Knighton's attentions to him were incessant; whenever he thought himself worse than usual, and in immediate danger, he always sent for Sir Wil

liam. Lady Conyngham and her family went into his room once a day; till his illness he always used to go and sit in hers. It is true that last year, when she was so ill, she was very anxious to leave the Castle, and it was Sir William Knighton who with great difficulty induced her to stay there. At that time she was in wretched spirits, and did nothing but pray from morning till night. However, her conscience does not seem ever to have interfered with her ruling passion, avarice, and she went on accumulating. During the last illness wagons were loaded every night and sent away from the Castle, but what their contents were was not known, at least Batchelor did not say. All Windsor knew this. Those servants of the King who were about his person had opportunities of hearing a great deal, for he used to talk of everybody before them, and without reserve or measure.

This man Batchelor had become a great favorite with the late King. The first of pages, William Holmes, had for some time been prevented by ill health from attending him. Holmes had been with him from a boy, and was also a great favorite; by appointments and perquisites he had as much as £12,000 or £14,000 a year, but he had spent so much in all sorts of debauchery and living like a gentleman, that he was nearly ruined. There seems to have been no end to the *tracasseries* between these men; their anxiety to get what they could out of the King's wardrobe in the last weeks, and their dishonesty in the matter, were excessive, all which he told me in great detail. The King was more than anybody the slave of habit and open to impressions, and even when he did not like people he continued to keep them about him rather than change.

While I was at Stoke news came that Charles X. had arrived off Portsmouth. He has asked for an asylum in Austria, but when once he has landed here he will not move again, I dare say. The enthusiasm which the French Revolution produced is beginning to give way to some alarm, and not a little disgust at the Duke of Orleans's conduct, who seems anxious to assume the character of a Jacobin King, affecting extreme simplicity and laying aside all the pomp of royalty. I don't think it can do, and there is certainly enough to cause serious disquietude for the future.

Sefton in the mean time told me that Brougham and Lord Grey were prepared for a violent opposition, and that they had effected a formal junction with Huskisson, being convinced that no Government could now be formed without

him. I asked him if Palmerston was a party to this junction, and he said he was, but the first thing I heard when I got to town was that a negotiation is going on between Palmerston and the Duke, and that the former takes every opportunity of declaring his good-will to the latter, and how unshackled he is. Both these things can't be true, and time will show which is. It seems odd that Palmerston should abandon his party on the eve of a strong coalition, which is not unlikely to turn out the present Administration, but it is quite impossible to place any dependence upon public men nowadays. There is Lord Grey with his furious opposition, having a little while ago supported the Duke in a sort of way, having advised Rosslyn to take office, and now, because his own vanity is hurt at not being invited to join the Government, or more consulted at least, upon the slight pretext of the Galway Bill in the last Parliament he rushes into rancorous opposition, and is determined to give no quarter and listen to no compromise. Brougham is to lead this Opposition in the House of Commons, and Lord Grey in the Lords, and nothing is to be done but as the result of general deliberation and agreement. Brougham in the mean time has finished his triumph at York in a miserable way, having insulted Martin Stapylton on the hustings, who called him to account, and then he forgot what he had said, and slunk away with a disclaimer of unintentional offense, as usual beginning with intemperance and ending with submission. His speeches were never good, but at his own dinner he stated so many untruths about the Duke of Wellington that his own partisans bawled out "No, no," and it was a complete failure. His whole spirit there was as bad as possible, paltry and commonplace. That man, with all his talents, never can or will *do* in any situation; he is base, cowardly, and unprincipled, and with all the execrable judgment which, I believe, often flows from the perversion of moral sentiment. Nobody can admire his genius, eloquence, variety and extent of information, and the charm of his society more than I do; but his faults are glaring, and the effects of them manifest to anybody who will compare his means and their results.

August 23d.—General Baudrand is come over with a letter from King Louis Philippe to King William. He saw the Duke and Aberdeen yesterday. Charles X. goes to Ludworth Castle. What are called moderate people are greatly alarmed at the aspect of affairs in France, but I think the law (which

will be carried) of abolishing capital punishment in political cases is calculated to tranquilize men's minds everywhere, for it draws such a line between the old and the new Revolution. The Ministers will be tried and banished, but no blood spilt. Lord Anglesey went to see Charles X., and told him openly his opinion of his conduct. The King laid it all upon Polignac. The people of Paris wanted to send over a deputation to thank the English for their sympathy and assistance—a sort of fraternizing affair—but the King would not permit it, which was wisely done, and it is a good thing to see that he can curb in some degree that spirit; this Vaudreuil told me last night. It would have given great offense and caused great alarm here.

August 24th.—Alvanley had a letter from Montrond yesterday from Paris. He was with M. Molé when a letter was brought him from Polignac, beginning, "Mon cher Collègue," and saying that he wrote to him to ask his advice what he had better do, that he should have liked to retire to his own estate, but it was too near Paris, that he should like to go into Alsace, and that he begged he would arrange it for him, and in the mean time send him some boots, and shirts, and breeches.

The French King continues off Cowes, many people visiting him. They came off without clothes or preparation of any kind, so much so that Lady Grantham has been obliged to furnish Mesdames de Berri and d'Angoulême with every thing; it seems they have plenty of money. The King says he and his son have retired from public life; and as to his grandson, he must wait the progress of events; that his conscience reproaches him with nothing.

The dinner in St. George's Hall on the King's birthday was the finest thing possible—all good and hot, and served on the late King's gold plate. There were one hundred people at table. After dinner the King gave the Duke of Wellington's health, as it was the anniversary of Vimeiro; the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester turned their glasses down. I can't agree with Charles X. that it would be better to "*travailler pour son pain*" than to be King of England."

I went yesterday all over Lambeth Palace, which has been nearly rebuilt by Blore, and admirably done; one of the best houses I ever saw. Archbishop Juxon's Hall has been converted into the library of the Palace, and is also a fine thing in its way. It is not to cost above £40,000. The Lollards'

Tower, which is very curious with its iron rings, and the names of the Lollards written on the walls, is not to be touched.

At night.—Went to Lady Glengall's to meet Marmont. He likes talking of his adventures, but he had done his Paris talk before I got there; however, he said a great deal about old campaigning and Bonaparte, which, as well as I recollect, I will put down.

As to the battle of Salamanca, he remarked that, without meaning to detract from the glory of the English arms, he was inferior in force there; our army was provided with every thing, well paid, and the country favorable, his "*dénuée de tout*," without pay, in a hostile country; that all his provisions came from a great distance and under great escorts, and his communications were kept up in the same way. Of Russia, he said that Bonaparte's army was destroyed by the time he got to Moscow, destroyed by famine; that there were two ways of making war, by slow degrees with magazines, or by rapid movements and reaching places where abundant means of supply and reorganization were to be found, as he had done at Vienna and elsewhere, but in Russia supplies were not to be had. Napoleon had, however, pushed on with the same rapidity and destroyed his army. Marshal Davoust (I think, but am not sure) had a *corps d'armée* of 80,000 men and reached Moscow with 15,000; the cavalry were 50,000 sabres, at Moscow they were 6,000. Somebody asked him if Napoleon's generals had not dissuaded him from going to Russia. Marmont said no; they liked it: but Napoleon ought to have stopped at Smolensk, made Poland independent, and levied 50,000 Cossacks, the Polish Cossacks being better than the Russian, who would have kept all his communications clear, and allowed the French army to repose, and then he would have done in two campaigns what he wished to accomplish in one; instead of which he never would deal with Poland liberally, but held back with ulterior views, and never got the Poles cordially with him. Of the campaign of 1813 he said that it was ill-conducted by Napoleon and full of faults; his creation of the army was wonderful, and the battle of Dresden would have been a great movement if he had not suddenly abandoned Vandamme after pushing him on to cut off the retreat of the Allies. It was an immense fault to leave all the garrisons in the Prussian and Saxon fortresses. The campaign of 1814

was one of his most brilliant. He (Marmont) commanded a *corps d'armée*, and fought in most of the celebrated actions, but he never had 4,000 men; at Paris, which he said was "the most honorable part of his whole career," he had 7,500.¹ Napoleon committed a great fault in throwing himself into the rear as he did; he should have fallen back upon Paris, where his own presence would have been of vast importance, and sent Marmont into the rear with what troops he could collect. I repeated what the Duke of Wellington had once told me, that if the Emperor had continued the same plan, and fallen back on Paris, he would have obliged the Allies to retreat, and asked him what he thought. He rather agreed with this, but said the Emperor had conceived one of the most splendid pieces of strategy that ever had been devised, which failed by the disobedience of Eugene. He sent orders to Eugene to assemble his army, in which he had 35,000 French troops, to amuse the Austrians by a negotiation for the evacuation of Italy; to throw the Italian troops into Alessandria and Mantua; to destroy the other fortresses, and going by forced marches with his French troops, force the passage of Mont Cenis, collect the scattered *corps d'armée* of Augereau (who was near Lyons) and another French general, which would have made his force amount to above 60,000 men, and burst upon the rear of the Allies so as to cut off all their communications. These orders he sent to Eugene, but Eugene "rêvait d'être roi d'Italie après sa chute," and he sent his aide-de-camp Tascher to excuse himself. The movement was not made, and the game was up. Lady Dudley Stewart was there, Lucien's daughter and Bonaparte's niece. Marmont was presented to her, and she heard him narrate all this; there is something very simple, striking, and soldier-like in his manner and appearance. He is going to Russia.

He was very communicative about events at Paris, lamented his own ill-luck, involved in the business against his wishes and feelings; he disapproved of Polignac and his measures, and had no notion the *ordonnances* were thought of. In the morning he was going to St. Germain for the day; when his aide-de-camp brought him the newspaper with the *ordonnances il tomba de son haut*. Soon after the Dauphin sent to him to desire that, as there might be some "vitres cassées," he would take the command of the troops. Di-

¹ [This assertion of Marmont's is the more curious as it was to his alleged treachery that Napoleon when at Fontenbleau chose to ascribe his defeat.]

rectly after the thing began. He had 7,000 or 8,000 men; not a preparation had been made of any sort; they had never thought of resistance, had not consulted Marmont or any military man; he soon found how hopeless the case was, and sent eight estafettes to the King one after another during the action to tell him so and to implore him to stop while it was time. They never returned any answer. He then rode out to St. Cloud, where he implored the King to yield. It was not till after seven hours' pressing that he consented to name M. de Mortemart Minister, but would not withdraw the edicts. He says that up to Wednesday night they would have compromised and accepted M. de Mortemart and the suppression of the edicts, but the King still demurred. On Wednesday night he yielded, but then the communications were interrupted. That night the meeting at the Palais Royal took place, at which the King's fate was determined; and on Thursday morning when his offers arrived, it was too late, and they would no longer treat. Marmont said he had been treated with the greatest ingratitude by the Court, and had taken leave of them forever, coldly of the King and Dauphin; the Duchess of Berri alone shook hands with him and thanked him for his services and fidelity. He says never man was so unlucky, that he was *maréchal de quartier* and could not refuse to serve, but he only acted on the defensive; 2,000 of the troops and 1,500 of the populace were killed. The Swiss did not behave well, but the Lanciers de la Garde beautifully, and all the troops were acting against their feelings and opinions. Marmont said that Stuart had sent Cradock to Charles X. to desire he would go as slowly as he could, to give time for a reaction which he expected would take place. Cradock did go to the King, but I rather doubt this story.¹

¹ [Colonel Cradock (the late Lord Howden) was sent by the Ambassador to the King, and had an audience at Rambouillet, but it was at the request and instigation of the Duke of Orleans. The proposal intrusted to Colonel Cradock was to the effect that the king and the Dauphin, having abdicated, should quit France with the Princesses, but that Henry V. should be proclaimed King under the regency of the Duke of Orleans. Louis Philippe offered to support this arrangement, and to carry on the Government as Regent, if Charles X. sanctioned it. The King received the communication in bed. The Duchess of Angoulême was consulted, and vehemently opposed the scheme, because, said she, speaking of the Orleans family, "ils sont toujours les mêmes," and she referred to the preposterous stories current at the time of the death of the Duc de Bourgogne, and the regency of 1715. The offer was therefore rejected. These facts were not known to Mr. Greville at the time, nor till long afterward, but they confirm his information that "Cradock *did* go to the King."]]

August 27th.—At Court the day before yesterday; Parliament was prorogued and summoned. General Baudrand came afterward and delivered his letter, also a private letter “from the Duke of Orleans to the Duke of Clarence”—as the French King called them, “*anciens amis*.” He was well received and satisfied. I never knew such a burst of indignation and contempt as Polignac’s letter has caused—a letter to the President of the Chamber of Peers. As Dudley says, it has saved history the trouble of crucifying that man, and speaks volumes about the recent events. Such a man to have been Prime Minister of France for a year!

August 29th.—Dined with Dudley the day before yesterday to meet Marmont, who is made very much of here by the few people who are left. He had been to Woolwich in the morning, where the Duke of Wellington had given orders that every thing should be shown to him, and the honors handsomely done. He was very much gratified, and he found the man who had pointed the gun which wounded him at Salamanca, and who had since lost his own arm at Waterloo. Marmont shook hands with him and said, “*Ah, mon ami, chacun a son tour*.” Lady Aldborough came in in the evening, and flew up to him with “*Ah, mon cher Maréchal, embrassez-moi* ;” and so after escaping the cannon’s mouth at Paris, he was obliged to face Lady Aldborough’s mouth here. This was my first dinner at Dudley’s, brought about *malgré lui* by Lady Glengall. He has always disliked and never invited me, but now (to all appearance) we are friends. He said he had been to see an old man who lives near the world’s end—Chelsea—who is 110 years old; he has a good head of hair, with no gray hairs in it; his health, faculties, and memory, perfect; is Irish, and has not lived with greater temperance than other people. I sat next to Palmerston, and had a great deal of conversation with him, and from the tenor of his language infer that he has no idea of joining Government. Agar Ellis assured me the other day that there was not a word of truth in the reported junction between Lord Grey and Huskisson. The Duke has got two months to make his arrangements, but I am afraid he is not prepared for all the sacrifices his position requires. It is now said that the exasperation against the late Ministers (particularly Polignac) is so great in France that it is doubtful whether they will be able to save their lives.

CHAPTER XII.

The Belgian Revolution—The Duke of Wellington and Canning—The King's Plate—Gloomy Forebodings—Retreat of the Prince of Orange—Prince Talleyrand Position of the Government—Death of Huskisson—His Character—The Duke of Wellington and Peel—Meeting of Parliament—The Duke's Declaration—The King's Visit to the City abandoned—Disturbances in London—Duchesse de Dino—The Cholera—Southey, Henry Taylor, John Stuart Mill—Dinner at Talleyrand's—The Duke of Wellington resigns—Mr Bathurst made Junior Clerk of the Council—Lord Spencer and Lord Grey sent for—Formation of Lord Grey's Administration—Discontent of Brougham—Brougham takes the Great Seal—Character of the New Ministers—Prospects of the Opposition—Disturbances in Sussex and Hampshire—Lord Grey and Lord Brougham—Lord Sefton's Dinner—The New Ministers sworn at a Council.

Stoke, August 31st.—On Sunday I met Prince Esterhazy¹ in Oxford Street, with a face a yard long. He turned back with me, and told me that there had been disturbances at Brussels, but that they had been put down by the gendarmerie. He was mightily alarmed, but said that his Government would recognize the French King directly, and in return for such general and prompt recognition as he was receiving he must restrain France from countenancing revolutions in other countries, and that, indeed, he had lost no time in declaring his intention to abstain from any meddling. In the evening Vaudreuil told me the same thing, and that he had received a dispatch from M. Molé desiring him to refuse passports to the Spaniards who wanted, on the strength of the French Revolution, to go and foment the discontents in Spain, and to all other foreigners who, being dissatisfied with their own Governments, could not obtain passports from their own Ministers. Yesterday morning, however, it appeared that the affair at Brussels was much more serious than Esterhazy had given me to understand; and, as far as can be judged, from the unofficial statements which we have, it appears likely that Belgium will separate from Holland altogether, it being very doubtful whether the Belgian troops will support the King's Government.

Madame de Falck is just come, but brings no news. Falck² has heard nothing. He left Holland before the outbreak. In the event of such a revolution, it remains to be seen what part Prussia will take, and, if she marches an army to reduce Belgium to obedience, whether the Belgians will

¹ [Prince Paul¹ Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. James for many years.]

² [Baron Falck, Dutch Minister at the Court of St. James.]

not make overtures to France, and in that case whether King Louis Philippe will be able to restrain the French from seizing such a golden opportunity of regaining their former frontier; and if they accept the offer, whether a general war in Europe will not ensue.

In these difficult circumstances, and in the midst of possibilities so tremendous, it is awful to reflect upon the very moderate portion of wisdom and sagacity which is allotted to those by whom our affairs are managed. I am by no means easy as to the Duke of Wellington's sufficiency to meet such difficulties; the habits of his mind are not those of patient investigation, profound knowledge of human nature, and cool, discriminating sagacity. He is exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own quickness into thinking he knows more than he does. He has amazing confidence in himself, which is fostered by the deference of those around him and the long experience of his military successes. He is upon ordinary occasions right-headed and sensible, but he is beset by weaknesses and passions which must, and continually do, blind his judgment. Above all, he wants that suavity of manner, that watchfulness of observation, that power of taking great and enlarged views of events and characters, and of weighing opposite interests and probabilities, which are essentially necessary in circumstances so delicate, and in which one false step, any hasty measure, or even incautious expression, may be attended with consequences of immense importance. I feel justified in this view of his political fitness by contemplating the whole course of his career, and the signal failure which has marked all his foreign policy. If Canning were now alive we might hope to steer through these difficulties, but if he had lived we should probably never have been in them. He was the only statesman who had sagacity to enter into and comprehend the spirit of the times, and to put himself at the head of that movement which was no longer to be arrested. The march of Liberalism (as it is called) would not be stopped, and this he knew, and he resolved to govern and lead instead of opposing it. The idiots who so rejoiced at the removal of this master-mind (which alone could have saved them from the effects of their own folly) thought to stem the torrent in its course, and it has overwhelmed them. It is unquestionable that the Duke has too much participated in their sentiments and passions, and, though he never mixed himself with their proceedings, regarded them with a favor-

able eye, nor does he ever seem to have been aware of the immensity of the peril which they were incurring. The urgency of the danger will unquestionably increase the impatience of those who already think the present Government incapable of carrying on the public business, and now that we are placed in a situation the most intricate (since the French Revolution) it is by no means agreeable to think that such enormous interests are at the mercy of the Duke's awkward squad.

Sefton gave me an account of the dinner in St. George's Hall on the King's birthday, which was magnificent—excellent and well served. Bridge¹ came down with the plate, and was hid during the dinner behind the great wine-cooler, which weighs 7,000 ounces, and he told Sefton afterward that the plate in the room was worth £200,000. There is another service of gold plate, which was not used at all. The King has made it all over to the Crown. All this plate was ordered by the late King, and never used; his delight was ordering what the public had to pay for.

September 9th.—Came from Stoke the day after the Egham races, and went to Bocket Hall on Saturday last; returned the day before yesterday. Nothing can exceed the interest, the excitement, the consternation which prevail here. On Saturday last the funds suddenly fell near three per cent.; no cause apparent, a thousand reports, and a panic on the Stock Exchange. At last on Monday it appeared that the Emperor of Russia had, on the first intelligence of the revolution in France, prohibited the tricolored cockade and ordered all Russian subjects to quit France. As we went down on Saturday Henry told me that there had been alarming accounts from the manufacturing districts of a disposition to rise on the part of the workmen, which had kept Lord Hill in town; and this I fancied was the cause of the fall, but it was the Russian business. They have since, however, rallied to nearly what they were before. At Bocket I had a long conversation with my brother-in-law,² who is never very communicative or talkative, but he takes a gloomy view of every thing,

¹ [Of the house of Rundell and Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewelers of the day.]

² [Lord Francis Egerton, afterward first Earl of Ellesmere, proprietor of the Bridgewater Estates and Canal, which was threatened by the competition of the newly-made Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Lord Francis held the office of Secretary at War in 1830 for a very short time, having previously been Irish Secretary when Lord Anglesey was Lord-Lieutenant.]

not a little perhaps tinged by the impending ruin which he foresees to his own property from the Liverpool Railroad, which is to be opened with great ceremony on the 15th; moreover he thinks the Government so weak that it cannot stand, and expects the Duke will be compelled to resign. He has already offered him his place, to dispose of in any way that may be useful to him. I said that I thought one of the Duke's greatest misfortunes was his having no wise head to consult with in all emergencies; this he said was very true, for there was nobody who would even speak to him about any thing; that Peel, who was the man who might naturally be expected to put himself forward, never would; and that repeatedly he had got him (Francis) to go to or write to the Duke about some matter or other on which it was necessary to refer to him. In the business of Huskisson, Huskisson himself was most anxious to have it made up, and wished Peel to speak to the Duke; but Peel would not stir, nor would Dudley, and it ended in Francis's being charged with the negotiation, the result of which everybody knows.

In the mean time the affairs of Belgium are in a very critical state; the Prince of Orange has entirely failed in reducing the malcontents to submission, and after passing two or three days at or near Brussels in fruitless negotiation and the interchange of proud civilities, he was obliged to retire and carry back to the King a proposal that Belgium and Holland should be separated and a Federal Union established between them. Last night, however, a proclamation of the King appeared, well drawn up, and couched in firm, temperate, and sensible language, in which he declares that he will do all that the circumstances of the case may render necessary, but that all shall be referred to the States-General, and they shall decide upon the measures to be adopted. This will probably excite great discontent, and it is at least doubtful whether the Belgian Deputies will consent to go to the Hague at all. My belief is that this proclamation is the result of encouragement from Prussia.

The night before last I had a letter from the Duc de Dalberg with a very sensible view of the state of France and of affairs generally in Europe, auguring well of the stability of the present Government, provided the other Powers of Europe do nothing to disturb the general tranquillity. I never was so astonished as when I read in the newspaper of the appointment of Talleyrand to be Ambassador here. He must be

nearer eighty than seventy, and though his faculties are said to be as bright as ever (which I doubt) his infirmities are so great that it is inconceivable he should think of leaving his own home, and above all for another country, where public representation is unavoidable. Dalberg told me that several of the Ministers are going out—Guizot, Marshal Gérard, and Baron Louis, the two latter *accablés* with the *travail*, and the first unused to and unfit for official business;¹ Louis is seventy-three.

In the mean time the Duke does nothing here toward strengthening his Government, and he will probably meet Parliament as he is. There are some circumstances in his favor, and I think it possible he may still extricate himself from his difficulties. There is unquestionably a notion among many persons (of the aristocracy) that he is the only man to rely upon for governing this country in the midst of difficulties. It is hard to say upon what this feeling (for it is more of a feeling than an opinion) is founded; not certainly upon any experience of his abilities for Government either as to principles or the details of particular branches of business, or his profound, dispassionate, and statesmanlike sagacity, but upon certain vague predilections, and the confidence which he has infused into others by his own firm, manly, and even dictatorial character, and the recollection of his military exploits and splendid career, which have not yet lost their power over the minds of men, and to this must be added his great influence over the late and present sovereigns.

The short session which will begin on the 26th of October will be occupied with the Regency and Civil List, and it is probable that both those matters will be produced in a form to give general satisfaction; that will be strength as far as it goes. The Tories are alarmed at the general aspect of affairs, and I doubt whether they will not forget their ancient grievances and antipathies, and, if they do not support the Government, abstain at least from any violent opposition, the result of which could only be to let in the Whigs, of whose principles they have the greatest apprehensions. I can perfectly understand that there may be many men who, wishing sincerely to see a stronger Government formed, may think that any change at this moment which may present to Europe a

¹ [A curious estimate, taken at the time, of the man who for the next eighteen years had a larger share of official life and business than any other Frenchman.]

spectacle of disunion and weakness here would be a greater evil than the temporary toleration of such Ministers as ours; and if the Duke does find such a disposition, and profits by it dexterously and temperately, he may float through the next session, and at the end of it negotiate with other parties on more advantageous terms than he possibly could do now, when all his concessions would appear to be extorted by force or by the urgent difficulties of his position.

September 10th.—The Duke is very much disturbed about the state of affairs, thinks ill of France and generally of the state of Europe. I think the alarmists are increasing everywhere, and the signs of the times are certainly portentous; still I doubt there being any great desire of change among the mass of the people of England, and prudent and dexterous heads (if there be any such) may still steer on through the storm. If Canning were alive I believe he would have been fully equal to the emergency if he was not thwarted by the passions, prejudices, and follies of others; but if he had lived we should not have had the Catholic question settled, and what a state we should be in now if that were added to the rest!

September 14th.—Last Saturday to Panshanger; returned yesterday with Melbourne, George Lamb, and the Ashleys. George said there would be a violent Opposition in the approaching session. William¹ told me he thought Huskisson was the greatest practical statesman he had known, the one who united theory with practice the most, but owned he was not popular and not thought honest; that his remaining in with the Duke when Goderich's Ministry was dissolved, was a fatal error, which he could never repair.

I found Sefton in town last night, and went to the play with him. He has had a letter from Brougham, who told him he should go to the Liverpool dinner and attack the Duke of Wellington; that it was the only opportunity he should ever have in his life of meeting him face to face, and he then proceeded to relate all that he should say. Sefton wrote him word that if he said half what he intended the chairman would order him to be turned out of the room. He won't go, I am persuaded.

Newark, September 18th.—Went back to Panshanger last Tuesday; found there Madame de Lieven, Melbourne, and the Hollands and Allen. Lord Holland was very agreeable, as he

¹ [William Lamb, second Earl of Melbourne, afterward Prime Minister.]

always is, and told many anecdotes of George Selwyn, Lafayette, and others. I saw them arrive in a coach-and-four and chaise-and-pair—two footmen, a page, and two maids. He said (what is true) that there is hardly such a thing in the world as a good house or a good epitaph, and yet mankind have been employed in building the former and writing the latter since the beginning almost. Came to town on Thursday, and in the afternoon heard the news of Huskisson's horrible accident, and yesterday morning got a letter from Henry with the details, which are pretty correctly given in the *Times* newspaper. It is a very odd thing, but I had for days before a strong presentiment that some terrible accident would occur at this ceremony, and I told Lady Cowper so, and several other people. Nothing could exceed the horror of the few people in London at this event, or the despair of those who looked up to him politically. It seems to have happened in this way: While the Duke's car was stopping to take in water, the people alighted and walked about the railroad; when suddenly another car, which was running on the adjoining level, came up. Everybody scrambled out of the way, and those who could got again into the first car. This Huskisson attempted to do, but he was slow and awkward; as he was getting in, some part of the machinery of the other car struck the door of his, by which he was knocked down. He was taken up, and conveyed by Wilton¹ and Mrs. Huskisson (who must have seen the accident happen) to the house of Mr. Blackburne, eight miles from Heaton. Wilton saved his life for a few hours by knowing how to tie up the artery; amputation was not possible, and he expired at ten o'clock that night. Wilton, Lord Granville, and Littleton, were with him to the last. Mrs. Huskisson behaved with great courage. The Duke of Wellington was deeply affected, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to proceed upon the progress to Manchester, and at last he only yielded to the most pressing solicitations of the directors and others, and to a strong remonstrance that the mob might be dangerous if he did not appear. It is impossible to figure to one's self any event which could produce a greater sensation or be more striking to the imagination than this, happening at such a time and under such circumstances: the eminence of the man, the sudden conversion of a scene of gayety and splendor into one of horror and dismay; the countless multitudes present,

¹ [Thomas Grosvenor Egerton, second Earl of Wilton.]

and the effect upon them—crushed to death in sight of his wife and at the feet (as it was) of his great political rival—all calculated to produce a deep and awful impression. The death of Huskisson cannot fail to have an important effect upon political events; it puts an end to his party as a party, but it leaves the survivors at liberty to join either the Opposition or the Government, while during his life there were great difficulties to their doing either, in consequence of the antipathy which many of the Whigs had to him on one side and the Duke of Wellington on the other. There is no use, however, in speculating on what will happen, which a very short time will show.

Agar Ellis told me yesterday morning that he had received a letter from Brougham a day or two ago, in which he said that he was going to Liverpool, and hoped there to sign a treaty with Huskisson, so that it is probable they would have joined to oppose the Government. As to the Duke of Wellington, a fatality attends him, and it is perilous to cross his path. There were perhaps 500,000 people present on this occasion, and probably not a soul besides hurt. One man only is killed, and that man is his most dangerous political opponent, the one from whom he had most to fear. It is the more remarkable because these great people are generally taken such care of, and put out of the chance of accidents. Canning had scarcely reached the zenith of his power when he was swept away, and the field was left open to the Duke, and no sooner is he reduced to a state of danger and difficulty than the ablest of his adversaries is removed by a chance beyond all power of calculation.

Huskisson was about sixty years old, tall, slouching, and ignoble-looking. In society he was extremely agreeable, without much animation, generally cheerful, with a great deal of humor, information, and anecdote, gentlemanlike, unassuming, slow in speech, and with a downcast look, as if he avoided meeting anybody's gaze. I have said what Melbourne thought of him, and that was the opinion of his party. It is probably true that there is no man in Parliament, or perhaps out of it, so well versed in finance, commerce, trade, and colonial matters, and that he is therefore a very great and irreparable loss. It is nevertheless remarkable that it is only within the last five or six years that he acquired the great reputation which he latterly enjoyed. I do not think he was looked upon as more than a second-rate man

till his speeches on the silk-trade and the shipping interest; but when he became President of the Board of Trade he devoted himself with indefatigable application to the maturing and reducing to practice those commercial improvements with which his name is associated, and to which he owes all his glory and most of his unpopularity. It is equally true that all the ablest men in the country coincide with him, and that the mass of the community are persuaded that his plans are mischievous to the last degree. The man whom he consulted through the whole course of his labors and inquiries was Hume,¹ who is now in the Board of Trade, and whose vast experience and knowledge were of incalculable service to him. Great as his abilities unquestionably were, it is impossible to admire his judgment, which seems repeatedly to have failed him, particularly in his joining the Duke's Government on Goderich's resignation, which was a capital error, his speech afterward at Liverpool and his subsequent quarrel with the Duke. In all these cases he acted with the greatest imprudence, and he certainly contrived, without exposing himself to any specific charge, to be looked upon as a statesman of questionable honor and integrity; and of this his friends as well as his enemies were aware. As a speaker in the House of Commons he was luminous upon his own subject, but he had no pretensions to eloquence; his voice was feeble and his manner ungraceful; however, he was (unfortunately) one of the first men in the House, and was listened to with attention upon any subject. He left no children. Mrs. Huskisson has a pension of £1,200 a year. The accounts from Paris improve, inasmuch as there seems a better prospect than there has been lately of tranquillity in the country. Sneyd writes word that there is little doubt but that the Duc de Bourbon was assassinated.²

Last night to Brockett Hall, where I slept and came on here to-day. The King has paid me £300 for Goodison, the late Duke's jockey, which settles all he owed at Newmarket, and was a very good-natured act.

¹ [John Deacon Hume, the Assistant Joint Secretary of the Board of Trade.]

² [The Duc de Bourbon-Condé was found hanging in his bedroom. Suspicion pointed to Madame de Fenchères, his mistress, as privy to the cause of his death, which, however, was never clearly ascertained. The Duke had made an ample provision for Madame de Fenchères in his will, but the bulk of his vast property, including Chantilly, was bequeathed to the Duc d'Angoulême, fourth son of King Louis Philippe. The Duc de Bourbon was the father of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien.]

George Seymour is made Master of the Robes, and gives up his place¹ in the House of Lords, so Jersey² within two months has got an enormous place to give away.

Chatsworth, September 27th.—Got to Sprotborough last Sunday; Lord Talbot and Lady Cecil, William Lascelles, Irby, Lady Charlotte Denison, Captain Grey. It rained all the time of the races. They offered Priam to Chesterfield for £3,000 before his match, and he refused; he offered it after, and they refused. There were a number of beautiful women there—my cousin Mrs. Foljambe, Misses Mary and Fanny Brandling the best. Came here on Friday night, and found as usual a large party, but rather dull; Granvilles, Newboroughs, Wharnclyffes, G. Seymours, Sir J. and Lady Fitzgerald (very pretty), Talbots, Madame Bathianv, Beaumonts, G. Lamb. Yesterday Brougham came with his brother, sister, and daughter-in-law, in the highest spirits and state of excitement, going about Yorkshire, dining and speechifying; he was at Doncaster too. Lord Granville was just returned from Huskisson's funeral at Liverpool. It was attended by a great multitude, who showed every mark of respect and feeling. He died the death of a great man, suffering torments, but always resigned, calm, and collected; took the Sacrament, and made a codicil to his will, said the country had had the best of him, and that he could not have been useful for many more years, hoped he had never committed any political sins that might not be easily forgiven, and declared that he died without a feeling of ill-will and in charity with all men. As he lay there he heard the guns announcing the Duke of Wellington's arrival at Manchester, and he said, "I hope to God the Duke may get safe through the day." When he had done and said all he desired, he begged they would open a vein and release him from his pain. From the beginning he only wished to die quickly. Mrs. Huskisson was violently opposed to his being buried at Liverpool, and it was with great difficulty she was persuaded to consent to the repeated applications that were made to her for that purpose.

Buckenham, October 25th.—A month nearly since I have written a line; always racing and always idleness. Went from Chatsworth to Heaton Park; an immense party, excellent

¹ He did not give it up; wanted Jersey to appoint his brother Frederick, which he refused to do; so the other remained. — *November 15th.*

² [Lord Jersey was Lord Chamberlain of the Household at the time.]

house and living, and very good sport for the sort of thing in a park, with gentlemen riders.

I have lost sight of politics, and know nothing of what is going on, except that all things look gloomy, and people generally are alarmed. Last week the Arbuthnots were at Cheveley, and I had a curious conversation enough with him. I told him that I was desirous of the success of the Duke of Wellington's Administration, but felt strongly the necessity of his getting rid of many of his present Cabinet, who were both inefficient and odious, that I thought one great misfortune was that he had nobody to tell him the truth, and very few men with whom he was on terms of confidential cordiality. He owned it was so, but said that *he* never concealed from him disagreeable truths—on the contrary, told him every thing—and assured me that at any time he would tell the Duke any thing that I thought he ought to know. I told him to give him a notion how meanly Aberdeen was thought of, that Alvanley had told Talleyrand not to notice him, but to go at once to the Duke when he had any important business to transact, and that he might tell the Duke this if he pleased, but no one else. He said he would, and then he began to talk of Peel, lamenting that there was nothing like intimate confidence between the Duke and him, and that the Duke was in fact ignorant of his real and secret feelings and opinions; that to such a degree did Peel carry his reserve, that when they were out of office, and it had been a question of their returning to it, he had gone to meet Peel at Lord Chandos's for the express purpose of finding out what his opinions were upon the then state of affairs, and that after many conversations he had come away knowing no more of his sentiments and disposition than before they met. I said that with a Cabinet like this, and the House of Commons in the hands of Peel, I could not imagine any thing more embarrassing; he owned it was, and then complained of Peel's indisposition to encourage other men in the House of Commons, or to suffer the transaction of business to pass through any hands but his own; that the Duke had been accused of a grasping ambition and a desire to do every thing himself, whereas such an accusation would be much more applicable to Peel. All this proves how little real cordiality there is between these two men, and that, though they are now necessary to each other, a little matter would sever their political connection.

Here we have an American of the name of Powell, who was here nineteen years ago, when he was one of the handsomest men that ever was seen, and lived in the society of Devonshire House. Three years of such a life spoiled him, as he confesses, for the nineteen which followed in his native country; and now he is come back, with a wife and five children, to see the town he recollects become a thousand times more beautiful, and the friends who have forgotten him equally changed, but as much for the worse as London is for the better; he seems a sensible, good sort of fellow.

Baring told me the other day that he remembered his (B.'s) father with nearly nothing, and that out of the house which he founded not less than six or seven millions must have been taken. Several colossal fortunes have been made out of it.

London, November 8th.—Went from Buckenham to Euston, and then back to Newmarket, where I never have time or inclination to write or read. Parliament met, and a great clamor was raised against the King's Speech, without much reason; but it was immediately evident that the Government was in a very tottering condition, and the first night of this session the Duke of Wellington made a violent and uncalled-for declaration against Reform, which has without doubt sealed his fate. Never was there an act of more egregious folly, or one so universally condemned by friends and foes. The Chancellor said to Lady Lyndhurst, after the first night's debate in the House of Lords: "You have often asked me why the Duke did not take in Lord Grey; read these two speeches (Lord Grey's and the Duke's), and then you will see why. Do you think he would like to have a colleague under him who should get up and make such a speech after such another as his?"

The effect produced by this declaration exceeds any thing I ever saw, and it has at once destroyed what little popularity the Duke had left, and lowered him in public estimation so much, that when he does go out of office, as most assuredly he must, he will leave it without any of the dignity and credit which might have accompanied his retirement. The sensation produced in the country has not yet been ascertained, but it is sure to be immense. I came to town last night, and found the town ringing with his imprudence, and everybody expecting that a few days would produce his resignation.

The King's visit to the City was regarded with great ap-

prehension, as it was suspected that attempts would be made to produce riot and confusion at night, and consequently all the troops that could be mustered were prepared, together with thousands of special constables, new police, volunteers, sailors, and marines; but last night a Cabinet Council was held, when it was definitively arranged to put it off altogether, and this morning the announcement has appeared in the newspapers. Every sort of ridicule and abuse was heaped upon the Government, the Lord Mayor, and all who had any share in putting off the King's visit to the City; very droll caricatures were circulated.

I met Matuscewitz last night, who was full of the Duke and his speech, and of regrets at his approaching fall, which he considers as the signal for fresh encroachments in France by the Liberal party, and a general impulse to the revolutionary factions throughout Europe. I hear that nothing can exceed the general excitement and terror that prevails, everybody feeling they hardly know what.

November 9th.—Yesterday morning I sallied forth and called on Arbuthnot, whom I did not find at home, but Mrs. Arbuthnot was. I had previously called on the Villiers, and had a long conversation about the state of every thing. They did not apprise me of any thing new, but Hyde,¹ who ought to be informed, gave me an account of the resolutions which Brougham means to propose, very different from what I heard elsewhere. He said that they were very strong, whereas all other accounts agree that they are very moderate. I walked with Mrs. Arbuthnot down to Downing Street, and, as she utters the Duke's sentiments, was anxious to hear what she would say about their present condition. I said: "Well, you are in a fine state; what do you mean to do?" "Oh, are you alarmed? Well, I am not; everybody says we are to go out, and I don't believe a word of it. They will be beat on the question of Reform; people will return to the Government, and we shall go on very well. You will see this will be the end of it." I told her I did not believe they could stay in, and attacked the Duke's speech, which at last she owned she was sorry he had made. She complained that they had no support, and that everybody they took in became useless as soon as they were in office—Ellenborough, Rosslyn, Murray. It was evident, however, that she did contemplate their

¹ [Thomas Hyde Villiers, brother of George, afterward fourth Earl of Clarendon, died in 1832.]

loss of office as a very probable event, though they do not mean to resign, and think they may stave off the evil day. In Downing Street we met George Dawson, who told us the funds had fallen three per cent., and that the panic was tremendous, so much so that they were not without alarm lest there should be a run on the Bank for gold. Later in the day, however, the funds improved. In the House of Lords I heard the Duke's explanation of putting off the dinner in the City. On the whole, they seem to have done well to put it off, but the case did not sound a strong one; it rested on a letter from the Lord Mayor, telling the Duke an attempt would be made on his life. Still, it is a hundred to one that there would have been a riot, and possibly all its worst evils and crimes. The King is said to be very low, hating Reform, desirous of supporting the Duke, but feeling that he can do nothing. However, in the House of Lords last night the speakers vied with each other in praising his Majesty and extolling his popularity. Lady Jersey told me that the Duke had said to her, "Lord, I shall not go out; you will see we shall go on very well."

November 10th.—It was expected last night that there would be a great riot, and preparations were made to meet it. Troops were called up to London, and a large body of civil power put in motion. People had come in from the country in the morning, and every thing indicated a disturbance. After dinner I walked out to see how things were going on. There was little mob in the west end of the town, and in New Street, Spring Gardens, a large body of the new police was drawn up in three divisions, ready to be employed if wanted. The Duke of Wellington expected Apsley House to be attacked, and made preparations accordingly. He desired my brother to go and dine there, to assist in making any arrangements that might be necessary. In Pall Mall I met Mr. Glyn, the banker, who had been up to Lombard Street to see how matters looked about his house, and he told us (Sir T. Farquhar and me) that every thing was quiet in the City. One of the policemen said that there had been a smart brush near Temple Bar, where a body of weavers with iron crows and a banner had been dispersed by the police, and the banner taken. The police, who are a magnificent set of fellows, behave very well, and it seems pretty evident that these troubles are not very serious, and will soon be put an end to. The attack in Downing Street the night before last, of which they made a

great affair, turned out to be nothing at all. The mob came there from Carlile's lecture, but the sentry stopped them near the Foreign Office; the police took them in flank, and they all ran away.

I went to Brookes's, but there was hardly anybody there, and nothing occurred in the House of Commons but some interchange of Billingsgate between O'Connell and George Dawson. The Duke talks with confidence, and has no idea of resigning, but he does not inspire his friends with the confidence he feels or affects himself, though they talk of his resignation as an event which is to plunge all Europe into war, and of the impossibility of forming another Administration, all which is mere balderdash, for he proved with many others how easy it is to form a Government that can go on; and as to our Continental relations being altered, I don't believe a word of it. He may have influence abroad, but he owes it not to his own individual character, but to his possession of power in England. If the Ministry who succeed him are firm and moderate, this country will lose nothing of its influence abroad. I have heard these sort of things said fifty times of Ministers and Kings. The death of the late King was to be the greatest of calamities, and the breath was hardly out of his body before everybody discovered that it was the greatest of blessings, and, instead of its being impossible to go on without him, that there would have been no going on with him.

The King gave a dinner to the Prince of Orange the other day, and invited all his old military friends to meet him. His Majesty was beyond every thing civil to the Duke of Wellington, and the Queen likewise. Lord Wellesley, speaking of the letter to the Lord Mayor, and putting off the dinner in the City, said "it was the boldest act of cowardice he had ever heard of."

After some difficulty they have agreed to give Madame de Dino¹ the honors of Embassadress here, the Duke having told the King that at Vienna she did the honors of Talleyrand's house, and was received on that footing by the Emperor and Empress, so he said, "Oh, very well, I will tell the Queen, and you had better tell her too."

They say the King is exceedingly bullied by the *bâtards*,

¹ [The Duchesse de Dino was the niece of Prince Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at the Court of St. James. The precedent is a curious one, for it is certainly not customary for the daughter or niece of an unmarried Ambassador to enjoy the rank and honors of an Embassadress.]

though Errol told me they were all afraid of him. Dolly Fitzclarence lost £100, betting 100 to 10 that he would go to Guildhall, and he told the King he had lost him £100, so the King gave him the money. It seems that the Duke certainly did make some overtures to Palmerston, though I do not exactly know when, but I heard that they were very fair ones.

November 11th.—Yesterday the funds rose, and people's apprehensions began to subside. Everybody is occupied with speculating about the numbers on Tuesday next, and what majority the Ministers will get. Yesterday came a letter from Lord Heytesbury from St. Petersburg,¹ saying that there was reason to believe that the disorder now raging in Russia is a sort of plague, but that they will not admit it, and that it is impossible to get at the truth. We ordered Russian ships to be put under a precautionary quarantine, and made a minute to record what we had done.

November 12th.—The funds have kept advancing, every thing is quiet, and Ministers begin to take courage. The Duke means if he has a majority of twenty on Tuesday to stay in. It seems his idea is that the resolution of Brougham will be framed in general terms on purpose to obtain as many votes as possible; that they will be no test of the real opinion of the House, because most of those who may concur in a general resolution in favor of Reform would disagree entirely as to specific measures, if any were introduced; but it is evident that the support of the Duke's friends is growing feebler every day. Yesterday morning I met Robert Clive, a thick-and-thin Government man, and he began with the usual topic, for everybody asks after the State as one does about a sick friend; and then he went on to say (concurring with my opinion that every thing went on ill), "Why won't the Duke strengthen himself?" "He can't; he has tried, and you see he can't do any thing." "Ah! but he must make sacrifices; things cannot go on as they do, and he must make sacrifices." Lord Bath, too, came to town, intending to leave his proxy with the Duke, and went away with it in his pocket, after hearing his famous speech; though he has a close borough, which he by no means wishes to lose, still he is for Reform. What they all feel is that his obstinacy will endanger every

¹ [This is the first mention of the cholera morbus, or Asiatic cholera, then first appearing in Europe. The quarantine establishments are under the control of the Privy Council, and Mr. Greville, as Clerk of the Council, was actively employed in superintending them. A Board of Health was afterward established at the Council Office during the prevalence of the cholera.]

thing; that by timely concession, and regulating the present spirit, real improvements might be made and extreme measures avoided. I met Rothschild coming out of Herries's room, with his nephew from Paris. He looked pretty lively for a man who had lost some millions, but the funds were all up yesterday; he asked me the news, and said Lafitte was the best Minister France could have, and that every thing was rapidly improving there.

November 15th.—Yesterday morning I breakfasted with Taylor¹ to meet Southey: the party was Southey; Strutt, member for Derby, a Radical; young Mill, a political economist; Charles Villiers, young Elliot, and myself. Southey is remarkably pleasing in his manner and appearance, unaffected, unassuming, and agreeable; at least such was my impression for the hour or two I saw him. Young Mill is the son of Mill who wrote the "History of British India," and said to be cleverer than his father. He has written many excellent articles in reviews, pamphlets, etc., but though powerful with a pen in his hand, in conversation he has not the art of managing his ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow, and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism.

Southey told an anecdote of Sir Massey Lopes, which is a good story of a miser. A man came to him and told him he was in great distress, and £200 would save him. He gave him a draft for the money. "Now," says he, "what will you do with this?" "Go to the banker's and get it cashed." "Stop," said he, "I will cash it." So he gave him the money, but first calculated and deducted the discount, thus at once exercising his benevolence and his avarice.

Another story Taylor told (we were talking of the negroes and savages) of a girl (in North America) who had been brought up for the purpose of being eaten on the day her master's son was married or attained a certain age. She was proud of being the *plat* for the occasion, for when she was accosted by a missionary, who wanted to convert her to Christianity and withdraw her from her fate, she said she had no objection to be a Christian, but she must stay to be eaten,

¹ [Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip van Artevelde." Edward Strutt was afterward created Lord Belper. "Young Mill" was the eminent economist and philosopher John Stuart Mill. "Young Elliot," Sir Thomas Frederick Elliot, K. S. M. G., long one of the ablest members of the Colonial Department, to which Henry Taylor, the poet, himself belonged.]

that she had been fattened for the purpose, and must fulfill her destiny.

When I came home I found a note to say my unfortunate colleague Buller¹ was dead. He had had an operation performed on his lip, after which he caught cold, got an inflammation in the windpipe, and died in two or three days. He was a very honorable, obliging, and stupid man, and a great loss to me, for I shall hardly find a more accommodating colleague.

In the evening I dined with Lord Sefton to meet Talleyrand and Madame de Dino. There were Brougham and Denman, the latter brought by the former to show Talleyrand to him. After dinner Talleyrand held a circle and discoursed, but I did not come in for his talk. They were all delighted, but long experience has proved to me that people are easily delighted with whatever is in vogue. Brougham is very proud of his French, which is execrable, and took the opportunity of holding forth in a most barbarous jargon, which he fancied was the real accent and phraseology. He told me he should have 250 votes on his motion. I said to him, "They think they shall have a majority of 150." He said, "Then there must be 650 to divide, for at the lowest computation I shall have 250." But at night Henry told me that the Duke, though he put a good face on it, was in fact very low, and that, from what Gosh [Arbuthnot] had said, he would certainly resign unless he carried the question by a large majority. In the morning I called on Lady Granville, who told me, as a great secret, that the Duke, notwithstanding his speech, was prepared to offer a compromise, and her story was this: She had dined at Ludolf's a few days ago to meet the Duchesse de Berri. All the great people dined there, among others the Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, and after dinner Lady Lyndhurst came up to her bursting with indignation, and confided to her that the Duke had resolved to offer a resolution to the effect that in any future case of borough delinquency the representation should be transferred to a great town, and that she thought after what had passed this would be so disgraceful that it disgusted her beyond expression, and a great deal more to this effect. I confess I don't believe a word of it. I met the Prince of Orange last night in excellent spirits and humor, and quite convinced that he will be recalled to Brussels.

¹ [James Buller, Esq., senior Clerk of the Council.]

November 16th.—The Duke of Wellington's Administration is at an end. If he has not already resigned, he probably will do so in the course of the day. Everybody was so intent on the Reform question that the Civil List was not thought of, and consequently the defeat of Government last night was unexpected. Although numbers of members were shut out, there was a great attendance, and a majority of twenty-nine. Of those who were shut out, almost all declare that they meant to have voted in the majority.¹

I went to Mrs. Taylor's at night, and found Ferguson, Denman, and Taylor, who had just brought the news. The exultation of the Opposition was immense. Word was sent down their line not to cheer, but they were not to be restrained, and Sefton's yell was heard triumphant in the din. The Tories voted with them. There had been a meeting at Knatchbull's in the morning, when they decided to go against Government. Worcester had dined at Apsley House, and returned with the news, but merely said that they had had a bad division—twenty-nine. Everybody thought he meant a majority *for* Government, and the Duke, who already knew what had happened, made a sign to him to say nothing. Worcester knew nothing himself, having arrived after the division; they told him the numbers, and he came away fancying they were for Government. So off the company went to Madame de Dino, where they heard the truth. Great was the consternation and long were the faces, but the outs affected to be merry and the ins were serious. Talleyrand fired off a courier to Paris forthwith.

Yesterday morning I went to Downing Street early, to settle with Lord Bathurst about the new appointment to my office. Till I told him he did not know the appointment was in the Crown; so he hurried off to the King, and proposed his son William. The King was very gracious, and said, "I can never object to a father's doing what he can for his own children," which was an oblique word for the *bâtards*, about whom, however, it may be said, *en passant*, he has been marvelously forbearing.

I had a long conversation with Lady Bathurst, who told me that the Duke had resolved to stand or fall on the Reform question, that he had asked Lord Bathurst's opinion, who had advised him by all means to do so; that Lord Bathurst had

¹ [The division was taken on Sir Henry Parnell's motion to refer the Civil List to a Select Committee, which was carried by 233 to 204.]

likewise put his own place at the Duke's disposal long before, and was ready to resign at any moment. It is clear that Lord Bathurst had some suspicion that the Duke had an idea of not standing or falling by that question, for he asked him whether anybody had given him different advice, to which he replied, though it seems rather vaguely, "No, oh no; I think you are quite right." I told her the substance of what I had heard about his being disposed to a compromise. She said it was quite impossible, that he would be disgraced irredeemably, but owned it was odd that there should be that notion and the suspicion which crossed Lord Bathurst's mind. I do think it is possible, but for his honor I hope not. The Bathursts felt this appointment of William was a sort of "Nunc dimittis," but there is yet something between the cup and the lip, for Stanley got up in the House of Commons and attacked the appointment, and it is just possible it may yet be stopped.

Went to Brookes's in the evening, where there was nobody left but Sefton baiting Ferguson for having been out of the division. He told me that it was not impossible Lord Spencer would be put at the head of Government. They will manage to make a confounded mess of it, I dare say. Billy Holmes came to the Duke last night with the news of the division, and implored him to let nothing prevent his resigning to-day.

November 17th.—Went to Downing Street yesterday morning between twelve and one, and found that the Duke and all the Ministers were just gone to the King. He received them with the greatest kindness, shed tears, but accepted their resignation without remonstrance. He told Lord Bathurst he would do any thing he could, and asked him if there was nothing he could sign which would secure his son's appointment. Lord Bathurst thanked him, but told him he could do nothing. The fact is, the appointment might be hurried through, but the salary depends upon an annual vote of the House of Commons, and an exasperated and triumphant Opposition would be sure to knock it off; so he has done the only thing he can do, which is to leave it to the King to secure the appointment for him if possible. It will be a great piece of luck for somebody that Buller should have died exactly when he did. William Bathurst may perhaps lose the place from his not dying earlier, or the new Government may lose the patronage because he did not die later; but it is ill-luck for me, who shall probably have more trouble because he has died at all.

The Duke and Peel announced their resignations in the two Houses, and Brougham put off his motion, but with a speech signifying that he should take no part in the new Government. The last acts of the Duke were to secure pensions of £250 a year to each of his secretaries, and to fill up the ecclesiastical preferments. The Garter remains for his successor. The Duke of Bedford got it, and, what is singular, the Duke of Wellington would probably have given it him likewise. He was one of five whom he meant to choose from, and it lay between him and Lord Cleveland.

I met the Duke coming out of his room, but did not like to speak to him; he got into his cabriolet, and nodded as he passed, but he looked very grave. The King seems to have behaved perfectly throughout the whole business, no intriguing or underhand communication with anybody, with great kindness to his ministers, anxious to support them while it was possible, and submitting at once to the necessity of parting with them. The fact is he turns out an incomparable King, and deserves all the encomiums that are lavished on him. All the mountebankery which signalized his conduct when he came to the throne has passed away with the excitement which caused it, and he is as dignified as the homeliness and simplicity of his character will allow him to be. I understand he sent for Lord Spencer in the course of the day, who probably said he could not undertake any thing, for he afterward sent for Lord Grey (after the House of Lords), and as he must have been very well prepared, it is probable that a new Government will be speedily formed.

I went to Lady Jersey's in the evening, when she was or affected to be very gay and very glad that the Duke was out. I found there the Prince of Orange, Esterhazy, Madame de Dino, Wilton, Worcester, Duncannon, Lord Rosslyn, Matuscwitz, etc. There has been a strong idea that the Chancellor [Lyndhurst] would keep the seals. Both Holmes and Planta have repeatedly told the Duke that he would be beaten in the House of Commons, and they both knew the House thoroughly. Still he never would do any thing. He made overtures to Palmerston just before Parliament met through Lord Clive, and the result was an interview between them at Apsley House, but it came to nothing. I dare say he did not offer half enough. It is universally believed that Peel pressed the Civil List question for the purpose of being beaten upon it, and going out on that rather than on Reform, for

Planta told him how it would be, and he might very well have given the Committee if he had liked it; but he said he would abide by it, and he certainly was in excellent spirits afterward for a beaten Minister. Now that this Reform has served their purpose so well, and turned out the Duke, the Opposition would be well satisfied to put it aside again, and take time to consider what they shall do, for it is a terrible question for them. Pledged as they have been, it is sure to be the rock on which the little popularity they have gained will split, as it is a hundred to one that whatever they do they will not go far enough to satisfy the country.

November 19th.—The day before yesterday Lord Grey went to the King, who received him with every possible kindness, and gave him *carte blanche* to form a new Administration, placing even the Household at his disposal—much to the disgust of the members of it. Ever since the town has been as usual teeming with reports, but with fewer lies than usual. The fact is Lord Grey has had no difficulties, and has formed a Government at once; only Brougham put them all in a dreadful fright. He all but declared a hostile intention to the future Administration; he boasted that he would take nothing, refuse even the Great Seal, and flourished his Reform *in terrorem* over their heads; he was affronted and furious because he fancied they neglected him, but it all arose, as I am told, from Lord Grey's letter to him not reaching him directly, by some mistake, for that he was the first person he wrote to. Still it is pretty clear that this eccentric luminary will play the devil with their system.

[The letter could not be the cause. The history of the transaction is this: When Lord Grey undertook to form a Government he sent for Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, and these three began to work, without consulting with Brougham or any member of the House of Commons. Brougham was displeased at not being consulted at first, but was indignant when Lord Grey proposed to him to be Attorney-General. Then he showed his teeth, and they grew frightened, and soon after they sent Sefton to him, who got him into good-humor, and it was made up by the offer of the Great Seal.—*November 23d.*]

November 20th.—Here I was interrupted, and broke off yesterday morning. At twelve o'clock yesterday every thing was settled but the Great Seal, and in the afternoon the great news transpired that Brougham had accepted it. Great was

the surprise, greater still the joy at a charm having been found potent enough to lay the unquiet spirit, a bait rich enough to tempt his restless ambition. I confess I had no idea he would have accepted the Chancellorship after his declarations in the House of Commons and the whole tenor of his conduct. I was persuaded that he had made to himself a political existence the like of which no man had ever before possessed, and that to have refused the Great Seal would have appeared more glorious than to take it; intoxicated with his Yorkshire honors, swollen with his own importance, and holding in his hands questions which he could employ to thwart, embarrass, and ruin any Ministry, I thought that he meant to domineer in the House of Commons and to gather popularity throughout the country by enforcing popular measures of which he would have all the credit, and thus establish a sort of individual power and authority, which would insure his being dreaded, courted, and consulted by all parties. He could then have gratified his vanity, ambition, and turbulence; the Bar would have supplied fortune, and events would have supplied enjoyments suited to his temperament; it would have been a sort of madness, mischievous but splendid. As it is the joy is great and universal; all men feel that he is emasculated and drops on the Woolsack as on his political death-bed; once in the House of Lords, there is an end of him, and he may rant, storm, and thunder, without hurting anybody.¹

The other places present a plausible show, but are not well distributed, some ill filled. Graham Admiralty, Melbourne Home, Auckland Board of Trade—all bad. The second is too idle, the first too inconsiderable, the third too

¹ [Lord Grey's Administration was thus composed:

First Lord of the Treasury	Earl Grey.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Brougham.
Lord President	Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lord Privy Seal	Lord Ripon (in 1833).
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Viscount Althorp.
Home Secretary	Viscount Melbourne.
Foreign Secretary	Viscount Palmerston.
Colonial Secretary	Viscount Goderich, and afterward Mr. Stanley.
Board of Control	Mr. Charles Grant.
Board of Trade	Lord Auckland.
Admiralty	Sir James Graham.
Postmaster-General	Duke of Richmond.
Paymaster-General	Lord John Russell.
Irish Secretary	Mr. Stanley.]

ignorant.¹ They have done it very quickly, however, and without many difficulties. As to the Duke of Richmond, people are indignant at a half-pay lieutenant-colonel commanding the Ordnance Department, and as an acquisition he is of doubtful value, for it seems the Tories will not go with him, at least will not consider themselves as his followers; so said Lord Mansfield and Vyvyan.

November 21st.—The Duke of Richmond's appointment was found so unpalatable to the army that they have been forced to change it, and he is to be Master of the Horse instead, which I suspect will not be to his taste. [He afterward refused the Mastership of the Horse, and it ended in his being Postmaster-General, but without taking the salary.]

There have been some little changes, but no great difficulties. It was at first said that there would be no Opposition, and that Peel would not stir; but William Peel told me last night that the old Ministerial party was by no means so tranquilly inclined. Peel will not be violent or factious, but he thinks an attentive Opposition desirable, and he will not desert those who have looked up to and supported him. Then there will be the Tories (who will to a certainty end by joining him and his party) and the Radicals—three distinct parties, and enough to keep the Government on the *qui vive*. The expulsion of the late Government from power will satisfy the vengeance of the Tories, and I have no doubt they will now make it up. Peel will be the leader of a party to which all the Conservative interest of the country will repair; and it is my firm belief that in a very short time (two or three years, or less) he will be Prime Minister, and will hold power long.² The Duke will probably never take office again, but will be at the head of the army, and his own friends begin to admit that this would be the most desirable post for him. Lord Lyndhurst will be greatly disgusted at Brougham's taking the Great Seal. I met him the day before yesterday, when he had no idea of it; he thought it would certainly be put in

¹ [This is a remarkable instance of the manner in which the prognostications of the most acute observers are falsified by events. The value of Mr. Greville's remarks on the men of his time consists not in their absolute truth, but in their sincerity at the moment at which they are made. They convey a correct impression of the notion prevailing at that time. Thus Sir James Graham became unquestionably a very active First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Melbourne a "considerable" Prime Minister of England, and Lord Auckland a painstaking and well-informed Governor-General of India.]

² [This prediction was not fulfilled until 1841 (for the short Administration of Sir Robert in 1834 can hardly be reckoned), but it *was* fulfilled at last.]

Commission, and evidently looked forward to filling the office again in a few months. He said that he had long foreseen this catastrophe, and it was far better to be out than to drag on as they did; that he had over and over again said to the Duke, and remonstrated with him on the impossibility of carrying on such a Government, but that he would never listen to any thing. Sir John Leach, too, was exceedingly disappointed; he told me he had not heard a word of what was going on, that he was contented where he was, "though perhaps he might have been miserable *in another situation.*"¹

In the mean time the new Government will find plenty to occupy their most serious thoughts and employ their best talents. The state of the country is dreadful; every post brings fresh accounts of conflagrations, destruction of machinery, association of laborers, and compulsory rise of wages. Cobbett and Carlile write and harangue to inflame the minds of the people, who are already set in motion and excited by all the events which have happened abroad. Distress is certainly not the cause of these commotions, for the people have patiently supported far greater privations than they had been exposed to before these riots, and the country was generally in an improving state.

The Duke of Richmond went down to Sussex and had a battle with a mob of 200 laborers, whom he beat with fifty of his own farmers and tenants, harangued them, and sent them away in good-humor. He is, however, very popular. In Hants the disturbances have been dreadful. There was an assemblage of 1,000 or 1,500 men, a part of whom went toward Baring's house (the Grange) after destroying thrashing-machines and other agricultural implements; they were met by Bingham Baring, who attempted to address them, when a fellow (who had been employed at a guinea a week by his father up to four days before) knocked him down with an iron bar and nearly killed him. They have no troops in that part of the country, and there is a depot of arms at Winchester.

The Prince of Orange, who has been fancying without

¹ Lord Grey certainly contemplated at one moment the offer of the Great Seal to Lord Lyndhurst, but the spectre of Brougham rendered that impossible. Brougham himself would have preferred the advancement of Sir John Leach to the Woolsack, which would have left the Rolls at his own disposal, and enabled him to retain his seat in the House of Commons. But this suggestion was by no means welcome to Lord Grey, and Lord Althorp at once declared that he could not undertake the leadership of the House of Commons if Brougham was to remain in it in any official position to domineer over him.]

the least reason that he should be recalled to Belgium, is now in despair; and the Provisional Government, on hearing of the change of Ministry here, have suspended their negotiations, thinking they shall get from Lord Grey a more extended frontier. Altogether the alarm which prevails is very great, and those even are terrified who never were so before.

November 22d.—Dined yesterday at Sefton's; nobody there but Lord Grey and his family, Brougham and Montrond, the latter just come from Paris. It was excessively agreeable. Lord Grey in excellent spirits, and Brougham, whom Sefton bantered from the beginning to the end of dinner.¹ Be Brougham's political errors what they may, his gayety, temper, and admirable social qualities, make him delightful, to say nothing of his more solid merits, of liberality, generosity, and charity; for charity it is to have taken the whole family of one of his brothers who is dead—nine children—and maintained and educated them. From this digression to return to our dinner: it was uncommonly gay. Lord Grey said he had taken a task on himself which he was not equal to, prided himself on having made his arrangements so rapidly, and on having named no person to any office who was not efficient; he praised Lyndhurst highly, said he liked him, that his last speech was luminous, and that he should like very much to do any thing he could for him, but that it was such an object to have Brougham on the Woolsack. So I suppose he would not dislike to take in Lyndhurst by-and-by. He would not tell us whom he has got for the Ordnance. John Russell was to have had the War Office, but Tavistock² entreated that the appointment might be changed, as his brother's health was unequal to it; so he was made Paymaster. Lord Grey said he had more trouble with those offices than with the Cabinet ones. Sefton did nothing but quiz Brougham—"My Lord" every minute, and "What does his Lordship say?" "I'm sure it is very condescending of his Lordship to speak to such *cannaille* as all of you," and a thousand jokes. After dinner he

¹ [Lord Brougham had taken his seat on the Woolsack as Lord High Chancellor on the afternoon of this day, the 22d of November. The patent of his peerage bore the same date.]

² [The Marquis of Tavistock, Lord John Russell's eldest brother, afterward Duke of Bedford. Lord John has since held almost every Cabinet office: his brother's notion that his health was unequal to the War Office in 1830 is amusing.]

walked out before him with the fire-shovel for the mace, and left him no repose all the evening. I wish Leach could have heard Brougham. He threatened to sit often at the Cockpit, in order to check Leach,¹ who, though a good judge in his own Court, was good for nothing in a Court of Appeal; he said that Leach's being Chancellor was impossible, as there were forty-two appeals from him to the Chancellor, which he would have had to decide himself; and that he (Brougham) had wanted the Seal to be put in Commission with three judges, which would have been the best reform of the Court, expedited business, and satisfied suitors; but that Lord Grey would not hear of it, and had forced him to take it, which he was averse to do, being reluctant to leave the House of Commons.

He said the Duke of Richmond had done admirably in capturing the incendiary who has been taken, and who they think will afford a clew whereby they will discover the secret of all the burnings. This man called himself Evans. They had information of his exciting the peasantry, and sent a Bow Street officer after him. He found out where he lived and captured him (having been informed that he was not there by the inmates of the house), and took him to the Duke, who had him searched. On his person were found stock receipts for £800, of which £50 was left; and a chemical receipt in a secret pocket for combustibles. He was taken to prison, and will be brought up to town. Montrond was very amusing—"You, Lord Brougham, when you mount your bag of wool?"

November 23d.—Yesterday at Court; a great day, and very amusing. The old Ministers came to give up their seals, and the new Ministers came to take them. All the first were assembled at half-past one; saw the King in his closet severally, and held their last Council to swear in George Dawson a Privy Councillor. Each after his audience departed, most of them never to return. As they went away they met the others arriving. I was with the old set in the Throne Room till they went away, and on opening the door and looking into the other room I found it full of the others—Althorp,

¹ [The Master of the Rolls was at that time the presiding Judge of Appeal at the Privy Council, which was commonly spoken of as "the Cockpit," because it sat on the site of the old Cockpit at Whitehall; but the business was very ill done, which led Lord Brougham to bring in and carry his Act for the creation of the Judicial Committee in 1832—one of his best and most successful measures.]

Graham, Auckland, J. Russell, Durham, etc., faces that a little while ago I should have had small expectation of finding there. The effect was very droll, such a complete *changement de décoration*. When the old ministers were all off the business of the day began. All the Cabinet was there—the new Master of the House (Lord Albemarle), Lord Wellesley, his little eyes twinkling with joy, and Brougham, in Chancellor's costume, but not yet a Peer. The King sent for me into the closet to settle about their being sworn in, and to ask what was to be done about Brougham, whose patent was not come, and who wanted to go to the House of Lords. These things settled, he held the Council, when twelve new Privy Counsellors were sworn in, three Secretaries of State, Privy Seal, and the declarations made of President of Council and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The King could not let slip the opportunity of making a speech, so when I put into his hands the paper declaring Lord Anglesey Lord-Lieutenant he was not content to read it, but spoke nearly as follows: "My Lords, it is a part of the duty I have to perform to declare a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and although I certainly should have acquiesced in any recommendation which might have been made to me for this appointment by Earl Grey, I must say that I have peculiar satisfaction in intrusting that most important charge to the noble Lord, whom I therefore declare with entire satisfaction Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. And, my Lords, I must say that this day is since that of the death of my poor brother (here his voice faltered and he looked or tried to look affected) the most important which has occurred since the beginning of my reign, for in the course of my long life it has never happened to me to see so many appointments to be filled up as on this day; and when I consider that it is only last Tuesday night that the force of circumstances compelled those who were the confidential advisers of the Crown to relinquish the situations which they held, and that in this short space of time a new Government has been formed, I cannot help considering such dispatch as holding forth the best hopes for the future, and proving the unanimity of my Government; and, my Lords, I will take this opportunity of saying that the noble Earl (Grey) and the other noble Lords and gentlemen may be assured that they will receive from me the most cordial, unceasing, and devoted support." The expressions of course are not exactly the same, but his speech was to this purpose, only longer. Brougham kissed hands in the closet,

and afterward in Council as Chancellor and Privy Councilor, and then went off to the House of Lords.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Proclamation against Riots—Appointments—Duke of Wellington in Hampshire—General Excitement—The Tory Party—State of Ireland—More Disturbances—Lord Grey's Colleagues—Election at Liverpool—The Black Book—The Duke of Wellington's Position and Character—A Council on a Capital Sentence—Brougham in the House of Lords—The Clerks of the Council—Lord Grey and Lord Lyndhurst—The Chancellor of Ireland—Lord Melbourne—Duke of Richmond—Sir James Graham—Lyndhurst Lord Chief Baron—Judge Alderson—Lord Lyndhurst and the Whigs—Duke of Wellington and Polignac—The King and his Sons—Polish Revolution—Mechanics' Institute—Repeal of the Union—King Louis Philippe—Lord Anglesey and O'Connell—A Dinner at the Athenæum—Canning and George IV—Formation of Canning's Government—Negotiation with Lord Melbourne—Count Walewski—Aker's Beswell—State of Ireland—Brougham and Sugden—Arrest of O'Connell—Colonel Napier and the Trades Unions—The Civil List—Hunt in the House of Commons—Southey's Letter to Brougham on Literary Honors—The Budget—O'Connell pleads Guilty—Achille Murat—Weakness of the Government—Lady Jersey and Lord Durham—Lord Duncannon—Ireland—Wordsworth.

November 25th.—The accounts from the country on the 23d were so bad that a Cabinet sat all the morning, and concerted a proclamation offering large rewards for the discovery of offenders, rioters, or burners. Half the Cabinet walked to St. James's, where I went with the draft proclamation in my pocket, and we held a Council in the King's room to approve it. I remember the last Council of this sort we held was on Queen Caroline's business. She had demanded to be heard by counsel in support of her asserted right to be crowned, and the King ordered in Council that she should be heard. We held the Council in his dressing-room at Carlton House; he was in his bedgown, and we in our boots. This proclamation did not receive the sign-manual or the Great Seal and was not engrossed till the next day, but was nevertheless published in the *Gazette*.

Yesterday the accounts were better. There was a levee and Council, all the Ministers present but Palmerston and Holland. The King made a discourse, and took occasion (about some Admiralty order) to introduce the whole history of his early naval life, his first going to sea and the instructions which George III. gave Admiral Digby as to his treatment. All the old Ministers came to the levee except the Duke of Wellington, who was in Hampshire to try his influ-

ence as Lord-Lieutenant in putting down the riots. Anson as Master of the Buckhounds was made a Privy Councilor, not usually a Privy Councilor's place, but the King said he rather liked increasing the number than not. Clanricarde has a Gold Stick, so there is Canning's son-in-law in office under Lord Grey! There has been a difficulty about the Master-General of the Ordnance, and a little difference between Lord Grey and Lord Hill: when the Duke of Richmond was withdrawn, Grey determined to appoint Sir W. Gordon, but as Gordon would have to give up a permanent for a temporary office, he bargained that he should have the Grand Cross of the Bath. Lord Grey at the same time promised his brother Sir Charles Grey a Grand Cross, but Lord Hill (who as Commander-in-Chief has all the Crosses at his disposal) was offended at what he considered a slight to him, and went to the King to complain. It is probable that Lord Grey knew nothing of the matter, and fancied they were all recommended by himself. As the matter stands now, Gordon's appointment is suspended. The only other difficulty is to find a Secretary at War. Sandon is to have it, if they can make no better arrangement. I had a long conversation with the Duke of Richmond yesterday about refusing the salary of his office, and entreated him to take it, for most people think his declining it great nonsense. He alleged a great many bad reasons for declining, but promised to consider the matter.

I am in a very disagreeable situation as regards my late colleague's place. Lord Bathurst wrote a letter to Lord Lansdowne stating that the King had approved of his son's appointment and that he had intended to reduce the salary of the office. Lord Grey spoke to the King, and said that after what had passed in both Houses, he did not wish to do any thing, but to leave the office to be dealt with by a Committee of the House of Commons, under whose consideration it would come. Lord Lansdowne said he certainly should do nothing either, so that it remains to be seen whether they will give me a colleague, a deputy, or nothing at all.

November 28th.—The Duke of Wellington, who, as soon as he was out of office, repaired to Hants, and exerted himself as Lord-Lieutenant, to suppress the disorders, returned yesterday, having done much good, and communicated largely with the Secretary of State. The Government are full of compliments and respects to him, and the Chancellor wrote him a letter entreating he would name any gentleman to be

added to the Special Commission which was going down to the county over which he "so happily presided." He named three.

There has been nothing new within these three days, but the alarm is still very great, and the general agitation which pervades men's minds unlike what I have ever seen. Reform, economy, echoed backward and forward, the doubts, the hopes and the fears of those who have any thing to lose, the uncertainty of everybody's future condition, the immense interests at stake, the magnitude and imminence of the danger, all contribute to produce a nervous excitement, which extends to all classes—to almost every individual. Until the Ministers are reelected, nobody can tell what will be done in Parliament, and Lord Grey himself has no idea what sort of strength the Government will have in either House; but there is a prevailing opinion that they ought to be supported at this moment, although the Duke of Wellington and Peel mean to keep their party together. Lyndhurst's resignation with his colleagues (added to his not being invited to join this Government) has restored him to the good graces of his party, for Lord Bathurst told me he had behaved very honorably. He means now to set to work to gain character, and as he is about the ablest public man going, and nearly the best speaker, he will yet bustle himself into consideration, and play a part once more. Peel, Lyndhurst, and Hardinge, are three capital men for the foundation of a party—as men of business, superior to any three in this Cabinet. But I doubt if the Duke will ever be in a civil office again, nor do I think the country would like to see him at the head of a Government, unless it was one conducted in a very different manner from the last. From the present deplorable state of things, and from the effervescence of public opinion, which threatens the overthrow of the constitution in trying to amend it, Peel and the Duke are entirely responsible; and the former is the less excusable because he might have known better, and if he had gone long ago to the Duke, and laid before him the state of public opinion, told him how irresistible it was, and had refused to carry on the Government in the House of Commons with such a crew as he had, the Duke must have given way. Notwithstanding the great measures which have distinguished his Government, such as Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Test Acts, a continual series of systematic blunders, an utter ignorance of,

and indifference to, public opinion, have rendered the first of these great measures almost useless. Ireland is on the point of becoming in a worse state than before the Catholic question was settled; and why? Because, first of all, the settlement was put off too long, and the fever of agitation would not subside, and because it was accompanied by an insult to O'Connell, which he has been resolved to revenge, and which he knows he can punish. Then instead of depriving him of half his influence by paying the priests, and so getting them under the influence of Government, they neglected this, and followed up the omission by taxing Ireland, and thus uniting the whole nation against us. What is this but egregious presumption, blindness, ignorance, and want of all political calculation and foresight? What remains now to be done? Perhaps nothing, for the anti-Union question is spreading far and wide with a velocity that is irresistible, and it is the more dangerous because the desire for the repeal of the Union is rather the offspring of imagination than of reason, and arises from vague, excited hopes, not, like the former agitation, from real wrongs, long and deeply felt. But common shifts and expedients, partial measures, will not do now, and in the stage of the game a deep stake must be played or all will be lost. To buy O'Connell at any price, pay the Catholic Church, establish poor-laws, encourage emigration, and repeal the obnoxious taxes and obnoxious laws, are the only expedients which have a chance of restoring order. It is easy to write these things, but perhaps difficult to carry them into execution, but what we want is a head to conceive and a heart to execute such measures as the enormous difficulties of the times demand.

December 1st.—The last two or three days have produced no remarkable outrages, and though the state of the country is still dreadful, it is rather better on the whole than it was; but London is like the capital of a country desolated by cruel war or foreign invasion, and we are always looking for reports of battles, burnings, and other disorders. Wherever there has been any thing like fighting, the mob has always been beaten, and has shown the greatest cowardice. They do not, however, seem to have been actuated by a very ferocious spirit; and considering the disorders of the times, it is remarkable that they have not been more violent and rapacious. Lord Craven, who is just of age, with three or four more young Lords, his friends, defeated and dispersed them

in Hampshire. They broke into the Duke of Beaufort's house at Heythrop, but he and his sons got them out without mischief, and afterward took some of them. On Monday as the field which had been out with the King's hounds were returning to town, they were summoned to assist in quelling a riot at Woburn, which they did; the gentlemen charged and broke the people, and took some of them, and fortunately some troops came up to secure the prisoners. The alarm, however, still continues, and a feverish anxiety about the future universally prevails, for no man can foresee what course events will take, nor how his own individual circumstances may be affected by them.

The Government in the mean time promises fair, and they begin by a display of activity, in early attendance at their offices, and unusual recommendation of diligence and economy. But Lord Grey's Government is already carped at, and not without apparent reason. The distribution of offices is in many instances bad; many of the appointments were bad, and the number of his own family provided for is severely criticised. There are of Lord Grey's family: Howick, Under-Secretary; Ellice, Secretary of the Treasury; Barrington, Lord of the Admiralty; Durham, Privy Seal; Wood, Private Secretary (though he has no salary); and Lambton's brother in the Household. Melbourne at the Home Office is considered an inefficient successor to Peel, Graham too young and not enough distinguished for the Admiralty; Poulett Thomson is said to entertain the most Radical opinions; Althorp put him in. There never was a more sudden rise than this; a young merchant, after two or three years of Parliament and two or three speeches, is made Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Treasurer of the Navy, and a Privy Councillor. Then Althorp as Chancellor of the Exchequer may be a good one, but nobody expects much from any thing that is already known about him. This constitution of the Government has already done harm, and has stamped a character of rapacity upon Lord Grey, which he will hear of in proper time; but at this moment he has got all the press on his side, and people are resolved to give him credit for good intentions. Brougham has captivated the Archbishop of Canterbury by offering to give livings to any deserving clergyman he would recommend to him. I met him at dinner yesterday in the greatest spirits, elated and not altered by his new dignity. He is full of projects of reform in the adminis-

tration of justice, and talks of remodeling the Privy Council as a Court of Appeal, which would be of great use.

December 2d.—Yesterday a levee and Council and Recorder's report. Clanricarde and Robert Grosvenor¹ sworn in.

The Liverpool election, which is just over, was, considering the present state of things, a remarkable contest. It is said to have cost near £100,000 to the two parties, and to have exhibited a scene of bribery and corruption perfectly unparalleled; no concealment or even semblance of decency was observed; the price of tallies and of votes rose, like stock, as the demand increased, and single votes fetched from £15 to £100 apiece. They voted by tallies; as each tally voted for one or the other candidate they were furnished with a receipt for their votes, with which they went to the committee, when through a hole in the wall the receipt was handed in, and through another the stipulated sum handed out; and this scene of iniquity has been exhibited at a period when the cry for Reform is echoed from one end of the country to the other, and in the case of a man (Denison) who stood on the principle of Reform. Nobody yet knows whence the money for Denison comes (the Ewarts are enormously rich), but it will be still more remarkable if he should pay it himself, when he is poor, careful of money, and was going to India the other day in order to save £12,000 or £15,000. If anybody had gone down at the eleventh hour and polled one good vote, he would have beaten both candidates and disfranchised the borough. As it is, it is probable the matter will be taken up and the borough disfranchised. The right of voting is as bad as possible in the freemen, who are the lowest rabble of the town and, as it appears, a parcel of venal wretches. Here comes the difficulty of Reform, for how is it possible to reform the electors?

December 5th.—The country is getting quieter, but though the immediate panic is passing away men's minds are not the less disquieted as to our future prospects. Not a soul knows what plan of Reform the Ministers will propose, nor how far they are disposed to go. The Duke of Devonshire has begun in his own person by announcing to the Knaresborough people that he will never again interfere with that borough. Then the Black Book, as it is called, in which all places and pensions are exhibited, has struck terror into all who are named, and virtuous indignation into all who are

¹ [Afterward Lord Ebury.]

not. Nothing can be more *mal à propos* than the appearance of this book in such a season, when there is such discontent about our institutions and such unceasing endeavors to bring them into contempt. The history of the book is this: Graham moved last year for a return of all Privy Councilors who had more than £1,000 a year, and Goulburn chose to give him a return of *all persons* who had more than £1,000 a year, because he thought the former return would be invidious to Privy Councilors; so he caused that to be published, which will remove no obloquy from those he meant to save, but draw down a great deal on hundreds of others, and on the Government under which such things exist. I speak feelingly, for "quorum pars magna sum."

The Duke of Wellington gave a great dinner yesterday to all the people who had gone out of office (about fifty), so that it is clear they mean to keep together. Whether he looks forward to be Prime Minister again it is impossible to say, but his real friends would prefer his taking the command of the army, whatever his fools and flatterers may do. Lord Lyndhurst, who loses every thing by the fall of the late Government, cannot get over it, particularly as he feels that the Duke's obstinacy brought it about, and that by timely concessions and good management he might have had Lord Grey, Palmerston, and all that are worth having. Peel, on the contrary, is delighted; he wants leisure, is glad to get out of such a firm, and will have time to form his own plans and avail himself of circumstances, which, according to every probability, must turn out in his favor. His youth (for a public man), experience, and real capacity for business, will inevitably make him Minister hereafter. The Duke of Wellington's fall,¹ if the causes of it are dispassionately traced and considered, affords a great political lesson. His is one of those mixed characters which it is difficult to praise or blame without the risk of doing them more or less than justice. He has talents which the event has proved to be sufficient to make him the second (and, now that Napoleon

¹ [The following passage will no doubt be read with surprise, for in later years Mr. Greville became and remained one of the Duke's most steady admirers, and as he has himself stated in the memorandum written nineteen years afterward, which is inserted at the end of it, the opinion he entertained of him at this time was unjust. But he at the same time decided "to leave it as it is, because it is of the essence of these memoirs not to soften or tone down judgments by the light of altered convictions, but to leave them standing as contemporary evidence of what was thought at the time they were written." These are his own words.]

is gone, the first) general of the age, but which could not make him a tolerable Minister. Confident, presumptuous, and dictatorial, but frank, open, and good-humored, he contrived to rule in the Cabinet without mortifying his colleagues, and he has brought it to ruin without forfeiting their regard. Choosing with a very slender stock of knowledge to take upon himself the sole direction of every department of Government, he completely sank under the burden. Originally imbued with the principles of Lord Castlereagh and the Holy Alliance, he brought all these predilections with him into office. Incapable of foreseeing the mighty events with which the future was big, and of comprehending the prodigious alterations which the moral character of Europe had undergone, he pitted himself against Canning in the Cabinet, and stood up as the assertor of maxims both of foreign and domestic policy which that great statesman saw were no longer fitted for the times we live in. With a flexibility which was more remarkably exhibited at subsequent periods, when he found that the cause he advocated was lost, the Duke turned suddenly round, and surrendered his opinions at discretion; but in his heart he never forgave Mr. Canning, and from that time jealousy of him had a material influence on his political conduct, and was the primary motive of many of his subsequent resolutions. This flexibility has been the cause of great benefits to the country, but ultimately of his own downfall, for it has always proceeded from the pressure of circumstances and considerations of convenience to himself, and not from a rational adaptation of his opinions and conduct to the necessities and variations of the times. He has not been thoroughly true to any principle or any party; he contrived to disgust and alienate his old friends and adherents without conciliating or attacking those whose measures he at the eleventh hour undertook to carry into execution. Through the whole course of his political conduct selfish considerations have never been out of sight. His opposition to Canning's Corn Bill was too gross to admit of excuse. It was the old spite bursting forth, sharpened by Canning's behavior to him in forming his Administration, which, if it was not contumelious, certainly was not courteous. When at his death the Duke assumed the Government, his disclaiming speech was thrown in his teeth, but without much injustice, for such expressions are never to be taken literally, and in the subsequent quarrel with Huskisson, though it is probably true that

he was aiming at domination, he was persuaded that Huskisson and his party were endeavoring to form a cabal in the Cabinet, and his expulsion of them is not, therefore, altogether without excuse. On the question of the Test Act it was evident he was guided by no principle, probably by no opinion, and that he only thought of turning it as best he might to his own advantage. Throughout the Catholic question self was always apparent, not that he was careless of the safety or indifferent to the prosperity of the country, but that he cared as much for his own credit and power, and never considered the first except in their connection with the second. The business of Emancipation he certainly conducted with considerable judgment, boldly trusting to the baseness of many of his old friends, and showing that he had not mistaken their characters; exercising that habitual influence he had acquired over the mind of the King; preserving impenetrable secrecy; using without scruple every artifice that could forward his object; and contriving to make tools or dupes of all his colleagues and adherents, and getting the whole merit to himself. From the passing of the Catholic question his conduct has exhibited a series of blunders which have at length terminated in his fall. The position in which he then stood was this: He had a Government composed of men who were for the most part incompetent, but perfectly subservient to him. He had a considerable body of adherents in both Houses. The Whigs, whose support (enthusiastically given) had carried him triumphantly through the great contest, were willing to unite with him; the Tories, exasperated and indignant, feeling insulted and betrayed, vowed nothing but vengeance. Intoxicated with his victory, he was resolved to neglect the Whigs, to whom he was so much indebted, and to regain the affections of the Tories, whom he considered as his natural supporters, and whom he thought identity of opinion and interest would bring back to his standard. By all sorts of slights and affronting insinuations that they wanted place, but that he could do without them, he offended the Whigs, but none of his cajoleries and advances had the least effect on the sulky Tories. It was in vain that he endeavored to adapt his foreign policy to their worst prejudices by opposing with undeviating hostility that of Mr. Canning (the great object of their detestation), and disseminating throughout all Europe the belief of his attachment to ultra-monarchical principles. He opposed the spirit of the age, he

brought England into contempt, but he did not conciliate the Tories. Having succeeded in uniting two powerful parties (acting separately) in opposition to his Government, and having nobody but Peel to defend his measures in the House of Commons, and nobody in the House of Lords, he manifested his sense of his own weakness by overtures and negotiations, and evinced his obstinate tenacity of power by never offering terms which could be accepted, or extending his invitations to those whose authority he thought might cope with his own. With his Government falling every day in public opinion, and his enemies growing more numerous and confident, with questions of vast importance rising up with a vigor and celerity of growth which astonished the world, he met a new Parliament (constituted more unfavorably than the last, which he had found himself unable to manage) without any support but in his own confidence and the encouraging adulation of a little knot of devotees. There still lingered round him some of that popularity which had once been so great, and which the recollection of his victories would not suffer to be altogether extinguished. By a judicious accommodation of his conduct to that public opinion which was running with an uncontrollable tide, by a frank invitation to all who were well disposed to strengthen his Government, he might have raised those embers of popularity into a flame once more, have saved himself, and still done good service to the State; but it was decreed that he should fall. He appeared bereft of all judgment and discretion, and after a King's speech which gave great and I think unnecessary offense, he delivered the famous philippic against Reform which sealed his fate. From that moment it was not doubtful, and he was hurled from the seat of power amid universal acclamations.

[*Memorandum added by Mr. Greville in April, 1850.*]

N. B.—I leave this as it is, though it is unjust to the Duke of Wellington; but such as my impressions were at the time they shall remain, to be corrected afterward when necessary. It would be very wrong to impute *selfishness* to him in the ordinary sense of the term. He coveted power, but he was perfectly disinterested, a great patriot if ever there was one, and he was always animated by a strong and abiding sense of duty. I have done him justice in other places, and there is after all a great deal of truth in what I have said here.

December 12th.—For the last few days the accounts from the country have been better; there are disturbances in different parts, and alarms given, but the mischief seems to be subsiding. The burnings go on, and though they say that one or two incendiaries have been taken up, nothing has yet been discovered likely to lead to the detection of the system. I was at Court on Wednesday, when Kemp and Foley were sworn in, the first for the Ordnance, the other Gold Stick (the pensioners). He refused it for a long time, but at last submitted to what he thought *infra dig.*, because it was to be sugared with the Lieutenancy of Worcestershire. There was an Admiralty report,¹ at which the Chief-Justice was not present. The Chancellor and the Judge (Sir C. Robinson) were there for the first time, and not a soul knew what was the form or what ought to be done; they did, however, just as in the Recorder's reports. Brougham leans to mercy, I see. But what a curious sort of supplementary trial this is; how many accidents may determine the life or death of the culprit! In one case in this report which they were discussing (before the Council) Brougham had *forgotten* that the man was recommended to mercy, but he told me that at the last Recorder's report there was a great difference of opinion on one (a forgery case), when Tenterden was for hanging the man and he for saving him; that he had it put to the vote, and the man was saved. Little did the criminal know when there was a change of Ministry that he owed his life to it, for if Lyndhurst had been Chancellor he would most assuredly have been hanged; not that Lyndhurst was particularly severe or cruel, but he would have concurred with the Chief-Justice and have regarded the case solely in a judicial point of view, whereas the mind of the other was probably biased by some theory about the crime of forgery or by some fancy of his strange brain.

This was a curious case, as I have since heard. The man owes his life to the curiosity of a woman of fashion, and then to another feeling. Lady Burghersh and Lady Glengall wanted to hear St. John Long's trial (the quack who had *man-slaughtered* Miss Cashir), and they went to the Old Bailey for that purpose. Castlereagh and somebody else, who of course were not up in time, were to have attended them. They wanted an escort, and the only man in London sure to be out of bed so

¹ [The High Court of Admiralty had still a criminal jurisdiction, and the capital cases were submitted to the King in Council for approval.]

early was the Master of the Rolls, so they went and carried him off. When they got to the court there was no St. John Long, but they thought they might as well stay and hear whatever was going on. It chanced that a man was tried for an atrocious case of forgery and breach of trust. He was found guilty and sentence passed; but he was twenty-three and good-looking. Lady Burghersh could not bear he should be hanged, and she went to all the late Ministers and the Judges to beg him off. Leach told her it was no use, that nothing could save that man; and accordingly the old Government were obdurate, when they went out. Off she went again and attacked all the new ones, who in better humor, or of softer natures, suffered themselves to be persuaded, and the wretch was saved. She went herself to Newgate to see him, but I never heard if she had a private interview, and if he was afforded an opportunity of expressing his gratitude with all the fervor that the service she had done him demanded.

In the mean time the Government is going on what is called well—that is, there is a great disposition to give them a fair trial. All they have done and promise to do about economy gives satisfaction, and Reform (the awful question) is still at a distance. There has been, however, some sharp skirmishing in the course of the week, and there is no want of bitterness and watchfulness on the part of the old Government. In the Committee which has been named to inquire into the salaries of the Parliamentary offices they mean to leave the question in the hands of the country gentlemen; but they do not think any great reductions will be practicable, and as Baring is chairman it is not probable that much will be done. They think Brougham speaks too often in the House of Lords, but he has done very well there; and on Friday he made a reply to Lord Stanhope, which was the most beautiful piece of sarcasm and complete cutting-up (though with very good-humor) that ever was heard, and an exhibition to the like of which the Lords have not been accustomed. The Duke of Wellington made another imprudent speech, in which (in answer to Lord Radnor, who attributed the state of the country to the late Government) he said that it was attributable to the events of July and August in other countries, and spoke of them in a way which showed clearly his real opinion and feelings on the subject.

After some delay Lord Lansdowne made up his mind to fill up the vacancy in my office, and to give it to William

Bathurst; but he first spoke to the King, who said it was very true he had told Lord Bathurst that his son should have it, but that he now left the matter entirely to his decision, showing no anxiety to have William Bathurst appointed. However, he has it, but reduced to £1,200 a year. I was agreeably surprised yesterday by a communication from Lord Lansdowne that he thought no alteration could be made in my emoluments, and that he was quite prepared to defend them if anybody attacked them. Still though it is a very good thing to be supported, I don't consider myself safe from Parliamentary assaults. In these times it will not do to be idle, and I told Lord Lansdowne that I was anxious to keep my emoluments, but ready to work for them, and proposed that we Clerks of the Council should be called upon to act really at the Board of Trade, as we are, in fact, bound to do; by which means Lack's place, when vacant, need not be filled up, and a saving would be made. My predecessors Cottrell and Fawkener always acted, their successors Buller and Chetwynd were incompetent, and Lack, the Chancellor's Clerk, was made Assistant Secretary, and did the work. Huskisson and Hume, his director, made the business a science; new Presidents and Vice-Presidents succeeded one another in different Ministerial revolutions; they and Lack were incompetent, and Hume was made Assistant Secretary, and it is he who advises, directs, legislates. I believe he is one of the ablest practical men who have ever served, more like an American statesman than an English official. I am anxious to begin my Trade education under him.

Parliament is going to adjourn directly for three or four weeks, to give the Ministers time to make their arrangements and get rid of the load of business which besets them; although there is every disposition to give them credit for good intentions, and to let them have a fair trial, there are not wanting causes of discontent in many quarters.

All the Russells are dissatisfied that Lord John has not a seat in the Cabinet, and that Graham should be preferred to him, and the more so because they know or believe that his preference is owing to Lambton, who does what he likes with Lord Grey. My mind has always misgiven me about Lord Grey, and what I have lately heard of him satisfies me that a more overrated man never lived, or one whose speaking was so far above his general abilities, or who owed so much to his oratorical plausibility. His tall, commanding, and dignified

appearance, his flow of language, graceful action, well-rounded periods, and an exhibition of classical taste, united with legal knowledge, render him the most finished orator of his day; but his conduct has shown him to be influenced by pride, still more by vanity, personal antipathies, caprice, indecision, and a thousand weaknesses generated by these passions and defects. Anybody who is constantly with him and who can avail themselves of his vanity can govern him. There was a time when Sir Robert Wilson was his "magnus Apollo" (and Codrington), till they quarreled. Now Lambton is all in all with him. Lambton dislikes the Russells, and hence Lord John's exclusion and the preference of Graham. Everybody remembers how Lord Grey refused to lead the Whig party when Canning formed his junction with the Whigs, and declared that he abdicated in favor of Lord Lansdowne; and then how he came and made that violent speech against Canning which half killed him with vexation, and in consequence of which he meant to have moved into the House of Lords for the express purpose of attacking Lord Grey. Then when he had quarreled with his old Whig friends he began to approach the Tories, the object of his constant aversion and contempt; and we knew what civilities passed between the Bathursts and him, and what political coquetries between him and the Duke of Wellington, and how he believed that it was only George IV. who prevented his being invited by the Duke to join him. Then George IV. dies, King William succeeds; no invitation to Lord Grey, and he plunges into furious opposition to the Duke.

About three years ago the Chancellor, Lyndhurst, was the man in the world he abhorred the most; and it was about this time that I well recollect one night at Madame de Lieven's I introduced Lord Grey to Lady Lyndhurst. We had dined together somewhere, and he had been praising her beauty; so when we all met there I presented him, and very soon all his antipathies ceased and he and Lyndhurst became great friends. This was the cause of Lady Lyndhurst's partiality for the Whigs, which enraged the Tory ladies and some of their lords so much, but which served her turn and enabled her to keep two hot irons in the fire. When the Duke went out Lord Grey was very anxious to keep Lyndhurst as his Chancellor, and would have done so if it had not been for Brougham, who, whirling Reform *in terrorem* over his head, announce^d to him that it must not be. Reluctantly

enough Grey was obliged to give way, for he saw that with Brougham in the House of Commons, against him he could not stand for five minutes, and that the only alternative was to put Brougham on the Woolsack. Hence his delay in sending for Brougham, the latter's speech and subsequent acceptance of the Great Seal. Grey, however, was still anxious to serve Lyndhurst, and to neutralize his opposition has now proposed to him to be Chief Baron. This is tempting to a necessitous and ambitious man. On the other hand he had a good game before him, if he had played it well, and that was to regain character, exhibit his great and general powers, and be ready to avail himself of the course of events; but he has made his bargain and pocketed his pride. He takes the judicial office upon an understanding that he is to have no political connection with the Government (though of course he will not oppose them), and that he is to be Chief-Justice on Tenterden's death or retirement. This is the secret article of the treaty, and altogether he has not done amiss; for there are so few Chancellors in the field that he will probably (if he chooses) return to the Woolsack in the event of a change of Government, and he is now in a position in which he may join either party, and that without any *additional* loss of character. The public will gain by the transaction, because they will get a good judge.

In Ireland the Government have made a change (the motives of which are not apparent) which will be very unpopular, and infallibly get them into trouble in various ways. They have removed Hart and made Plunket Chancellor. Hart was very popular with the Bar; he was slow, but had introduced order and regularity in the proceedings of the Court. There were no arrears and no appeals. Plunket is unpopular, and was a bad judge in the Common Pleas, and will probably make a worse Chancellor; he is rash, hasty, and imprudent, and it is the more extraordinary as Hart was affronted by Goderich and went with Anglesey, so upon the score of confidence (on which they put it) there is in fact not a pretext for it.

As yet not much can be known of the efficiency of the rest of the Ministers. The only one who has had any thing to do is Melbourne, and he has surprised all those about him by a sudden display of activity and vigor, rapid and diligent transaction of business, for which nobody was prepared, and which will prove a great mortification to Peel and his friends, who

were in hopes he would do nothing and let the country be burnt and plundered without interruption. The Duke of Richmond has plunged neck-deep in politics, and says he is delighted with it all, and with Lord Grey's candor and unassuming bearing in the Cabinet. He is evidently piqued that none of his party have followed him, and made a speech in the House of Lords the other night expressing his readiness to defend his having taken office, when nobody attacked him. Knowing him as I do, and the exact extent of his capacity, I fancy he must feel rather small by the side of Lord Grey and Brougham. Graham's elevation is the most monstrous of all. He was once my friend, a college intimacy revived in the world, and which lasted six months, when, thinking he could do better, he cut me, as he had done others before. I am not a fair judge of him, because the pique which his conduct to me naturally gave me would induce me to underrate him, but I take vanity and self-sufficiency to be the prominent features of his character, though of the extent of his capacity I will give no opinion. Let time show; I think he will fail. [Time did show it to be very considerable, and the *volvenda dies* brought back our former friendship, as will hereafter appear; he certainly did *not* fail.]

He came into Parliament ten years ago, spoke and failed. He had been a provincial hero, the Cicero and the Romeo of Yorkshire and Cumberland, a present Lovelace, and a future Pitt. He was disappointed in love (the particulars are of no consequence), married and retired to digest his mortifications of various kinds, to become a country gentleman, patriot, reformer, financier, and what not, always good-looking (he had been very handsome), pleasing, intelligent, cultivated, agreeable as a man can be who is not witty and who is rather pompous and slow, after many years of retirement, in the course of which he gave to the world his lucubrations on corn and currency. Time and the hour made him master of a large but encumbered estate and member for his county. Armed with the importance of representing a great constituency, he started again in the House of Commons; took up Joseph Hume's line, but ornamented it with graces and flourishes which had not usually decorated such dry topics. He succeeded, and in that line is now the best speaker in the House. I have no doubt he has studied his subjects and practised himself in public speaking. Years and years ago I remember his delight on Hume's comparison

between Demosthenes and Cicero, and how he knew the passage by heart; but it is one thing to attack strong abuses and fire off well-rounded set phrases, another to administer the naval affairs of the country and be ready to tilt against all comers, as he must do for the future.¹ Palmerston is said to have given the greatest satisfaction to the foreign Ministers, and to have begun very well. So much for the Ministers.

December 14th.—There is a delay in Lyndhurst's appointment, if it takes place at all. Alexander² now will not resign, though he himself proposed to do so in the first instance. His physician signed a certificate to say that if he went on this committee it would cost him his life; some difficulty about the pension is the cause, or the peerage that he wants. He is seventy-six and very rich, a wretched judge, and never knew any thing of Common Law. If it is not arranged, it will be a bad business for Lyndhurst, for the Duke and his friends are grievously annoyed at his taking the office, having counted on him as their great champion in the House of Lords. Mrs. Arbuthnot told me the other night that they considered themselves released from all obligations to him for the future. However, they have not at all quarreled, and they knew his deplorable state in point of money. Dined yesterday at Agar Ellis's with eighteen people. Brougham in great force and very agreeable, and told some stories of Judge Allan Park, who is a most ridiculous man, and yet a good lawyer, a good judge, and was a most eminent counsel.

Park is extraordinarily ridiculous. He is a physiognomist, and is captivated by pleasant looks. In a certain cause, in which a boy brought an action for defamation against his school-master, Campbell, his counsel, asked the solicitor if the boy was good-looking. "Very." "Oh, then, have him in court; we shall get a verdict." And so he did. His eyes are always wandering about, watching and noticing every thing and everybody. One day there was a dog in court making a disturbance, on which he said, "Take away that dog." The officers went to remove another dog, when he interposed.

¹ [This opinion of Sir James Graham is the more curious as he afterward became one of Mr. Greville's confidential friends, and rose to the first rank of oratory and authority in the House of Commons. As Secretary of State for the Home Department in the great Administration of Sir Robert Peel he showed administrative ability of the highest order, and he was, perhaps, the most trusted colleague of that illustrious chief. The principal failing of Sir James Graham was, in truth, that he was not so brave and bold a man as he looked.]

² [The Chief Baron.]

"No, not that dog. I have had my eye on that dog the whole day, and I will say that a better behaved little dog I never saw in a court of justice."

One of Brougham's best speeches was one of his last at the Bar, made in moving for a new trial on the ground of misdirection in a great cause (Tatham and Wright) about a will. He said that on that occasion Park did what he thought no man's physical powers were equal to; he spoke in summing up for eleven hours and a half, and was as fresh at the end as at the beginning; the trial lasted eight days. This same evening Lord Grosvenor, who is by way of being a friend to Government, made an *amicable* attack upon every thing, and talked nonsense. Lord Grey answered him, and defended his own family appointments in a very good speech.

December 15th.—Dined yesterday with Lord Dudley; sat next to Lady Lyndhurst, and had a great deal of talk about politics. She said that the Duke never consulted or communicated with the Chancellor, who never heard of his overtures to Palmerston till Madame de Lieven told him; that he had repeatedly remonstrated with the Duke upon going on in his weakness, and on one occasion had gone to Walmer on purpose (leaving her behind that he might talk more freely) to urge him to take in Lord Grey and some of that party, but he would not; said he had tried to settle with them, and it would not do; had tried individuals and had tried the party. Up to a very late period it appears that Lord Grey would have joined him, and Lambton came to her repeatedly to try and arrange something; but this answer of the Duke's put it out of the question. Then after Lord Grey made his hostile speech it seems as if the Duke wanted to get him, for one day Jersey made an appointment with Lady Lyndhurst, never having called upon her in his life before, came, and entreated her to try and bring about an accommodation with Lord Grey, not making use of the Duke's name, but saying he and Lady Jersey were so unhappy that the Duke and Lord Grey should not be on good terms, and were so anxious for the junction; but it was too late then, and the Lyndhursts themselves had something else to look to. They both knew very well that Brougham alone prevented his remaining on the Woolsack, still they have very wisely not quarreled with him. After dinner I took Lyndhurst to Lady Dudley Stuart's, and had some more talk with him. He thinks, as I do, that this Government does not promise to be strong. What passed in

the House of Commons the other night exhibited deplorable weakness and the necessity of depending upon the caprices of hundreds of loose votes, without any thing like a party with which they could venture to oppose popular doctrines or measures. He thinks that Peel must be Minister if there is not a revolution, and that the Duke's being Prime Minister again is out of the question; says he *knows* Peel would never consent to act with him again in the same capacity, that all the Duke's little cabinet (the women and the toad-eaters) hate Peel, and that there never was any real cordiality between them. Every thing confirms my belief that Peel, if he did not bring about the dissolution of the late Ministry by any overt act, saw to what things were tending, and saw it with satisfaction.

December 16th.—At Court yesterday; William Bathurst sworn in. All the Ministers were there, and the Duke of Wellington at the levee, looking out of sorts. Dined at the Lievens'; Lady Cowper told me that in the summer the Duke had not made a *direct* offer to Melbourne, but what was tantamount to it. He had desired somebody (she did not say who) to speak to Frederick,¹ and said he would call on him himself the next day. Something, however, prevented him, and she did not say whether he did call or not afterward. He denied ever having made any overture at all. To Palmerston he proposed the choice of four places, and she thinks he would have taken in Huskisson if the latter had lived. He would have done nothing but on compulsion; that is clear. It is very true (what they say Peel said of him) that no *man* ever had any influence with him, only *women*, and those always the silliest. But who are Peel's confidants, friends, and parasites? Bonham, a stock-jobbing, ex-merchant; Charles Ross, and the refuse of society of the House of Commons.

Lamb told me afterward, talking of the Duke and Polignac, that Sébastiani had told him that Hyde de Neuville (who was Minister at the time Polignac went over from here on his first short visit, before he became Minister) said that upon that occasion Polignac took over a letter from the Duke to the King of France, in which he said that the Chambers and the democratical spirit required to be curbed, that he advised him to lose no time in restraining them, and that he referred him to M. de Polignac for his opinion generally, who was in possession of his entire confidence. I think this *may* be true.

¹ [Sir Frederick Lamb.]

never having doubted that these were his real sentiments, whether he expressed them or not.

There has been a desperate quarrel between the King and his sons. George Fitzclarence wanted to be made a Peer and have a pension; the King said he could not do it, so they struck work in a body, and George resigned his office of Deputy Adjutant-General, and wrote the King a furious letter. The King sent for Lord Hill, and told him to try and bring him to his senses; but Lord Hill could do nothing, and then he sent for Brougham to talk to him about it. It is not yet made up, but one of them (Frederick, I believe) dined at the dinner the King gave the day before yesterday. They want to renew the days of Charles II., instead of waiting patiently and letting the King do what he can for them, and as he can.

The affair at Warsaw seems to have begun with a conspiracy against Constantine and four of the generals who were killed perished in his anteroom in defending him. With the smallest beginnings, however, nothing is more probable than a general rising in Poland; and what between that, Belgians, and Piedmont, which is threatened with a revolution, the Continent is in a promising state. I agree with Lamb, who says that such an *imbroglio* as this cannot be got right without a war; such a flame can only be quenched by blood.

December 19th.—The week has closed without much gain to the new Government. On the debate in the House of Commons about the Evesham election they did not dare go to a division, as they would certainly have been beaten, but Peel made a speech which was very good in itself, and received in a way which proved that he has more consideration out of office than any of the Ministers, and much more than he ever had when he was in. Men are looking more and more to him, and if there is not a revolution he will assuredly be Prime Minister. The Government is fully aware how little strength they have, so they have taken a new line, and affect to carry on the Government without Parliamentary influence, and to throw themselves and their measures upon the impartial judgment of the House. Sefton informed me the other night that they had resolved not to take upon themselves the responsibility of proposing any renewal of the Civil List, but to refer the whole question to Parliament. I told him that I thought such conduct equally foolish and unjust, and that it amounted to an abdication of their Ministerial functions, and a surrender of them into the hands of the Legislative power; in itself

amounting to a revolution not of dynasty and institutions, but of system of Government in this country. He is the *âme damnée* of Lord Grey, and defends every thing, of course.

O'Connell is gone rabid to Ireland, having refused a silk gown, and resolved to pull down Lord Anglesey's popularity. Shiel writes word that they have resolved *not* to give Lord Anglesey a public reception, and to propose an ovation for O'Connell. The law appointments there, made without any adequate reason, have been ingeniously contrived so as to disgust every party in Ireland, and to do, or promise to do, in their ultimate results, as much harm as possible. So much for the only act that the Ministers have yet performed.

I had some conversation with Lyndhurst yesterday, who thinks the way is already preparing for Peel's return to office, and that he must be Prime Minister. I told him that I thought Peel had a fine game to play, but that his own was just as good, as Peel could do nothing without him in the other House; to which he replied that they should have no difficulty, and could make a Government if the Duke of Wellington did not interpose his claims and aspire again to be at the head; to which I said that they must not listen to it, as the country would not bear it; he said he was afraid the Duke's own set and his women were encouraging him in such views. Now that it is all over, his own Cabinet admit as freely as anybody his Ministerial despotism. Lyndhurst partakes of the general alarm at the state of affairs, and of the astonishment which I and others feel at the apathy of those who are most interested in averting the impending danger. Yesterday Mr. Stapleton (Canning's late private secretary) called on me to discuss this subject, and the propriety and feasibility of setting up some dike to arrest the torrent of innovation and revolution that is bursting in on every side. All the press almost is silenced, or united on the other side. *John Bull* alone fights the battle, but *John Bull* defends so many indefensible things that its advocacy is not worth much. An anti-Radical upon the plan of the *Anti-Jacobin* might be of some use, provided it was well sustained. I wrote a letter yesterday to Barnes,¹ remonstrating upon the general tone of the *Times*, and inviting him to adopt some Conservative principles in the

¹ [Mr. Barnes was then editor of the *Times* newspaper, and retained that position till his death in 1841. Mr. Greville was well acquainted with him, and had a high opinion of his talents, character, and influence.]

midst of his zeal for R-form. Stanley told me that his election (at Preston) was lost by the stupidity or ill-will of the returning officer, who managed the booths in such a way that Hunt's voters were enabled to vote over and over at different booths, and that he had no doubt of reducing his majority on a scrutiny.

December 22d.—Dudley showed me Phillpot's (Bishop of Exeter) correspondence with Melbourne and minutes of conversation on the subject of the commendam of the living of Stanhope; trimming letters. The Bishop made proposals to the Government which they rejected, and at last, after writing one of the ablest letters I ever read, in which he exposed their former conduct and present motives, he said that as the Ministers had thought fit to exert the power they had over him, he should show them that he had some over them, and appeal to public opinion to decide between them. On this they gave way, and agreed to an arrangement which, if not satisfactory to him, will leave him as to income not much worse off than he was before.

December 23d.—Last night to Wilmot Horton's second lecture at the Mechanics' Institute; I could not go to the first. He deserves great credit for his exertions, the object of which is to explain to the laboring classes some of the truths of political economy, the folly of thinking that the breaking of machinery will better their condition, and of course the efficacy of his own plan of emigration. The company was respectable enough, and they heard him with great attention. He is full of zeal and animation, but so totally without method and arrangement that he is hardly intelligible. The conclusion, which was an attack on Cobbett, was well done and even eloquent. There were a good many women, and several wise men, such as Dr. Birkbeck, M'Culloch, and Owen of Lanark.

O'Connell had a triumphant entry into Dublin, and advised that no honors should be shown to Lord Anglesey. They had an interview of two hours in London, when Lord Anglesey asked him what he intended to do. He said, "Strive *totis viribus* to effect a repeal of the Union;" when Lord Anglesey told him that he feared he should then be obliged to govern Ireland by force, so that they are at daggers drawn. There is not a doubt that Repeal is making rapid advances. Moore¹ told me that he had seen extraordinary

¹ [Thomas Moore, the poet.]

signs of it, and that men of the middle classes, intelligent and well educated, wished for it, though they knew the disadvantages that would attend a severance of their connection with England. He said that he could understand it, for as an Irishman he felt it himself.

Roehampton, December 26th.—At Lord Clifden's; Luttrell, Byng, and Dudley; the latter very mad, did nothing but soliloquize, walk about, munch, and rail at Reform of every kind. Lord Anglesey has entered Dublin amid silence and indifference, all produced by O'Connell's orders, whose entry was greeted by the acclamations of thousands, and his speeches then and since have been more violent than ever. His authority and popularity are unabated, and he is employing them to do all the mischief he can, his first object being to make friends of the Orangemen, to whom he affects to humble himself, and he has on all public occasions caused the orange ribbon to be joined with the green.

We had a meeting at the Council Office on Friday to order a prayer "on account of the troubled state of certain parts of the United Kingdom"—great nonsense.

The King of the French has put an end to the disturbances of Paris about the sentence on the ex-Ministers by a gallant *coup d'état*. At night, when the streets were most crowded and agitated, he sallied from the Palais Royal on horseback, with his son, the Duc de Nemours, and his personal *cortège*, and paraded through Paris for two hours. This did the business; he was received with shouts of applause, and at once reduced every thing to tranquillity. He deserves his throne for this, and will probably keep it.

December 30th.—Notwithstanding the conduct of King Louis Philippe, and the happy termination of the disorders and tumults at Paris last week, the greatest alarm still prevails about the excitement in that place. In consequence of the Chamber of Deputies having passed some resolutions altering the constitution of the National Guard, and voting the post of Commandant-General unnecessary, Lafayette resigned and has been replaced by Lobau. I never remember times like these, nor read of such—the terror and lively expectation which prevail, and the way in which people's minds are turned backward and forward from France to Ireland, then range exclusively to Poland or Piedmont, and fix again on the burnings, riots, and executions here.

Lord Anglesey's entry into Dublin turned out not to have

been so mortifying to him as was at first reported. He was attended by a great number of people, and by all the most eminent and respectable in Dublin, so much so that he was very well pleased, and found it better than he expected. War broke out between him and O'Connell without loss of time. O'Connell had intended to have a procession of the trades, and a notice from him was to have been published and stuck over the door of every chapel and public place in Dublin. Anglesey issued his proclamation, and half an hour before the time when O'Connell's notice was to appear had it pasted up, and one copy laid on O'Connell's breakfast-table, at which anticipation he chuckled mightily. O'Connell instantly issued a handbill desiring the people to obey, as if the order of the Lord-Lieutenant was to derive its authority from his permission, and he afterward made an able speech. Since the beginning of the world there never was so extraordinary and so eccentric a position as his. It is a moral power and influence as great in its way, and as strangely acquired, as Bonaparte's political power was. Utterly lost to all sense of shame and decency, trampling truth and honor under his feet, cast off by all respectable men, he makes his faults and his vices subservient to the extension of his influence, for he says and does whatever suits his purpose for the moment, secure that no detection or subsequent exposure will have the slightest effect with those over whose minds and passions he rules with such despotic sway. He cares not whom he insults, because, having covered his cowardice with the cloak of religious scruples, he is invulnerable, and will resent no retaliation that can be offered him. He has chalked out to himself a course of ambition which, though not of the highest kind—if the *consentiens laus bonorum* is indispensable to the aspirations of noble minds—has every thing in it that can charm a somewhat vulgar but highly active, restless, and imaginative being; and nobody can deny to him the praise of inimitable dexterity, versatility, and even prudence, in the employment of the means which he makes conducive to his ends. He is thoroughly acquainted with the audiences which he addresses and the people upon whom he practises, and he operates upon their passions with the precision of a dexterous anatomist who knows the direction of every muscle and fibre of the human frame. After having been throughout the Catholic question the furious enemy of the Orangemen, upon whom he lavished incessant and unmeasured abuse, he has suddenly turned

round, and, inviting them to join him on the Repeal question, has not only offered them a fraternal embrace and has humbled himself to the dust in apologies and demands for pardon, but he has entirely and at once succeeded, and he is now as popular or more so with the Protestants (or rather Orangemen) as he was before with the Catholics, and Crampton writes word that the lower order of Protestants are with him to a man.

1831.

January 2d.—Came up to town yesterday to dine with the Villiers at a dinner of clever men, got up at the Athenæum, and was extremely bored. The original party was broken up by various excuses, and the vacancies supplied by men none of whom I knew. There were Poulett Thomson, three Villiers, Taylor, Young, whom I knew; the rest I never saw before—Buller, Romilly, Senior, Maule,¹ a man whose name I forgot, and Walker, a police magistrate, all men of more or less talent and information, and altogether producing any thing but an agreeable party. Maule was senior wrangler and senior medalist at Cambridge, and is a lawyer. He was nephew to the man with whom I was at school thirty years ago, and I had never seen him since; he was then a very clever boy, and assisted to teach the boys, being admirably well taught himself by his uncle, who was an excellent scholar and a great brute. I have young Maule now in my mind's eye suspended by the hair of his head while being well caned, and recollect as if it was yesterday his doggedly drumming a lesson of Terence into my dull and reluctant brain as we walked up and down the garden-walk before the house. When I was introduced to him I had no recollection of him, but when I found out who he was I went up to him with the blandest manner as he sat reading a newspaper, and said that "I believed we had once been well acquainted, though we had not met for twenty-seven years." He looked up and said, "Oh, it is too long ago to talk about," and then turned back to his paper. So I set him down for a brute like his uncle and troubled him no further. I am very sure that dinners of all fools have as good a chance of being agreeable as dinners of all clever people; at least the former are often gay, and the latter are frequently heavy. Nonsense and folly gilded over with good breeding and *les usages du monde* produce often more agree

¹ [Afterward Mr. Justice Maule.]

able results than a collection of rude, awkward intellectual powers.

Roehampton, January 4th.—Called on Lady Canning this morning, who wanted me to read some of her papers. Most of them (which are very curious) I had seen before, but forgotten. I read the long minute of Canning's conversation with the King ten days before his Majesty put the formation of the Administration in his hands. They both appear to have been explicit enough. The King went through his whole life, and talked for two hours and a half, particularly about the Catholic question, on which he said he had always entertained the same opinions—the same as those of George III. and the Duke of York—and that with the speech of the latter he entirely concurred, except in the “so help me God” at the end, which he thought unnecessary. He said *he* wished the Coronation Oath to be altered, and had proposed it to Lord Liverpool. His great anxiety was not to be annoyed with the discussion of the question, to keep Canning and Lord Liverpool's colleagues, and to put at the head of the Treasury some anti-Catholic Peer. This Canning would not hear of; he said that having lost Lord Liverpool he had lost his only support in the Cabinet, that the King knew how he had been thwarted by others, and how impossible it would have been for him to go on but for Lord Liverpool, that he could not serve *under* anybody else, or act with efficacy except as First Minister, that he would not afford in his person an example of any such rule as that support of the Catholic question was to be *ipso facto* an exclusion from the chief office of the Government, that he advised the King to try and make an anti-Catholic Ministry, and thought that with his feelings and opinions on the subject it was what he ought to do. This the King said was out of the question. In the course of the discussion Canning said that if he continued in his service he must continue as free as he had before; that desirous as he was to contribute to the King's ease and comfort, he could not in any way pledge himself on the subject, because he should be assuredly questioned in the House of Commons, and he must have it in his power to reply that he was perfectly free to act on that question as he had ever done, and that he thought the King would better consult his own ease by retaining him in office without any pledge, relying on his desire above all things to consult his Majesty's case and comfort. He said among other things that, though leader of the House of Commons, he had never

had any patronage placed at his disposal, nor a single place to give away.

About the time of this conversation, Canning was out of humor with the Duke of Wellington, for he had heard that many of the adherents of Government, who pretended to be attached to the Duke, had spoken of him (Canning) in the most violent and abusive terms. In their opinions he conceived the Duke to be to a certain degree implicated, and this produced some coldness in his manner toward him. Shortly after Arbuthnot came to him, complained first and explained after, and said the Duke would call upon him. The Duke did call, and in a conversation of two hours Canning told him all that had passed between himself and the King, thereby putting the Duke, as he supposed, in complete possession of his sentiments as to the reconstruction of the Government. A few days after, Mr. Canning was charged by the King to lay before him the plan of an Administration, and upon this he wrote the letter to his former colleagues which produced so much discussion. I read the letters to the Duke, Bathurst, Melville, and Bexley, and I must say that the one to the Duke was rather the stiffest of the whole,¹ though it was not so cold as the Duke chose to consider it. Then came his letter to the Duke on his speech, and the Duke's answer. When I read these last year, I thought the Duke had much the best of it; but I must alter this opinion if it be true that he knew Mr. Canning's opinions, as it is stated that he did entirely, after their long interview, at which the conversation with the King was communicated to him. That materially alters the case. There was a letter from Peel declining, entirely on the ground of objecting to a pro-Catholic Premier, and on the impossibility of his administering Ireland with the First Lord of the Treasury of a different opinion on that subject from his own. There was likewise a curious correspondence relative to a paper written by the Duke of York during his last illness, and not very long before his death, to Lord Liverpool, on the dangers of the country from the progress of the Catholic question, the object of which (though it was vaguely expressed) was to turn out the Catholic members and form a Protestant Government, for the purpose of crushing the Catholic interest. This Lord Liverpool communicated (privately) to Canning, and it was afterward communicated

¹ [This correspondence is now published in the third volume of the Duke's "Correspondence," New Series, p. 628.]

to the King, who appears (the answer was not there) to have given the Duke of York a rap on the knuckles, for there is a reply of the Duke's to the King, full of devotion, zeal, and affection to his person, and disclaiming any intention of breaking up the Government, an idea which could have arisen only from misconception of the meaning of his letter by Lord Liverpool. It is very clear, however, that he did mean that, for his letter could have meant nothing else. The whole thing is curious, for he was aware that he was dying, and he says so.

January 12th.—Passed two days at Panshanger; but my room was so cold that I could not sit in it to write. Nobody there but F. Lamb and J. Russell. Lady Cowper told me what had passed relative to the negotiation with Melbourne last year, and which the Duke or his friends denied. The person who was employed (and whom she did not name) told F. Lamb that the Duke would take in Melbourne and two others (I am not sure it was not three), but not Huskisson. He said that it would be fairer at once to say that those terms would not be accepted, and to save him therefore from offering them; that Melbourne would not be satisfied with any Government which did not include Huskisson and Lord Grey, and that upon this answer the matter dropped. I don't think the Duke can be blamed for answering to anybody who chose to ask him any questions on the subject, that he had *made no offer*; it was the truth, though not the whole truth, and a Minister must have some shelter against impertinent questioners, or he would be at their mercy. An Envoy is come here from the Poles,¹ who brought a letter from Prince Czartoryski to Lord Grey, who has not seen him, and whose arrival has naturally given umbrage to the Lievens.

January 19th.—To Roehampton on Saturday till Monday, having been at the Grove on Friday. George Villiers at the Grove showed me a Dublin paper with an attack on Stanley's proclamation, and also a character of Plunket drawn with great severity and by a masterly hand; it is supposed to be

¹ [This Envoy was Count Alexander Walewski, a natural son of the Emperor Napoleon, who afterward played a considerable part in the affairs of France and of Europe, especially under the Second Empire. During his residence in London in 1831 he married Lady Caroline Montagu, a daughter of the Earl of Sandwich, but she did not live long. I remember calling upon him in St. James's Place, and seeing cards of invitation for Lady Grey's assemblies stuck in his glass. The fact is he was wonderfully handsome and agreeable, and soon became popular in London society.]

by Baron Smith, a judge who is very able, but fanciful and disaffected. He will never suffer any but policemen or soldiers to be hanged of those whom he tries. George Villiers came from Hatfield, where he had a conversation with the Duke of Wellington, who told him that he had committed a great error in his Administration in not paying more attention to the press, and in not securing a portion of it on his side and getting good writers into his employment, that he had never thought it necessary to do so, and that he was now convinced what a great mistake it was. At Roehampton nothing new except that the Reform plan is supposed to be settled, or nearly so. Duncannon has been consulted, and he and one or two more have had meetings with Durham, who were to lay their joint plans before Lord Grey first, and he afterward brought them to the Cabinet.

Ellis told me (a curious thing enough) that Croker (for his "Boswell's Life of Johnson") had collected various anecdotes from other books, but that the only new and original ones were those he had got from Lord Stowell, who was a friend of Johnson, and that he had written them under Stowell's dictation. Sir Walter Scott wanted to see them, and Croker sent them to him in Scotland by the post. The bag was lost; no tidings could be heard of it, Croker had no copy, and Stowell is in his dotage and can't be got to dictate again. So much for the anecdote; then comes the story. I said how surprising this was, for nothing was so rare as a miscarriage by the post. He said, "Not at all, for I myself lost *two reviews* in the same way. I sent them both to *Brougham* to forward to Jeffrey (for the *Edinburgh*), and *they were both lost in the same way!*" That villain Brougham!

G. Lamb said that the King is supposed to be in a bad state of health, and this was confirmed to me by Keate, the surgeon, who gave me to understand that he was going the way of both his brothers. He will be a great loss in these times; he knows his business, lets his Ministers do as they please, but expects to be informed of every thing. He lives a strange life at Brighton, with tagrag and bobtail about him, and always open house. The Queen is a prude, and will not let the ladies come *décolletées* to her parties. George IV., who liked ample expanses of that sort, would not let them be covered. In the mean time matters don't seem more promising either here or abroad. In Ireland there is open war between Anglesey and O'Connell, to whom it is glory enough

(of his sort) to be on a kind of par with the Viceroy, and to have a power equal to that of the Government. Anglesey issues proclamation after proclamation, the other speeches and letters in retort. His breakfasts and dinners are put down, but he finds other places to harangue at, and letters he can always publish; but he does not appear in quite so triumphant an attitude as he did. The O'Connell tribute is said to have failed; no men of property or respectability join him, and he is after all only the leader of a mob; but it is a better sort of mob, and formidable from their numbers, and the organization which has latterly become an integral part of mob tactics. Nothing can be more awful than the state of that country, and everybody expects that it will be found necessary to strengthen the hands of the Government with extraordinary powers to put an end to the prevailing anarchy. O'Connell is a coward, and that is the best chance of his being beaten at last.

Lord Lyndhurst took his seat as Chief Baron yesterday morning, Alexander retiring without an equivalent, and only having waited for quarter-day. Brougham has had a violent squabble in his Court with Sugden, who having bullied the Vice-Chancellor and governed Lyndhurst, has a mind to do the same by Brougham; besides, he hates him for the repeated thrashings he got from him in the House of Commons, and has been heard to say that he will take his revenge in the Court of Chancery. The present affair was merely that Brougham began writing, when Sugden stopped and told him "it was no use his going on if his Lordship would not attend to the argument," and so forth.

I met Lyndhurst at dinner yesterday, who talks of himself as standing on neutral ground, disconnected with politics. It is certainly understood that he is not to fight the battles of the present Government, but of course he is not to be against them. His example is a lesson to statesmen to be frugal, for if he had been rich he would have had a better game before him. He told a curious anecdote about a trial. There was a (civil) cause in which the jury would not agree on their verdict. They retired on the evening of one day, and remained till one o'clock the next afternoon, when, being still disagreed, a juror was drawn. There was only one juror who held out against the rest—Mr. Berkeley (member for Bristol). The case was tried over again, and the jury were unanimously of Mr. Berkeley's opinion, which was in fact right, a piece of

conscientious obstinacy which prevented the legal commission of wrong.

Roehampton, January 22d.—The event of the week is O'Connell's arrest on a charge of conspiracy to defeat the Lord-Lieutenant's proclamation. Lord Anglesey writes to Lady Anglesey thus: "I am just come from a consultation of six hours with the law officers, the result of which is a determination to arrest O'Connell, for things are now come to that pass that the question is whether he or I shall govern Ireland." We await the result with great anxiety, for the opinion of lawyers seems divided as to the legality of the arrest, and laymen can form none.

January 23d.—No news; Master of the Rolls, George Ponsonby, and George Villiers here. The latter told a story of Plunket, of his wit. Lord Wellesley's *ai le-de-camp* Keppel wrote a book of his travels, and called it his personal narrative. Lord Wellesley was quizzing it, and said, "Personal narrative? what is a personal narrative?" Lord Plunket, what should you say a personal narrative meant?" Plunket answered, "My Lord, you know we lawyers always understand *personal* as contradistinguished from *real*." And one or two others of Parsons, the Irish barrister. Lord Norbury on some circuit was on the bench speaking, and an ass outside brayed so loud that nobody could hear. He exclaimed, "Do stop that noise!" Parsons said, "My Lord, there is a great echo here." Somebody said to him one day, "Mr. Parsons, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No; whom has he robbed?"

Nothing but talk about O'Connell and his trial, and we have more fears he will be acquitted than hopes that he will be convicted. They still burn in the country, and I heard the other day that the manufacturing districts, though quiet, are in a high state of organization.

January 25th.—Met Colonel Napier¹ last night, and talked for an hour of the state of the country. He gave me a curious account of the organization of the manufacturers in and about Manchester, who are divided into four different classes, with different objects, partly political, generally to better themselves, but with a regular Government, the seat of which is in the Isle of Man. He says that the agriculturists are likewise organized in Wiltshire, and that there is a sort of freemasonry among them; he thinks a revolution inevitable; and when I told him what Southey had said—that if he had money enough

¹ [Sir William Napier, author of the "History of the Peninsular War."]

he would transport his family to America—he said he would not himself leave England in times of danger, but that he should like to remove his family if he could.

The King is ill. I hope he won't die; if he does, and the little girl, we shall have Cumberland, and (though Lyndhurst said he would make a very good King the other night) that would be a good moment for dispensing with the regal office. It is reported that they differ in the Cabinet about Reform; probably not true. What a state of terror and confusion we are in, though it seems to make no difference!

January 31st.—At Rochampton on Saturday; Lord Robert Spencer and Sir G. Robinson. Agar Ellis had just resigned the Woods, after asking to be made a Peer, which they refused. All last week nobody thought of any thing but O'Connell, and great was the joy at the charge of Judge Jebb, the unanimous opinion of the King's Bench, and the finding of the Grand Jury. Whatever happens, Government are now justified in the course they have taken; and now he has traversed, which looks like weakness, and it is the general opinion that he is beaten; but he is so astute, and so full of resources, that I would never answer for his being beaten till I see him in prison or find his popularity gone. The subscription produced between £7,000 and £8,000. It is an extraordinary thing, and the most wonderful effect I ever heard of the power of moral causes over the human body, that Lord Anglesey, who has scarcely been out of pain at all for years during any considerable intervals, has been quite free from his complaint (the *tic-douloureux*) since he has been in Ireland; the excitement of these events, and the influence of that excitement on his nervous system, have produced this effect. There is a puzzler for philosophy, and such an amalgamation of moral and physical accidents as is well worth unraveling for those who are wise enough.

Yesterday there was a dinner at Lord Lansdowne's to name the Sheriffs, and there was I in attendance on my old school-fellows and associates Richmond, Durham, Graham, all great men now!

While some do laugh, and some do weep,
Thus runs the world away.

Lord Grey was not there, for he was gone to Brighton to lay the Reform Bill before the King. What a man Brougham is; he wants to ride his Chancery steed to the Devil, as if he

had not enough to do. Nothing would satisfy him but to come and hear causes in our Court;¹ but as I knew it was only to provoke Leach, I would not let him come, and told the Lord President we had no causes for him to hear. He insisted, so did I, and he did not come; but some day I will invite him, and then he will have forgotten it or have something else to do, and he won't come. He is a Jupiter-Scapin, if ever there was one.

February 6th.—Parliament met again on the 3d, and the House of Commons exhibited a great array on the Opposition benches; nothing was done the first day but the announcement of the Reform measure for the 2d of March, to be brought in by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, though not a Cabinet Minister. The fact is that if a Cabinet Minister had introduced it, it must have been Althorp, and he is wholly unequal to it; he cannot speak at all, so that though the pretense is to pay a compliment to John Russell because he had on former occasions brought forward plans of Reform, it is really expedient to take the burden off the leader of the Government. The next night came on the Civil List, and as the last Government was turned out on this question, there had existed a general but vague expectation that some wonderful reductions were to be proposed by the New Chancellor of the Exchequer. Great, then, was the exultation of the Opposition when it was found that no reductions would be made, and that the measure of this Government only differed from that of the last in the separation of the King's personal expenses from the other charges and a *prospective* reduction in the Pension List. There was not much of a debate. Althorp did it ill by all accounts; Graham spoke pretty well, and Calcraft, who could do nothing while in office, found all his energies when he got back to the Opposition benches, and made (everybody says) a capital speech. There is certainly a great disappointment that the Civil List does not produce some economical novelty, and to a certain degree the popularity of the Government will be affected by it. But they have taken the manliest course, and the truth is the Duke of Wellington had already made all possible reductions, unless the King and the Government were at once to hang out the flag of poverty and change their whole system. After what

¹ [At the Privy Council, where the Master of the Rolls was at that time in the habit of sitting with two lay Privy Councilors to hear Plantation Appeals.]

Sefton had told me of the intentions of Government about the Pension List, and my reply to him, it was a satisfaction to me to find they could not act on such a principle; and accordingly Lord Athorp at once declared the opinion and intentions of Government about the Pensions, instead of abandoning them to the rage of the House of Commons. There is not even a surmise as to the intended measure of Reform, the secret of which is well kept, but I suspect the confidence of the Reformers will be shaken by their disappointment about the Civil List. It is by no means clear, be it what it may, that the Government will be able to carry it, for the Opposition promises to be very formidable in point of numbers; and in speaking the two parties are, as to the first class, pretty evenly divided—Palmerston, the Grants, Graham, Stanley, John Russell, on one side; Peel, Calcraft, Hardinge, Dawson, on the other side; fewer in number, but Peel immeasurably the best on either side—but in the second line, and among the younger ones, the Opposition are far inferior.

February 9th.—Just got into my new home—Poulett Thomson's house, which I have taken for a year. The day before yesterday came the news that the French had refused the nomination of the Duc de Nemours to the throne of Belgium, the news of his being chosen having come on Sunday. The Ministers were *rayonnants*; Lord Lansdowne came to his office and told it me with prodigious glee.

Met with Sir J. Burke on Sunday at Brookes's, who said that O'Connell was completely beaten by the address of the merchants and bankers, among whom were men—Mahon, for instance (O'Gorman Mahon's uncle)—who had always stood by him. I do not believe he is completely beaten, and his resources for mischief are so great that he will rally again before long, I have little doubt. However, what has occurred has been productive of great good; it has elicited a strong Conservative demonstration, and proved that out of the rabble-ocracy (for every thing is in *ocracy* now) his power is any thing but unlimited. There are 20,000 men in Ireland, so Lord Hill told me last night. Hunt¹ spoke for two hours last night; his manner and appearance very good, like a country gentleman of the old school, a sort of rural dignity about it, very civil, good-humored, and respectful to the House, but dull; listened to, however, and very well received.

¹ Henry Hunt, a well-known Radical, had just been returned for Preston, where he had beaten Mr. Stanley.]

February 12th.—The debate three nights ago on Ireland, brought on by O’Gorman Mahon, is said to have been the best that has been heard in the House of Commons for many years. Palmerston, Burdett, Althorp, Peel, Wyse, all made good speeches; it was spirited, statesmanlike, and creditable to the House, which wanted some such exhibition to raise its credit. I saw the day before yesterday a curious letter from Southey to Brougham, which some day or other will probably appear. Taylor showed it me. Brougham had written to him to ask him what his opinion was as to the encouragement that could be given to literature, by rewarding or honoring literary men, and suggested (I did not see his letter) that the Guelphic Order should be bestowed upon them. Southey’s reply was very courteous, but in a style of suppressed irony and forced politeness, and exhibited the marks of a chafed spirit, which was kept down by an effort. “You, my Lord, are *now* on the Conservative side,” was one of his phrases, which implied that the Chancellor had not always been on that side. He suggested that it might be useful to establish a sort of lay fellowships; £10,000 would give £10 of £500 and £25 of £200; but he proposed them not to reward the meritorious, but as a means of silencing or hiring the mischievous. It was evident, however, that he laid no stress on this plan, or considered it practicable, and only proposed it because he thought he must suggest something. He said that honors might be desirable to scientific men, as they were so considered on the Continent, and Newton and Davy had been titled, but for himself, if a *Guelphic* distinction was adopted, “he should be a *Ghibelline*.” He ended by saying that all he asked for was a repeal of the Copyright Act, which took from the families of literary men the only property they had to give them, and this “I ask for with the earnestness of one who is conscious that he has labored for posterity.” It is a remarkable letter.

February 13th.—The Budget, which was brought forward two nights ago, has given great dissatisfaction; Goulburn attacked the taxation of the funds (half per cent. on transfer of stock and land) in the best speech he ever made, Peel in another good speech. The bankers assailed it one after another, and not a man on the Government side spoke decently. Great, of course, was the exultation of the Opposition, and it is supposed that this will be withdrawn and a Property Tax laid on instead. There is a meeting to-

day in Downing Street, at which I suspect it will be announced. The Budget must appear hurried, and nothing but the circumstances in which they are placed could have justified their bringing it on so soon. In two months, besides having foreign affairs of the greatest consequence on their hands, they have concocted a Reform Bill and settled the finances of the nation for the next year, which is quite ludicrous; but they are obliged to have money voted immediately, that in case they should be beaten on Reform or any other vital question which may compel them to dissolve Parliament, they may have passed their estimates and be provided with funds. Their secrets are well kept—rather too well, for nobody knew of this Budget, and not a soul has a guess what their Reform is to be. At present nothing can cut a poorer figure than the Government does in the House of Commons, and they have shown how weak a Government a strong Opposition may make.

I have just been to hear Benson preach at the Temple, but I was so distant that I heard ill. His manner is impressive, and language good without being ambitious, but I was rather disappointed. Brougham was there, with Lord King of all people!

February 15th.—Yesterday morning, news came that O'Connell had withdrawn his plea of not guilty and (by his counsel, Mr. Perrin) pleaded guilty, to the unutterable astonishment of everybody, and not less delight. Shiel wrote word that his heart sank at the terror of a jail, and "how would such a man face a battle, who could not encounter Newgate?" Everybody's impression was that it was a compromise with the law officers, and that he pleaded guilty on condition that he should not be brought up for judgment, but it was no such thing; he made in the preceding days several indirect overtures to Lord Anglesey, who would listen to nothing, and told him that after his conduct he could do nothing for him, and that he must take his own course. He comes to England directly, and will be brought up for judgment (if at all, which I doubt) next term. He gives out that he was forced to do this in order to hasten to England and repair in the House of Commons the errors of O'Gorman Mahon. There is no calculating what may be the extent of the credulity of an Irish mob with regard to him, but after all his bullies and bravadoes, this will hardly go down even with them. Shiel says "O'Connell is fallen indeed." I trust

though hardly dare hope, that "he sinks like stars that fall to rise no more." It is impossible to form an idea of the astonishment of everybody at this termination of the law proceedings, which have ended so triumphantly for Lord Anglesey and Plunket. Lord Anglesey, however, wrote word to Lady Anglesey that no one could form an idea of the state of that country: that fresh plots were discovered every day, that from circumstances he had been able to do more than another man would, but that it was not, he firmly believed, possible to save it.

There was a meeting at Althorp's on Sunday, when he agreed to withdraw the Transfer Tax, and that there should be no Property Tax. A more miserable figure was never cut than his; but how should it be otherwise? A respectable country gentleman, well versed in rural administration, in farming and sporting, with all the integrity of £15,000 a year in possession and £50,000 in reversion, is all of a sudden made leader in the House of Commons without being able to speak, and Chancellor of the Exchequer without any knowledge, theoretical or practical, of finance. By way of being discreet, and that his plan may be a secret, he consults nobody; and then he closets himself with his familiar Poulett Thomson, who puts this notable scheme into his head, and out he blurts it in the House of Commons, without an idea how it will be received, without making either preparations for defending it or for an alternative in case of its rejection. If Althorp and Poulett Thomson are to govern England, these things are likely to happen. The Opposition cannot contain themselves; the women think they are to come in directly. Goulburn said to Baring as they left the House on Friday, "Mr. Baring, you said last year you thought my Budget was the most profligate that any Chancellor of the Exchequer had ever brought forward; I think you will now no longer say it was the *most* profligate." Last night Praed¹ made his first speech, which was very good.

February 17th.—The day before yesterday Duncannon called on me, and told me O'Connell had got up an opposition to him in Kilkenny; that he was of opinion that the recent events would diminish neither his power nor his popularity,

¹ [Winthrop Mackworth Praed, a young man of great promise, who had just entered Parliament. He took his degree in 1825, and was regarded by the Tories as the rival and competitor of Thomas Babington Macaulay. But unhappily he died in 1839.]

and that in fact he was infallible with the Irish mob. As Richard says, "if this have no effect, he is immortal."

The Duke of Wellington called on my family yesterday; he says the Reform question will not be carried, and he thinks the Government cannot stand, that things are certainly better (internally), and that the great fear is lest people should be too much afraid.

Went to Lady Dudley Stewart's last night; a party; saw a vulgar-looking, fat man with spectacles, and a mincing, rather pretty pink-and-white woman, his wife. The man was Napoleon's nephew, the woman Washington's granddaughter. What a host of associations, all confused and degraded! He is a son of Murat, the King of Naples, who was said to be "le dieu Mars jusqu'à six heures du soir." He was heir to a throne, and is now a lawyer in the United States, and his wife, whose name I know not, Sandon told me, was Washington's granddaughter. (This must be a mistake, for I think Washington never had any children.)¹

February 24th.—At Newmarket for three days, from Saturday till Tuesday, riding out at eight o'clock every morning and inhaling salubrious air. Came back the night before last, and found matters in a strange state. The Government, strong in the House of Lords (which is a secondary consideration), is weak in the House of Commons to a degree which is contemptible and ridiculous. Even Sefton now confesses that Althorp is wretched. There he is *leading* the House of Commons without the slightest acquaintance with the various subjects that come under discussion, and hardly able to speak at all; not one of the Ministers exhibits any thing like vigor, ability, or discretion. As Althorp cannot speak, Graham is obliged to talk, or thinks he is, and, as I predicted, he is failing;² with some cleverness and plenty of fluency, he is unequal to the situation he is placed in, and his difference with Grant the other night and his apology to O'Gorman Mahon have been prejudicial to the Government and to his own character. The exultation of the Opposition is unbounded, and Peel plays with his power in the House, only not putting it forth because it does not suit his convenience; but he does

¹ [Achille Murat and his wife were living at this time in the Alpha Road, Regent's Park. It was said she was Washington's grand-niece, but I am not sure what the relationship was, if any. She was certainly not his granddaughter.]

² It was on Lord Chandos's motion to take into consideration the state of the West Indies.

what he likes, and it is evident, that the very existence of the Government depends upon his pleasure. His game, however, is to display candor and moderation, and rather to protect them than not, so he defends many of their measures and restrains the fierce animosity of his friends, but with a sort of sarcastic civility, which, while it is put forth in their defense, is always done in such a manner as shall best exhibit his own authority and his contempt for their persons individually. While he upholds the Government he does all he can to bring each member of it into contempt, and there they are, helpless and confused, writhing under his lash and their own impotence, and only intent upon staving off a division which would show the world how feeble they are. Neither the late nor any other Government ever cut so poor a figure as this does. Palmerston does nothing, Grant does worse, Graham does no good, Althorp a great deal of harm; Stanley alone has distinguished himself, and what he has had to do has done very well. It is not, however, only in the House of Commons that the Government are in such discredit; the Budget did their business in the City, and alienated the trading interest. It is a curious circumstance that both Goulburn and Herries have been beset by deputations and individual applications for advice and assistance nearly as much since they left office as when they were in it by merchants and others, who complain to them that it was quite useless to go to Lord Althorp, for they find that he has not the slightest acquaintance with any of the subjects and interests on which they addressed themselves to him, and one man told Herries this, at the same time owning that he was a Whig in principle, and had been an opponent of the late and a supporter of the present Government. The press generally are falling off from the Government, which is an ominous sign. While the Government is thus weak and powerless the elements of confusion and violence are gathering fresh force, and without any fixed and loyal authority to check them will pursue their eccentric course till some public commotion arrives, or till the Conservative resources of the country are called into action and the antagonistic principles are fairly brought to trial.

The King went to the play the night before last; was well received in the house, but hooted and pelted coming home, and a stone shattered a window of his coach and fell into Prince George of Cumberland's lap. The King was excessively annoyed, and sent for Baring, who was the officer

riding by his coach, and asked him if he knew who had thrown the stone; he said that it terrified the Queen, and "was very disagreeable, as he should always be going somewhere."

In the House of Commons Committee on the Parliament Offices they are making the whole thing ridiculous by the sort of reductions they suggest. Hume proposed to cut down the President of the Council to £1,000 a year, on which Stormont moved he should have nothing, and this (which was intended to ridicule Hume's proposition) was carried, but will probably be rescinded. There is no directing power anywhere, and the sort of anarchy that is fast increasing must beget confusion. Nobody has the least idea how Reform will go, or of the nature of what they mean to propose, but the King said to Cecil Forrester yesterday, who went to resign his office of Groom of the Bedchamber, "Why do you resign?" He said he could not support Government or vote for Reform. "Well, but you don't know what it is, and you might have waited till it came on, for it probably will not be carried;" and this he repeated twice. Lord Durham has volunteered to give up his salary as Privy Seal, which is no great sacrifice, considering how long he is likely to enjoy it, and everybody gives him credit for having suggested the relief to coals for his own interest. Lady Holland, who has got a West Indian estate, attacked him about the sugar duties, and asked him if they would not reduce them. He said "No." She retorted, "That is because you have no West Indian estate; you have got your own job about coals done, and you don't care about us." In the House of Lords they have it all their own way. The other night, on Lord Strangford's motion about the Methuen treaty, Brougham exhibited his wonderful powers in his very best style. Without any preparation for the question, and after it had been exhausted in a very good speech of Goderich's, he got up, and in answer to Strangford and Ellenborough banged their heads together, and displayed all his power of ridicule, sarcasm, and argument in a manner which they could not themselves help admiring. The next night he brought forward his Chancery Reform measure in a speech of three hours, which, however luminous, was too long for their Lordships, and before the end of it the House had melted away to nothing. But, notwithstanding this success, he must inwardly chafe at being removed from his natural element and proper sphere of action,

and he must burn with vexation at seeing Peel riot and revel in his unopposed power, like Hector when Achilles would not fight, though this Achilles can never fight again, but he would give a great deal to go back to the field, and would require much less persuasion than Achilles did.

February 25th.—A drawing-room yesterday, at which the Princess Victoria made her first appearance. I was not there. Lady Jersey made a scene with Lord Durham. She got up and crossed the room to him, and said, "Lord Durham, I hear that you have said things about me which are not true, and I desire that you will call upon me to-morrow with a witness to hear my positive denial, and I beg that you will not repeat any such things about me," or, as the Irishman said, "words to that effect." She was in a fury, and he, I suppose, in a still greater. He muttered that he should never set foot in her house again, which she did not hear, as after delivering herself of her speech she flounced back again to her seat, mighty proud of the exploit. It arose out of his saying that he should make Lady Durham demand an audience of the Queen to contradict the things Lady Jersey had said of her and the other Whig ladies.

I saw Lady Jersey last night and had a long conversation with her about her squabbles. She declares solemnly (and I believe it) that she never said a syllable to the Queen against her quondam friends, owns she abused Sefton to other people, cried, and talked, and the end was that I am trying to put an end to these *tracasseries*. She was mighty glorious about her *sortie* upon Lambton, whom she dislikes, but she is vexed at the hornets' nest she has brought round her head. All this comes of talking. The wisest man mentioned in history was the vagrant in the Tuileries Gardens some years ago, who walked about with a gag on, and when taken up by the police and questioned why he went about in that guise, he said he was imprudent, and that he might not say any thing to get himself into jeopardy he had adopted this precaution. I wonder what Lambton would say now about appointing others instead of Palmerston and Co. if they should go out, which he talked of as such an easy and indifferent matter? What arrogance and folly there is in the world! I don't know how long this will last, but it must end in Peel's being Prime Minister. What a foolish proverb that is that "honesty is the best policy!"

I am just come home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor

to meet Wordsworth ; the same party as when he had Southey—Mill, Elliot, Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty ; hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth and a few scattered gray hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance ; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics, and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence ; he is more conversible and with a greater flow of animal spirits than Southey. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed, but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after ; that Southey always composes at his desk. He talked a great deal of Brougham, whose talents and domestic virtues he greatly admires ; that he was very generous and affectionate in his disposition, full of duty and attention to his mother, and had adopted and provided for a whole family of his brother's children, and treats his wife's children as if they were his own. He insisted upon taking them both with him to the drawing-room the other day when he went in state as Chancellor. They remonstrated with him, but in vain.

CHAPTER XIV.

Introduction of the Reform Bill—Attitude of the Opposition—Reform Debates—Peel—Wilberforce and Canning—Old Sir Robert Peel—The City Address—Agitation for Reform—Effects of the Reform Bill—Brougham as Chancellor—Brougham at the Horse Guards—Miss Kemble—Vote on the Timber Duties—Lord Lansdowne's Opinion of the Bill—Reform Bill carried by one Vote—The King in Mourning—The Prince of Orange—Peel's Reserve—Ministers beaten—Parliament dissolved by the King in Person—Tumult in Both Houses—Failure of the Whig Ministry—The King in their Hands—The Elections—Illumination in the City—The Queen alarmed—Lord Lyndhurst's View of the Bill—Lord Grey takes the Garter—The King at Ascot—Windsor under William IV.—Brougham at Whitbread's Brewery and at the British Museum—Breakfast at Rogers's—The Cholera—Quarantine—Meeting of Peers—New Parliament meets—Opened by the King—"Hernani" at Bridgewater House—The Second Reform Bill—The King's Coronation—Cobbett's Trial—Prince Leopold accepts the Crown of Belgium—Peel and the Tories—A Rabble Opposition—A Council for the Coronation.

March 2d.—The great day at length arrived, and yesterday Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in his Reform Bill. To describe the curiosity, the intensity of the expectation and excitement, would be impossible, and the secret had been so well kept that not a soul knew what the measure was (though most people guessed pretty well) till

they heard it. He rose at six o'clock, and spoke for two hours and a quarter—a sweeping measure indeed, much more so than any one had imagined, because the Ministers had said it was one which would give *general* satisfaction, whereas this must dissatisfy all the moderate and will probably just stop short enough not to satisfy the Radicals. They say it was ludicrous to see the faces of the members for those places which are to be disfranchised as they were severally announced, and Wetherell, who began to take notes, as the plan was gradually developed, after sundry contortions and grimaces and flinging about his arms and legs, threw down his notes with a mixture of despair and ridicule and horror. Not many people spoke last night: Inglis followed John Russell, and Francis Leveson closed the debate in the best speech he has ever made, though rather too flowery. Every thing is easy in these days, otherwise how Palmerston, Goderich, and Grant, can have joined in a measure of this sweeping, violent, and speculative character it is difficult to conceive, they who were the disciples of Castlereagh and the adherents of Canning; but after the Duke of Wellington and Peel carrying the Catholic question, Canning's friends advocating Radical Reform, and Eldon living to see Brougham on the Woolsack, what may one not expect?

What everybody inquires is what line Peel will take, and though each party is confident of success in this question, it is thought to depend mainly upon the course he adopts and the sentiments he expresses. Hitherto he has cautiously abstained from committing himself in any way, and he is free to act as he thinks best, but he certainly occupies a grand position when he has *omnium oculos in se conversos*, and the whole House of Commons looking with unalterable anxiety to his opinions and conduct. Such has the course of events and circumstances made this man, who is probably yet destined to play a great part, and it may be a very useful one. God knows how this plan may be received in the country, and what may be its fate in Parliament. The Duke of Wellington, however, is right enough when he says that the great present danger is lest people should be too much afraid, for any thing like the panic that prevails I never saw, the apprehension that enough will not be done to satiate the demon of popular opinion, and the disposition to submit implicitly to the universal bellow that pervades

this country, for what they call Reform without knowing what it is. As to this measure, the greatest evil of it is that it is a pure speculation, and may be productive of the best consequences, or the worst, or even of none at all, for all that its authors and abettors can explain to us or to themselves.

O'Connell made his explanation the other night, which was wretched, and Stanley's was very good, but it matters not; he will tell the people in Ireland that he had a victory, and they will believe him. Nevertheless his defeat in Kilkenny is an excellent thing, and will contribute greatly to destroy the prestige of his power.

March 3d.—Last night the debate went on, nobody remarkably speaking but Macaulay and Wetherell; the former very brilliant, the latter long, rambling, and amusing, and he sat down with such loud and long cheering as everybody agreed they had never heard before in the House of Commons, and which was taken not so much as a test of the merits of the speech as of an indication of the disposition of the majority of the House. Wetherell was very good fun in a conversation, he imagined, at Cockermouth between Sir James Graham and one of his constituents. It is thought very strange that none of the Ministers have spoken except Althorp the first night. The general opinion is that the Bill will be lost in the House of Commons, and that then Parliament will be dissolved, unless the King should take fright and prefer to change his Ministers.

March 5th.—On Thursday night the great speeches were those of Hobhouse on one side and Peel on the other, which last was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and some said (as usual) that it was the finest oration they had ever heard within the walls of Parliament; it seems by the report of it to have been very able and very eloquent. The people came into the "Travellers" after the debate, and bring their different accounts, all tinged by their particular opinions and prejudices, so that the exact truth of the relative merits of the speakers is only attainable by the newspaper reports, imperfect as they are, the next day. The excitement is beyond any thing I ever saw. Last night Stanley answered Peel in an excellent speech, and one which is likely to raise his reputation very high. He is evidently desirous of pitting himself against Peel, whom he dislikes; and it is probable that they are destined to be the rival leaders of two great Parliamentary parties, if things settle down into the ancient practices of

Parliamentary warfare. The other events of last night were the resignation of Charles Wynne and his opposition to the Bill, and the unexpected defection from Government of Lord Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's son, and Jeffrey's speech, which was very able, but somewhat tedious.

March 7th.—Nothing talked of, thought of, dreamt of, but Reform. Every creature one meets asks, What is said now? How will it go? What is the last news? What do *you* think? and so it is from morning till night, in the streets, in the clubs, and in private houses. Yesterday morning met Hobhouse; told him how well I heard he had spoken, and asked him what he thought of Peel's speech; he said it was brilliant, imposing, but not much in it. Everybody cries up (more than usual) the speeches on their own side, and despises those on the other, which is peculiarly absurd, because the speaking has been very good, and there is so much to be said on both sides that the speech of an adversary may be applauded without any admission of his being in the right. Hobhouse told me he had at first been afraid that his constituents would disapprove this measure, as so many of them would be disfranchised, but that they had behaved nobly and were quite content and ready to make any sacrifices for such an object. I asked him if he thought it would be carried; he said he did not like to think it would not, for he was desirous of keeping what he had, and he was persuaded he should lose it if the Bill were rejected. I said it was an unlucky dilemma when one-half of the world thought like him and the other half were equally convinced that if it be carried they should lose every thing.

Dined at Boodle's with the Master of the Rolls and Charles Grant, who talked about Peel and the reconstruction of the Tory party; that Peel and Wetherell do not *yet* speak, but that the parties have joined, and at the meeting at Wetherell's Herries went to represent Peel with sixteen or eighteen of his friends. Ross, another of Peel's *âmes damnées*, told me the same thing and that they would soon come together again. Grant said he knew that the Duke of Wellington had expressed his readiness to take any part in which it was thought he could render service, either a prominent or a subordinate one or none at all. If so, he will be a greater man than he has ever been yet.

Grant talked long and pathetically about the West Indies, and told me a curious anecdote on the authority of Scarlett,

who was present. When Wilberforce went out of Parliament he went to Canning and offered him the lead and direction of his party (the Saints), urging him to accept it, and assuring him that their support would give him a strength which, to an ambitious man like him, was invaluable. Canning took three days to consider it, but finally declined, and then the party elected Brougham as their chief; hence the representation of Yorkshire and many other incidents in Brougham's career.

Grant gave me a curious account of old Sir Robert Peel. He was the younger son of a merchant, his fortune (very small) left to him in the house, and he was not to take it out. He gave up the fortune and started in business without a shilling, but as the active partner in a concern with two other men—Yates (whose daughter he afterward married) and another—who between them made up £6,000; from this beginning he left £250,000 apiece to his five younger sons, £60,000 to his three daughters each, and £22,000 a year in land and £450,000 in the funds to Peel. In his lifetime he gave Peel £12,000 a year, the others £3,000, and spent £3,000 himself. He was always giving them money, and for objects which it might have been thought he would have undervalued. He paid for Peel's house when he built it, and for the *Chapau de Paille* (2,700 guineas) when he bought it.

March 10th.—The debate has gone on, and is to be over to-night: everybody heartily sick of it, but the excitement as great as ever. Last night O'Connell was very good, and vehemently cheered by the Government, Stanley, Duncannon, and all, all differences giving way to their zeal; Attwood, the other way, good; Graham a total failure, got into nautical terms and a simile about a ship, in which he floundered and sank. Sir J. Yorke quizzed him with great effect. To-day the City went up with their address, to which the King gave a very general answer. There was great curiosity to know what his answer would be. I rather think this address was got up by Government. Brougham had written to Liverpool to encourage the Reformers there, as he owed to George Villiers last night; and Pearson was with Ellice at the Treasury for an hour the day before this address was moved in the City. They have gone so far that they certainly wish for agitation here. The Duke of Wellington is alarmed; nobody guesses how the question will go. Went to Lady Jersey the day before yesterday to read her correspondence with Brougham, who flummeryed her over with notes full of affec-

tion and praise, to which she responded in the same strain, and so they are friends again. While I was reading her reply the Duke of Wellington came in, on which she huddled it up, and I conclude he has not seen her effusion. News arrived that the Poles have been beaten and have submitted. There is a great fall in the French funds, as they are expected not to pay their dividends. Europe is in a nice mess. The events of a quarter of a century would hardly be food for a week nowadays.

March 11th.—It is curious to see the change of opinion as to the passing of this Bill. The other day nobody would hear of the possibility of it, now everybody is beginning to think it will be carried. The tactics of the Opposition have been very bad, for they ought to have come to a division immediately, when I think Government would have been beaten, but it was pretty certain that if they gave time to the country to declare itself the meetings and addresses would fix the wavering and decide the doubtful. There certainly never was any thing like the unanimity which pervades the country on the subject, and though I do not think they will break out into rebellion if it is lost, it is impossible not to see that the feeling for it (kept alive as it will be by every sort of excitement) must prevail, and that if this particular Bill is not carried some other must very like it, and which, if it is much short of this, will only leave a peg to hang fresh discussions upon. The Government is desperate and sees no chance of safety but from their success in the measure, but I have my doubts whether they will render themselves immortal by it. It is quite impossible to guess at its effects at present upon the House of Commons in the first return which may be made under it, but if a vast difference is not made, and if it shall still leave to property and personal influence any great extent of power, the Tory party, which is sure to be revived, will in all probability be too strong for the Reforming Whigs. The Duke of Wellington expected to gain strength by passing the Catholic question, whereas he was ruined by it.

March 15th.—It is universally believed that this Bill will pass, except by some of the ultras against it, or by the fools. But what next? That nobody can tell, though to see the exultation of the Government one would imagine they saw their way clearly to a result of wonderful good. I have little doubt that it will be read a second time, and be a good deal battled in Committee. Although they are determined to

carry it through the Committee with a high hand, and not to suffer any alterations, probably some sort of compromise in matters of inferior moment will be made. But when it comes into operation how disappointed everybody will be, and first of all the people ! Their imaginations are raised to the highest pitch, but they will open their eyes very wide when they find no sort of advantage accruing to them, when they are deprived of much of the expense and more of the excitement of elections, and see a House of Commons constructed after their own hearts, which will probably be an assembly in all respects inferior to the present. Then they will not be satisfied, and as it will be impossible to go back, there will be plenty of agitators who will preach that we have not gone far enough ; and if a Reformed Parliament does not do all that popular clamor shall demand, it will be treated with very little ceremony. If, however, it be true that the tendency of this Bill will be to throw power into the hands of the landed interest, we shall have a great Tory party, which will be selfish, bigoted, and ignorant, and a Radical party, while the Whig party, who will have carried the measure, will sink into insignificance. Such present themselves to my mind as possible alternatives, as far as it is practicable to take any thing like a view of probabilities in the chaos and confusion that mighty alterations like these produce.

I dined with Lord Grey on Sunday ; they are all in high spirits. Howick told his father that he had received a letter from some merchant in the north praising the Bill, and saying he approved of the whole Government except of Poulett Thomson. In the evening Brougham, John Russell, and others arrived. I hear of Brougham from Sefton, with whom he passes most of his spare time, to relieve his mind by small talk, *persiflage*, and the gossip of the day. He tells Sefton "that he likes his office, but that it is a mere plaything and there is nothing to do ; his life is too idle, and when he has cleared off the arrears, which he shall do forthwith, that he really does not know how he shall get rid of his time ;" that "he does not suffer the prolixity of counsel, and when they wander from the point he brings them back and says, 'You need not say any thing on that point ; what I want to be informed upon is so.' " He is a wonderful man, the most extraordinary I ever saw, but there is more of the mountebank than of greatness in all this. It may do well enough for Sefton, who is as ignorant as he is sharp and shrewd, and

captivated with his congenial off-handism, but it requires something more than Brougham's flippant *ipse dixit* to convince me that the office of Chancellor is such a sinecure and bagatelle. He had a levee the other night, which was brilliantly attended—the Archbishop, Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, a host of people. Sefton goes and sits in his private room and sees his receptions of people, and gives very amusing accounts of his extreme politeness to the Lord Mayor and his cool *insouciance* with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The stories of him as told by Sefton would be invaluable to his future biographer, and never was a life more sure to be written hereafter.

March 17th.—The night before last Wynford attacked Brougham's Bill, and got lashed in return with prodigious severity. He is resolved to press it, though George Villiers told me he had promised Lyndhurst to wait for his return to town. Notwithstanding his vamping about the Court of Chancery, and treating it as such child's play, Leach affirms (but he is disappointed and hates him) that he is a very bad judge and knows nothing of his business. "He was a very bad advocate; why should he make a good judge?"

The Reform Bill is just printed, and already are the various objections raised against different parts of it, sufficient to show that it will be pulled to pieces in Committee. Both parties confident of success on the second reading, but the country *will* have it; there is a determination on the subject, and a unanimity perfectly marvelous, and no demonstration of the unfitness of any of its parts will be of any avail; some of its details may be corrected and amended, but substantially it must pass pretty much as it is.

Brougham has been getting into a squabble with the military. At the drawing room on Thursday they refused to let his carriage pass through the Horse Guards, when he ordered his coachman to force his way through, which he did. He was quite wrong, and it was very unbecoming and undignified. Lord Londonderry called for an explanation in the House of Lords, when Brougham made a speech, and a very lame one. He said he ordered his coachman to go back, who did not hear him and went on, and when he had got through he thought it was not worth while to turn back. The Lords laughed. A few days after he drove over the soldiers in Downing Street, who were relieving guard; but this time he

did no great harm to the men, and it was not his fault, but these things are talked of.

Dined yesterday with General Macdonald to meet the Kembles. Miss Fanny is near being very handsome from the extraordinary expression of her countenance and fine eyes, but her figure is not good. She is short, hands and feet large, arms handsome, skin dark and coarse, and her manner wants ease and repose. Her mother is a very agreeable woman. I did not sit next to Fanny, and had no talk with her afterward.

March 18th.—Met Robert Clive yesterday morning; very low about the Bill, which he thinks so sure to be carried that he questions the expediency of dividing on the second reading; complained bitterly of the bad tactics and want of union of the party, and especially of Peel's incapacity and backwardness in not having rallied and taken the lead more than he has; he is in fact so old, phlegmatic, and calculating that he disgusts those who can't do without him as a leader; he will always have political but never personal influence.

March 20th.—On Friday night, after not a long but an angry and noisy debate, there was a division on the timber duties, and Government was beaten by forty-three, all the Saints, West Indians, and anti-Free-traders voting with the great body of Opposition. Their satisfaction was tumultuous. They have long been desirous of bringing Ministers to a trial of strength, and they did not care much upon what; they wanted to let the world see the weakness of Government, and besides on this occasion they hoped that a defeat might be prejudicial to the Reform Bill, so that this matter of commercial and fiscal policy is not decided on its own merits, but is influenced by passion, violence, party tactics, and its remote bearing upon another question with which it has no immediate relation. Althorp was obliged to abandon his original proposition of taking off 5*s.* from the duty on Baltic timber, which is 55*s.* (and 45*s.* on deals), and adding 10*s.* to the Canadian, which is already 10*s.* He proposed instead to take off 6*s.* from the former this year, 6*s.* next, and 3*s.* next, so as to give plenty of time for the withdrawal of capital, and to meet all contingencies. The proposal was not unfair, and in other times would have been carried. Poulett Thomson made a very good speech, clear and satisfactory. Peel was what is called very factious—that is, in opposition—just what the others were, violent and unreasonable as far as the question

is concerned, but acting upon a system having for its object to embarrass the Government.

I still think the second reading of the Reform Bill will pass, and, all things considered, that it would be the best thing that could happen; it is better to capitulate than to be taken by storm. The people are unanimous, good-humored, and determined; if the Bill is thrown out, their good-humor will disappear, the country will be a scene of violence and uproar, and a most ferocious Parliament will be returned, which will not only carry the question of Reform, but possibly do so in a very different form. We should see the *iræ leonum vincula recusantium*, and this proposition is so evident, this state of things is so indisputable, that it is marvelous to me how anybody can triumph and exult in the anticipation of a victory the consequences of which would be more unfortunate than a defeat. If indeed a victory could set the matter at rest, confirm our present institutions, and pacify the people, it would be very well; but Reform the people will have, and no human power, mortal or physical, can now arrest its career. It would be better, then, to concede with a good grace, and to modify the measure in Committee, which may still be practicable, than to oppose it point-blank without a prospect of success.

March 22d.—The debate began again last night, and was adjourned. It was dull, and the House impatient. To-night they will divide, and after a thousand fluctuations of opinion it is thought the Bill will be thrown out by a small majority. Then will come the question of a dissolution, which one side affirms will take place directly, and the other that the King will not consent to it, knowing, as "the man in the street" (as we call him at Newmarket) always does, the greatest secrets of kings, and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts. As for me, I see nothing but a choice of difficulties either way, and victory or defeat would be equally bad. It is odd enough, but I believe Lord Lansdowne thinks just the same, for he asked me yesterday morning what I expected would be the result, and I told him my opinion on the whole question, and he replied, "I can add nothing to what you have said; that is exactly my own opinion," and I have very little doubt that more than half the Cabinet in their hearts abhor the measure. Knatchbull was taken ill in the morning, and could not go to the House at all.

March 23d.—The House divided at three o'clock this morning, and the second reading was carried by a majority of

one in the fullest House that ever was known—303 to 302—both parties confident up to the moment of division; but the Opposition most so, and at last the Government expected to be beaten. Denman told somebody as they were going to divide that the question would be lost; Calcraft, and the Wynnes' going over at the eleventh hour did the business. I believe that this division is the best thing that could happen, and so I told the Duke in the morning, and that I had wished it to be carried by a small majority; I met him walking with Arbuthnot in the park. He said, "I could not take such a course" (that was in answer to my saying I wished it to be read a second time, to be lost in the Committee). I said, "But you would have nothing to do with it personally." "No; but as belonging to the party I could not recommend such a course," which seemed as if he did not altogether disagree with my view of it. I stopped at the "Travelers" till past three, when a man came in and told me the news. I walked home, and found the streets swarming with members of Parliament coming from the House. My belief is (if they manage well and are active and determined) that the Bill will be lost in Committee, and then this will be the best thing that could have occurred.

March 24th.—The agitation the other night on the division was prodigious. The Government, who staid in the House, thought they had lost it by ten, and the Opposition, who were crowded in the lobby, fancied from their numbers that they were sure of winning. There was betting going on all night long, and large sums have been won and lost. The people in the lobby were miscounted, and they thought they had 303. At the levee yesterday and Council; the Government are by way of being satisfied, but hardly can be. I met the Duke of Wellington afterward, who owned to me that he thought this small majority for the Bill was on the whole the best thing that could have occurred, and that seems to be the opinion generally of its opponents.

Nothing particularly at the levee; Brougham very good fun. The King, who had put off going to the Opera on account of the death of his son-in-law Kennedy, appeared in mourning (crape, that is), which is reckoned bad taste; the public allow natural feeling to supersede law and etiquette, but it is too much to extend that courtesy to a "son-in-law," and his daughter is not in England. Somebody said that "it was the first time that a King of England had appeared in

mourning that his subjects did not wear." In the evening to the Ancient Concert, where the Queen was, and by-the-by in mourning, and the Margravine and Duchess of Gloucester too, but they (the two latter) could hardly be mourning for Lord Cassilis's son. Horace Seymour, Meynell, and Calvert, were all turned out of their places in the Lord Chamberlain's department on account of their votes the other night.

The change of Ministers at Paris and Casimir Périer's speech have restored something like confidence about French affairs. The Prince of Orange is gone back to Holland, to his infinite disgust; he was escorted by Lady Dudley Stewart and Mrs. Fox as far as Gravesend, I believe, where they were found the next day in their white satin shoes and evening dresses. He made a great fool of himself here, and destroyed any sympathy there might have been for his political misfortunes; supping, dancing, and acting, and little (rather innocent) orgies at these ladies' houses, formed his habitual occupation.

A sort of repose from the cursed Bill for a moment, but it is said that many who opposed it before are going to support it in Committee; nobody knows. When the speaker put the question, each party roared "Ay" and "No" *totis viribus*. He said he did not know, and put it again. After that he said, "I am not sure, but I think the ayes have it." Then the noes went out into the lobby, and the others thought they never would have done filing out, and the House looked so empty when they were gone that the Government was in despair. They say the excitement was beyond any thing. I continue to hear great complaints of Peel—of his coldness, incommunicativeness, and deficiency in all the qualities requisite for a leader, particularly at such a time. There is nobody else, or he would be deserted for any man who had talents enough to take a prominent part, so much does he disgust his adherents. Nobody knows what are his opinions, feelings, wishes, or intentions; he will not go *en avant*, and nobody feels any dependence upon him. There is no help for it and the man's nature can't be altered. I said all this to Ross yesterday, his devoted adherent, and he was obliged to own it, with all kinds of regrets and endeavors to soften the picture.

April 14th.—The Reform campaign has reopened with a violent speech from Hunt denouncing the whole thing as a delusion; that the people begin to find out how they are humbugged, and that as it will make nothing cheaper they

don't care about it. The man's drift is not very clear whether the Bill is really unpalatable at Preston or whether he wants to go further directly. At the same time John Russell announced some alterations in the Bill, not, as he asserted, trenching upon its principle, but, as the Opposition declares, altering it altogether. On the whole, these things have inspired its opponents, and, as they must produce delay, are in so far bad for the Reform cause. Besides, though the opinion of the country is universally in its favor, people are beginning to think that it may be rejected without any apprehension of such dreadful consequences ensuing as have been predicted. Then the state of Ireland is such that it is thought the Ministers cannot encounter a dissolution, not that I feel any security on that head, for I believe the Cabinet is ruled by two or three men reckless of every thing provided they can prolong their own power.

April 24th.—At Newmarket all last week and returned to town last night to hear from those who saw them the extraordinary scenes in both Houses of Parliament (the day before) which closed the eventful week. The Reform battle began again on Monday last. The night before I went out of town I met Duncannon, and walked with him up Regent Street, when he told me that he did not believe the Ministers would be beaten, but if they were they should certainly dissolve instantly; that *he* should have liked to dissolve long ago, but they owed it to their friends not to have recourse to a dissolution if they could help it. On Monday General Gascoyne moved that the Committee should be instructed not to reduce the members of the House of Commons, and this was carried after two nights' debate by eight. The dissolution was then decided upon. Meanwhile Lord Wharncliffe gave notice of a motion to address the King not to dissolve Parliament, and this was to have come on on Friday. On Thursday the Ministers were again beaten in the House of Commons on a question of adjournment, and on Friday morning they got the King to go down and prorogue Parliament in person the same day. This *coup d'état* was so sudden that nobody was aware of it till within two or three hours of the time, and many not at all. They told him that the cream-colored horses could not be got ready, when he said, "Then I will go with anybody else's horses." Somebody went off in a carriage to the Tower, to fetch the Crown, and they collected such attendants as they could find to go with his Majesty. The Houses met at

one or two o'clock. In the House of Commons Sir R. Vyvyan made a furious speech, attacking the Government on every point, and (excited as he was) it was very well done. The Ministers made no reply, but Sir Francis Burdett and Tennyson endeavored to interrupt with calls to order, and when the Speaker decided that Vyvyan was not out of order Tennyson disputed his opinion, which enraged the Speaker, and soon after called up Peel, for whom he was resolved to procure a hearing. The scene then resembled that which took place on Lord North's resignation in 1782, for Althorp (I think) moved that Burdett should be heard, and the Speaker said that "Peel was in possession of the House to speak on that motion." He made a very violent speech, attacking the Government for their incompetence, folly, and recklessness, and treated them with the utmost asperity and contempt. In the midst of his speech the guns announced the arrival of the King, and at each explosion the Government gave a loud cheer, and Peel was still speaking in the midst of every sort of noise and tumult when the Usher of the Black Rod knocked at the door to summon the Commons to the House of Peers. There the proceedings were if possible still more violent and outrageous; those who were present tell me it resembled nothing but what we read of the "*Serment du Jeu de Paume*," and the whole scene was as much like the preparatory days of a revolution as can well be imagined. Wharncliffe was to have moved an address to the Crown against dissolving Parliament, and this motion the Ministers were resolved should not come on, but he contrived to bring it on so far as to get it put upon the Journals. The Duke of Richmond endeavored to prevent any speaking by raising points of order, and moving that the Lords should take their regular places (in separate ranks), which, however, is impossible at a royal sitting, because the cross-benches are removed; this put Lord Londonderry in such a fury that he rose, roared, gesticulated, held up his whip, and four or five Lords held him down by the tail of his coat to prevent his flying on somebody. Lord Lyndhurst was equally furious, and some sharp words passed which were not distinctly heard. In the midst of all the din Lord Mansfield rose and obtained a hearing. Wharncliffe said to him, "For God's sake, Mansfield, take care what you are about, and don't disgrace us more in the state we are in!" "Don't be afraid," he said; "I will say nothing that will alarm you;" and accordingly he

pronounced a trimming philippic on the Government, which, delivered as it was in an imposing manner, attired in his robes, and with the greatest energy and excitation, was prodigiously effective. While he was still speaking, the King arrived, but he did not desist even while his Majesty¹ was entering the House of Lords, nor till he approached the throne; and while the King was ascending the steps, the hoarse voice of Lord Londonderry was heard crying "Hear, hear, hear!" The King, from the robing-room, heard the noise, and asked what it all meant. The conduct of the Chancellor was most extraordinary, skipping in and out of the House and making most extraordinary speeches. In the midst of the uproar he went out of the House, when Lord Shaftesbury was moved into the chair. In the middle of the debate Brougham again came in and said, "it was most extraordinary that the King's undoubted right to dissolve Parliament should be questioned at a moment when the House of Commons had taken the unprecedented course of stopping the supplies," and having so said (which was a lie) he flounced out of the House to receive the King on his arrival. The King ought not properly to have worn the Crown, never having been crowned; but when he was in the robing-room he said to Lord Hastings, "Lord Hastings, I wear the Crown; where is it?" It was brought to him, and when Lord Hastings was going to put it on his head he said, "Nobody shall put the Crown on my head but myself." He put it on, and then turned to Lord Grey, and said, "Now, my Lord, the coronation is over." George Villiers said that in his life he never saw such a scene, and as he looked at the King upon the throne with the Crown loose upon his head, and the tall, grim figure of Lord Grey close beside him with the sword of state in his hand, it was as if the King had got his executioner by his side, and the whole picture looked strikingly typical of his and our future destinies.

¹ When Lord Mansfield sat down he said: "I have spoken English to them at least." Lord Lyndhurst told me that Lord Mansfield stopped speaking as soon as the door opened to admit the King. He said he never saw him so excited before, and in his robes he looked very grand. He also told me that he was at Lady Holland's giving an account of the scene when Brougham came in. He said: "I was telling them what passed the other day in our House," when Brougham explained his part by saying that the Usher of the Black Rod (Tyrwhit) was at his elbow saying: "My Lord Chancellor, you must come; the King is waiting for you; come along; you must come," and that he was thus dragged out of the House in this hurry and without having time to sit down or say any more.

Such has been the termination of this Parliament and of the first act of the new Ministerial drama; there never was a Government ousted with more ignominy than the last, nor a Ministry that came in with higher pretensions, greater professions, and better prospects than the present, but nothing ever corresponded less than their performances with their pretensions. The composition of the Government was radically defective, and with a good deal of loose talent there was so much of passion, folly, violence, and knavery, together with inexperience and ignorance mixed up with it, that from the very beginning they cut the sorriest possible figure. Such men as Richmond, Durham, Althorp, and Graham, in their different ways, were enough to spoil any Cabinet, and consequently their course has been marked by a series of blunders and defeats. Up to the moment of the dissolution few people expected it would happen, some thinking the King would not consent, others that the Government would never venture upon it, but the King is weak and the Ministry reckless. That disposition, which at first appeared so laudable, of putting himself implicitly into the hands of his Ministers, and which seemed the more so from the contrast it afforded to the conduct of the late King, who was always thwarting his Ministers, throwing difficulties in their way, and playing a double part, becomes vicious when carried to the extent of paralyzing all free action and free opinion on his part, and of suffering himself to be made the instrument of any measures, however violent. It may be said, indeed, that he cordially agrees with these men, and has opinions coincident with theirs, but this is not probable; and when we remember his unlimited confidence in the Duke up to the moment of his resignation, it is impossible to believe that he can have so rapidly imbibed principles the very reverse of those which the Duke maintained.¹ It is more likely that he has no opinions, and is really a mere puppet in the hands into which he may happen to fall. Lord Mansfield had an audience, and gave him his sentiments upon the state of affairs. He will not say what passed between them, but it is clear that it was of no use.

The Queen and the Royal Family are extremely untappy at all these things, but the former has no influence whatever

¹ The King was extremely opposed to the dissolution, and had remonstrated against it ever since it was first proposed to him in March. See Lord Grey's letter in the *Times* of March 20, 1866.

with the King. In the mean time there are very different opinions as to the result of the elections, some thinking that Government will not gain much by the dissolution, others that they (or at least Reform) will win every thing. It seems to me quite impossible that they should not win every thing, but time is gained to the other side. The census of 1831 will be out, and the chapter of accidents may and must make much difference; still I see no possibility of arresting the progress of Reform, and whether this Bill or another like it passes is much the same thing. The Government have made it up with O'Connell, which is one mouthful of the dirty pudding they have had to swallow, as one of their own friends said of the n.

April 26th.—Last night at the Queen's ball; heaps of people of all sorts; everybody talking of the elections. Both parties pretend to be confident, but the Government with the best reason. The county members, as Sefton says, are tumbling about like nine-pins, and though it seems not improbable that the Opposition will gain in the boroughs, they must lose greatly in the counties; and we must not only look to the relative numbers, but to the composition of the respective parties. A large minority composed of borough nominees, corporation members, and only a sprinkling of what is called independence, would not look well. Large sums have been subscribed on both sides, but on that of the Opposition there is a want of candidates more than of places to send them to.

I met Lyndhurst last night, and asked him what it was he said in the House of Lords. He said it was nothing very violent, but that it was not heard. The Duke of Richmond had spoken to the point of order, and said in a very marked way, "he saw a noble Earl sitting by a *junior* Baron." This was Lyndhurst, who was offended at the sneer upon his want of *ancienneté*, and who retorted that before the noble Duke made such speeches on points of order he would do well to make himself acquainted with the orders of the House, of which it was obvious he knew nothing. The Duke of Devonshire told Lady Lyndhurst that her husband ought to resign his judicial situation because he had displayed hostility to Government the other night, but it would be a new maxim to establish that the judges were to be amenable to the Minister for their political opinions and Parliamentary conduct.

April 29th.—The night before last there was an illumination, got up by the foolish Lord Mayor, which of course pro-

duced an uproar and a general breaking of obnoxious windows. Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Buccleuch went to Melbourne in the morning, and remonstrated, asking what protection he meant to afford to their properties. A gun (with powder only) was fired over the heads of the mob from Apsley House, and they did not go there again. The Government might have discouraged this manifestation of triumph, but they wished for it for the purpose of increasing the popular excitement. They don't care what they do, or what others do, so long as they can keep the people in a ferment. It is disgusting to the last degree, to hear their joy and exultation at the success of their measures and the good prospects held out to them by the elections; all of which may turn out very well, but if it does not, "who shall set hoddie-doddy up again?" Lord Cleveland has subscribed £10,000 to the election fund.

Lord Yarborough, by a very questionable piece of political morality, has given the Holmes boroughs in the Isle of Wight to Government; they are the property of Sir L. Holmes's daughter, whose guardian he is as well as executor under the will. In this capacity he has the disposal of the boroughs, and he gives them to the Ministers to fill with men who are to vote for their disfranchisement. A large price is paid for them—£4,000—but it makes a difference of eight votes, and if the Bill is carried they will be worth nothing. The elections promise well for Government, even in the boroughs, as I was persuaded they would. O'Connell has put forth a proclamation entreating, commanding peace, order, and support of the Bill's supporters. Tom Moore called on me yesterday morning. He said that he was a Reformer, and liked the Bill, but he was fully aware of all that it might produce of evil to the present system. He owned frankly that he felt like an Irishman, and that the wrongs of Ireland and the obstinacy of the faction who had oppressed her still rankled in his heart, and that he should not be sorry at any vengeance which might overtake them at last. I hear renewed complaints of Peel, of his selfish, cold, calculating, cowardly policy; that we are indebted to him principally for our present condition I have no doubt—to his obstinacy and to his conduct in the Catholic question first, to his opposition and then to his support of it. Opposing all and every sort of Reform *totis viribus* while he dared, now he makes a death-bed profession of acquiescence in something which should be more moderate than this. All these things disgust people inconceivably, and it is not the

less melancholy that he is our only resource, and his capacity for business and power in the House of Commons places him so far above all his competitors that if we are to have a Conservative party we must look to him alone to lead it.

May 7th.—Nothing could go on worse than the elections—Reformers returned everywhere, so much so that the contest is over, and we have only to await the event and see what the House of Lords will do. In the House of Commons the Bill is already carried. It is supposed that the Ministers themselves begin to be alarmed at the devil they have let loose, and well they may; but he is out, and stop him who can. The King has put off his visit to the City because he is ill, as the Government would have it believed, but really because he is furious with the Lord Mayor at all the riots and uproar on the night of the illumination. That night the Queen went to the Ancient Concert, and on her return the mob surrounded the carriage; she had no guards, and the footmen were obliged to beat the people off with their canes to prevent their thrusting their heads into the coach. She was frightened and the King very much annoyed. He heard the noise and tumult, and paced backward and forward in his room waiting for her return. When she came back Lord Howe, her chamberlain, as usual preceded her, when the King said, "How is the Queen?" and went down to meet her. Howe, who is an eager anti-Reformer, said, "Very much frightened, sir," and made the worst of it. She was in fact terrified, and as she detests the whole of these proceedings, the more distressed and disgusted. The King was very angry and immediately declared he would not go to the City at all. It is supposed that Government will make a large batch of Peers to secure the Bill in the House of Lords, but the press have already begun to attack that House, declaring that if they pass the Bill it will be from compulsion, and if they do not that they are the enemies of the people.

May 11th.—The elections are going on universally in favor of Reform; the great interests in the counties are everywhere broken, and old connections dissevered. In Worcestershire Captain Spencer, who has nothing to do with the county, and was brought there by his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, has beaten Lygon, backed by all the wealth of his family; the Mannors have withdrawn from Leicestershire and Cambridgeshire, and Lord E. Somerset from Gloucestershire; Lord Worcester too is beaten at Monmouth. Everywhere the tide is

irresistible; all considerations are sacrificed to the success of the measure. At the last Essex election Colonel Tyrrell saved Western, who would have been beaten by Long Wellesley, and now Western has coalesced with Wellesley against Tyrrell, and will throw him out. In Northamptonshire Althorp had pledged himself to Cartwright not to bring forward another candidate on his side, and Milton joins him and stands. The state of excitement, doubt, and apprehension which prevails will not quickly subside, for the battle is only beginning; when the Bill is carried we must prepare for the second act.

May 14th.—The elections are still going for Reform. They count upon a majority of 140 in the House of Commons, but the Tories meditate resistance in the House of Lords, which it is to be hoped will be fruitless, and it is probable the Peers will trot round as they did about the Catholic question when it comes to the point. There is a great hubbub at Northampton about a pledge which Althorp is supposed to have given not to bring forward another candidate against Cartwright, which the anti-Reformers say he has violated in putting up Milton, and moreover that such conduct is very dishonest; and as his honesty was his principal recommendation, if he should have forfeited that what would remain to him? On the contrary his friends say that he gave no such pledge, that he expressed a hope there might be no contest, but the people would have Milton, and though Althorp regretted his standing, as he did stand they were obliged to join for their common safety. So much for this electioneering squabble, of which time will elicit the truth. Last night I went to Prince Leopold's, where was George Fitzclarence receiving congratulations on his new dignity (Earl of Munster). He told me everybody had been very kind about it—the King, Lord Grey, his friends, and the public. He had told Lord Grey he was anxious his brothers and sisters should have the rank of marquis's sons and daughters (to give them titles). Grey had only objected that their titles would then represent a higher rank than his own,¹ but that he laid no stress on that objection, and it would be done directly. Melbourne has written a letter to the Lord Mayor assuring him that ill health is the only obstacle to the King's visit to the City, and that there is no foundation for the report of his displeasure, the

¹ [If Lord Grey said this it was a mistake. The younger sons and daughters of marquises take rank after earls.]

Lord Mayor's explanation having proved quite satisfactory. This is not true, I believe, but they make him say so.

May 22d.—At Epsom all last week for the races at a house which Lord Chesterfield took; nobody there but the three sisters¹ and their two husbands. Rode out on the downs every morning, and enjoyed the fine country, as beautiful as any I have seen of the kind. After the races on Friday I went to Richmond to dine with Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, and was refreshed by his vigorous mind after the three or four days I had passed. He thinks the state of things very bad, has a great contempt for this Government, is very doubtful what will happen, thinks Lord Grey will not stand, and that Brougham will be Chancellor and Prime Minister, like Clarendon; he talked of the late Government, the Duke of Wellington and Peel; he said that the former meddled with no department but that of Foreign Affairs, which he conducted entirely; that he understood them better than any thing else, and if he came into office again would be Foreign Secretary; that in the Cabinet he was always candid, reasonable, and ready to discuss fairly every subject, but not so Peel. He, if his opinion was not adopted, would take up a newspaper and sulk. Lyndhurst agreed with me about his manners, his coldness, and how he disgusted instead of conciliating people; he said that when any of his friends in Parliament proposed to speak in any debate, he never encouraged or assisted them, but answered with a dry "Do you?" to their notification of a wish or intention. He said that this Bill was drawn up by Lambton himself, but so ill done, so ignorantly and inefficiently, that they were obliged to send for Harrison, who, in conjunction with the Attorney-General, drew it up afresh; that when John Russell brought it forward the Bill was still undrawn.² He says that there is not the least doubt they never had an idea of bringing forward any such measure as this till they found themselves so weak in the House of Commons that nothing but a popular cry and Radical support could possibly save them. It is very remarkable when we look back to the moment of the dissolution of the late Government, when Brougham was in the House of

¹ [Lady Chesterfield, Mrs. Anson, and Miss Forester.]

² [Compare the details of the preparation of the Reform Bill published by Lord Russell in the last edition of his "Essay on the British Constitution." Much of this conversation of Lord Lyndhurst's is extremely wide of the truth, but it is retained to show what was said and believed by competent persons at the time.]

Commons armed with his Bill, which, though unknown, was so dreaded, and which turns out to have been mere milk-and-water compared with this. He said Brougham was offered the Attorney-Generalship by a note, which he tore in pieces and stamped upon, and sent word that there was no answer; that he has long aspired to be Chancellor, and wished to get into the House of Lords. He ridicules his pretensions to such wonderful doings in his Court and in the Bills he has announced; says that he has decided no bankruptcy cases, and, except some Scotch appeals in the House of Lords, has got rid of hardly any arrears; and as to his Bills, the Bankruptcy Bill was objectionable and the Chancery Bill he has never brought on at all; that he knows he affects a short cut to judicial eminence, but that without labor and reading he cannot administer justice in that Court, although no doubt his great acuteness and rapid perception may often enable him at once to see the merits of a case and hit upon the important points. This he said in reply to what I told him of Brougham's trumpeter Sefton, who echoes from his own lips that "the Court of Chancery is such a sinecure and mere child's play."

In the mean time the elections have been going languidly on, and are now nearly over; contrary to the prognostications of the Tories, they have gone off very quietly, even in Ireland not many contests, the anti-Reformers being unable to make any fight at all; except in Shropshire they are dead-beat everywhere. Northamptonshire the sharpest contest, and the one which has made the most ill blood; this particular election has produced a good deal of violence; elsewhere the Reformers have it hollow, no matter what the characters of the candidates, if they are only for the Bill. Calcraft and Wellesley, the former not respected, the latter covered with disgrace, have beat Banks and Tyrrell. Lowther had not a chance in Cumberland, where Sir James Graham got into another scrape, for in an impertinent speech he made an attack upon Scarlett, which drew upon him a message and from him an apology. Formerly, when a man made use of offensive expressions and was called to account, he thought it right to go out and stand a shot before he ate his words, but nowadays that piece of chivalry is dispensed with, and politicians make nothing of being scurrilous one day and humble the next. Hyde Villiers has been appointed to succeed Sandon at the Board of Control as a Whig and a Reformer. He was in a hundred minds what line he should take, and had written a pamphlet to prove

the necessity of giving Ministers seats in both Houses (as in France), which he has probably put in the fire. I am very glad he has got the place, and though his opinions were not very decided before, he has always been anti-Tory, and has done nothing discreditable to get it, and it was offered to him in a very flattering manner.

May 28th.—Yesterday Lord Grey was invested with the blue ribbon, though there is no vacancy; the only precedent is that of Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh (which was thought wrong), but it was on the occasion of the peace after Bonaparte's overthrow and when Castlereagh returned with such *éclat* from Paris that the whole House of Commons rose and cheered him as he entered it.

I met Alexander Baring the other night, who said it was certain that the King was full of regrets at the extent of the measures into which he had been hurried, when I told him of Lord Grey's Garter, and asked him what he said to that, and how that bore out the assertion of the King's regrets. That fact is that although on one side a most indecent though effectual use of the King's name has been made, on the other there is nothing that is not asserted with equal confidence about "his difficulties and his scruples." Sefton told me that it was the sort of things that were said that made the King write to Lord Grey (he saw the letter) and tell him that he thought it of the greatest importance at the present moment to confer upon him a signal mark of his regard and of his satisfaction with the whole of his conduct. It is, I believe, true that the King felt some alarm and some doubt about the dissolution, but I do not believe that he has any doubts or fears at present. Indeed, how should he not have suffered himself to be led away by these people and to become identified with their measure? They have given him an ample share of the praise of it; they assure him it will be eminently successful; he sees himself popular and applauded to the skies, and as far as things have gone it has been successful, for the elections have gone on and gone off very peaceably, and the country in expectation of the passing of the Bill is in a state of profound tranquillity.

June 5th.—All last week at Fern Hill for the Ascot races; the Chesterfields, Tavistocks, Belfasts, George Ansons, Montague, Stradbroke, and Brooke Greville, were there. The Royal Family came to the course the first day with a great *cortège*—eight coaches and four, two phaetons, pony sociables.

and led horses—Munster riding on horseback behind the King's carriage, Augustus (the parson) and Frederick driving phaetons. The Duke of Richmond was in the King's calèche and Lord Grey in one of the coaches. The reception was strikingly cold and indifferent, not half so good as that which the late King used to receive. William was bored to death with the races, and his own horse broke down. On Wednesday he did not come; on Thursday they came again. Beautiful weather and unprecedented multitudes. The King was much more cheered than the first day, or the greater number of people made a greater noise. A few cheers were given to Lord Grey as he returned, which he just acknowledged and no more. On Friday we dined at the Castle; each day the King asked a crowd of people from the neighborhood. We arrived at a little before seven; the Queen was only just come in from riding, so we had to wait till near eight. Above forty people at dinner, for which the room is not nearly large enough; the dinner was not bad, but the room insufferably hot. The Queen was taken out by the Duke of Richmond, and the King followed with the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Queen's sister. He drinks wine with everybody, asking seven or eight at a time. After dinner he drops asleep. We sat for a short time. Directly after coffee the band began to play; a good band, not numerous, and principally of violins and stringed instruments. The Queen and the whole party sat there all the evening, so that it was, in fact, a concert of instrumental music. The King took Lady Tavistock to St. George's Hall and the ballroom, where we walked about, with two or three servants carrying lamps to show the proportions, for it was not lit up. The whole thing is exceedingly magnificent, and the manner of life does not appear to be very formal, and need not be disagreeable but for the bore of never dining without twenty strangers. The Castle holds very few people, and with the King's and Queen's immediate suite and *toute la bâtardise* it was quite full. The King's four sons were there, *signoreggianti tutti*, and the whole thing "donnait à penser" to those who looked back a little and had seen other days. We sat in that room in which Lyndhurst has often talked to me of the famous five hours' discussion with the late King, when the Catholic Bill hung upon his caprice. Palmerston told me he had never been in the Castle since the eventful day of Herries's appointment and non-appointment; and how many things have happened since!

What a *changement de décoration*; no longer George IV., capricious, luxurious, and misanthropic, liking nothing but the society of listeners and flatterers, with the Conyngham tribe and one or two Tory Ministers and foreign Embassadors; but a plain, vulgar, hospitable gentleman, opening his doors to all the world, with a numerous family and suite, a Whig Ministry, no foreigners and no toad-eaters at all. Nothing can be more different, and, looking at him, one sees how soon this act will be finished, and the same be changed for another probably not less dissimilar. Queen, bastards, Whigs,¹ all will disappear, and God knows what replaces them. Came to town yesterday, and found a quarrel between Henry Bentinck and Sir Roger Gresley, which I had to settle, and did settle amicably in the course of the evening.

June 7th.—Dined with Sefton yesterday, who gave me an account of a dinner at Fowell Buxton's on Saturday to see the brewery, at which Brougham was the "magnus Apollo." Sefton is excellent as a commentator on Brougham; he says that he watches him incessantly, never listens to anybody else when he is there, and *roves* him unmercifully afterwards for all the humbug, nonsense, and palaver, he hears him talk to people. They were twenty-seven at dinner. Talleyrand was to have gone, but was frightened by being told that he would get nothing but beefsteaks and porter, so he staid away. They dined in the brewhouse, and visited the whole establishment. Lord Grey was there in star, garter, and ribbon. There were people ready to show and explain every thing, but not a bit—Brougham took the explanation of every thing into his own hands—the mode of brewing, the machinery, down to the feeding of the cart-horses. After dinner the account-books were brought, and the young Buxtons were beckoned up to the top of the table by their father, to hear the words of wisdom that flowed from the lips of my Lord Chancellor. He affected to study the ledger, and made various pertinent remarks on the manner of book-keeping. There was a man whom Brougham called "Cornelius" (Sefton did not know who he was), with whom he seemed very familiar. While Brougham was talking he dropped his voice, on which "Cornelius" said, "Earl Grey is listening," that he might speak louder and so nothing be lost. He was talking of Paley, and said that, "although he did not always under-

¹ Not Whigs—they are *les bienvenus*, which they were not before.—*July*, 1838.

stand his own meaning, he always contrived to make it intelligible to others; on which "Cornelius" said, "My good friend, if he made it so clear to others, he must have had some comprehension of it himself;" on which Sefton attacked him afterward, and swore that "he was a mere child in the hands of 'Cornelius;'" that "he never saw anybody so put down." These people are all subscribers to the London University, and Sefton swears he overheard Brougham tell them that "Sir Isaac Newton was nothing compared to some of the present professors," or something to that effect. I put down all this nonsense because it amused me in the recital, and is excessively characteristic of the man, one of the most remarkable who ever existed. Lady Sefton told me that he went with them to the British Museum, where all the officers of the Museum were in attendance to receive them. He would not let anybody explain any thing, but did all the honors himself. At last they came to the collection of minerals, when she thought he must be brought to a stand-still. Their conductor began to describe them, when Brougham took the words out of his mouth, and dashed off with as much ease and familiarity as if he had been a Buckland or a Cuvier. Such is the man, a grand mixture of moral, political, and intellectual incongruities.

June 10th.—Breakfasted the day before yesterday with Rogers, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, John Russell, and Moore; excessively agreeable. I never heard any thing more entertaining than Sydney Smith; such bursts of merriment and so dramatic. Breakfasts are the meals for poets. I met Wordsworth and Southey at breakfast. Rogers's are always agreeable.

June 15th.—Five new peerages came out yesterday—Sefton, Kinnaird, Fingall, Leitrim, and Agar Ellis; John Russell and Stanley are to be in the Cabinet. At the ball at St. James's the other night, George Dawson told me that they had 270 people in the House of Commons on the side of the Opposition, if they could command their attendance; that he did not mean to say no Reform Bill would pass, but that the details of this Bill had never yet been discussed, and when they were it would be so clearly shown that it is impracticable, that this identical measure never could pass. The Opposition are beginning to recover from their discouragement; there is to be a meeting at Lord Mansfield's on Friday, and they do, I believe, mean to fight it out.

June 19th.—The last few days I have been completely taken up with quarantine, and taking means to prevent the cholera coming here. That disease made great ravages in Russia last year, and in the winter the attention of Government was called to it, and the question was raised whether we should have to purify goods coming here in case it broke out again, and, if so, how it was to be done. Government was thinking of Reform and other matters, and would not bestow much attention upon this subject, and accordingly neither regulations nor preparations were made. All that was done was to commission a Dr. Walker, a physician residing at St. Petersburg, to go to Moscow and elsewhere and make inquiries into the nature and progress of the disease, and report the result of his investigation to us. He turned out, however, to be a very useless and inefficient agent. In the mean time as the warm weather returned the cholera again appeared in Russia, but still we took no further measures until intelligence arrived that it had reached Riga, at which place 700 or 800 sail of English vessels, loaded principally with hemp and flax, were waiting to come to this country. This report soon diffused a general alarm, and for many days past the newspapers have been full of letters and full of lies, and every sort of representation is made to Government or through the press, as fear or interest happen to dictate. The Consuls and Ministers abroad had been for some time supplying us with such information as they could obtain, so that we were in possession of a great deal of documentary evidence regarding the nature, character, and progress of the disease. The first thing we did was to issue two successive Orders in Council placing all vessels coming from the Baltic in quarantine, and we sent for Sir Henry Hallford and placed all the papers we had in his hands, desiring that he would associate with himself some other practitioners, and report their opinion as speedily as possible whether the disease was contagious and whether it could be conveyed by goods. They reported the next day *yes* to the first question, *no* to the second. In 1804, on the occasion of the yellow fever at Gibraltar, Government formed a Board of Health, and took the opinion of the College of Physicians, and it was intended to pursue the same course in this instance, but Lords Lansdowne and Auckland chose to take Hallford's preliminary opinion, contrary to my advice, for I foresaw that there would be a great embarrassment if he and the College did not agree.

Just so it turned out, for when the case was submitted, with all the papers, to the College, they would not adopt his opinion, much to his annoyance, and, as I believe, because they did not like to be merely called on to confirm what he had already said, and that they thought their independence required a show of dissent. The report they sent was very short and very unsatisfactory, and entirely against all the evidence they had before them; they advised precautionary measures. I immediately wrote back an answer saying that their report was not satisfactory, and desiring a more detailed opinion, and the reasons which had dictated their conclusion; but in the mean time we set to work in earnest to adopt measures against any emergency. The only way of performing quarantine (with goods), it was found, would be by the employment of men-of-war, and we accordingly asked the Admiralty to supply ships for the purpose. This Lord Grey, Sir James Graham, and Sir Byam Martin, objected to, but Sir Thomas Hardy and Captain Elliot did not. We proved that the ships would sustain no injury, so after a battle they agreed to give them. We made a variety of regulations, and gave strict orders for the due performance of quarantine, and to-morrow a proclamation is to be issued for constituting a Board of Health and enjoining obedience to the quarantine laws, so that every thing has been done that can be done, and if the cholera comes here it is not our fault. Most of the authorities think it will come, but I doubt it. If indeed it is wafted through the air it may, but I don't think it will if it is only to be communicated by contact. All the evidence proves that goods cannot convey it; nevertheless we have placed merchandise under a discretionary quarantine, and though we have not promulgated any general regulations, we release no vessels that come from infected places, or that have got enumerated goods on board. Poulett Thomson, who is a trader as well as Privy Councilor, is very much disgusted in his former capacity at the measures he is obliged to concur in in his latter. This topic has now occupied for some days a good deal of the attention even of the fine fools of this town, and the Tories would even make it a matter of party accusation against the Government, only they don't know exactly how. It is always safe to deal in generalities, so they say that "Government ought to be impeached if the disease comes here."

There was a meeting of Peers to the amount of nearly

seventy at Lord Mansfield's the other day, which went off greatly to their satisfaction. They unanimously agreed to determine upon nothing in the way of amendment until they had seen the King's Speech, to which, however, they will consider themselves bound to move an amendment, provided it contains any thing laudatory of the Reform Bill. The Duke of Wellington was not at the meeting, having been taken ill. I met him the day before at dinner, and had a good deal of conversation with him. He is in pretty good spirits, and thinks they may make a good fight of it yet; told me that Lyndhurst would certainly go thoroughly with them, praised him largely, said he was the best colleague that any man ever had, and that he should be very sorry ever to go into any Cabinet of which he was not a member. The King dined with the Duke yesterday, and was to give him a very fine sword. Aubin, who was to have acted in "Hernani" before the Queen on Wednesday next, is suddenly gone off to Rome as *attaché* to Brook Taylor, who is there negotiating. Taylor happened to be in Italy, and they sent him there, some doubts existing whether they could by law send a diplomatic agent to negotiate with the Pope; but it was referred to Denman, who said there was no danger. He is not accredited, and bears no *official* character, but it is a regular mission. Lord Lansdowne told me that Leopold is inconceivably anxious to be King of Belgium, that short of going in direct opposition to the wishes and advice of all the Royal Family and of the Government he would do any thing to be beking'd, and, what is equally absurd, that the others cannot bear that he should be thus elevated.

June 23d.—The King opened Parliament on Tuesday, with a greater crowd assembled to see him pass than was ever congregated before, and the House of Lords was so full of ladies that the Peers could not find places. The Speech was long, but good, and such as to preclude the possibility of an amendment. There was, however, a long discussion in each House, and the greatest bitterness and violence evinced in both—every promise of a stormy session. Lord Lansdowne said to the King, "I am afraid, sir, you won't be able to see the Commons." "Never mind," said he; "they shall hear me, I promise you," and accordingly he thundered forth the Speech so that not a word was lost.

There has been a reconciliation between the Wellingtonians and the old Tories, and they are now firmly knit in op-

position to the present Government. Winchelsea, who was the last Tory who stuck to Lord Grey, renounced him in a hot speech, which evidently annoyed Lord Grey very much, for he made a long one in reply to him. Winchelsea is a silly, blustering, but good-natured and well-meaning man. Last night "Hernani" was acted at Bridgewater House before the Queen and all the Royal Family. Aubin, who had acted Don Ruy, was sent to Rome, so Francis Leveson took the part. I was disappointed, though all the company were or pretended to be in ecstasies. The rhyme does not do, the room is not good for hearing, and with the exception of Miss Kemble (who was not so effective as I expected) and Craven, the actors were execrable.

News came the day before yesterday that Marshal Diebitsch had died of the cholera. It was suspected that he had made away with himself, for he has failed so signally in his campaign against the Poles that his military reputation is tarnished; and it is known that his recall had been decreed, and that Count Paskiewitch was to succeed him. The alarm about the cholera still continues, but the Government are thrown into great perplexity by the danger on one hand of the cholera and the loss to trade on the other. A board of health has been formed, composed of certain members of the College of Physicians, Sir William Pym, Sir William Burnet, Sir Byam Martin, Sir James M'Grigor, and Mr. Stewart; and they in their first sitting advised that all the precautions established by our Orders in Council against the plague should be adopted against the cholera. This opinion was given under the authority of Dr. Warren, who, it appears, exercises the ascendancy in this Board that he had previously done in the College of Physicians on the same subject. The fact is that he takes the safe side. They have nothing to do with trade and commerce, which must shift for themselves, and probably the other members will not take upon themselves the responsibility of opposing measures which, if the disease ever appears here, and should they be relaxed, will expose the physicians to the odium and reproach of having been instrumental to its introduction. We, however (Auckland, Poulett Thomson, and I), are resolved to make the Cabinet take upon themselves the responsibility of framing the permanent rules which are to guide us during the continuance of the malady. It is remarkable that there never was more sickness than there is at present, without its being epidemic, but thousands

of colds, sore-throats, fevers, and such like; and a man at Blackwall has died of the English cholera, and another is ill of it, but their disorders seem to have nothing to do with the Indian cholera, though some of the symptoms are similar. These men cannot have got their cholera from Russia, but their cases spread alarm.

June 25th.—John Russell brought his Bill in last night, in a good speech as his friends, and a dull one as his enemies, say. In the Lords Aberdeen attacked Lord Grey's foreign policy in a poor speech, which just did to show his bitterness and as a peg for Grey to hang a very good reply upon. The Duke of Wellington spoke afterward; not much of a speech, but gentlemanlike and anti-factious, and *approving* of all Lord Grey had done about Belgium. Lord Grey passed a very fine eulogium upon Lord Ponsonby. However, this was necessary, for he is going as Minister to Naples, not having a guinea. The Emperor Dom Pedro is coming here, and Henry Webster is to be his conductor.

June 30th.—At Court yesterday to swear in the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Justice Vaughan, and Sir E. Hyde East. Lord Ponsonby was there, just returned from Brussels. The first time of Stanley's and John Russell's being at a Council since they came into the Cabinet.

July 3d.—Went to Oatlands on Saturday, returned on Monday; nobody there but Emily Eden. Many revolutions that place has undergone in my time from the days of the Duke of York and its gayeties (well remembered and much regretted) to its present quiet state. The Belgians have not yet made up their mind about Leopold, who does not know whether he is king or no king. The Reform Bill came on again last night, but it no longer excites so much interest. Nobody spoke well but Lord Porchester.

July 5th.—The night before last Lord Harewood attacked Brougham in the House of Lords about the appointment of a magistrate without consulting him as Lord-Lieutenant. As usual his own party say he made out a good case, and the others that he made none. They say (and I believe with truth) that Brougham does not dislike such scrapes, and is so confident in his own ingenuity that he never doubts of getting out of them. Lyndhurst attacked him sharply. In the House of Commons last night the debate went on languidly, except a splendid speech from Macaulay and an answer (not bad, they say) from Murray. Lord Grey sent for me yesterday morn-

ing to talk over the coronation, for in consequence of what the Duke of Wellington said in the House the night before he thinks there must be one. The object is to make it shorter and cheaper than the last, which occupied the whole day and cost £240,000.

July 8th.—The second reading of the Reform Bill was carried at five in the morning by 136 majority, somewhat greater than the Opposition had reckoned on. Peel made a powerful speech, but not so good as either of his others on Reform. Goulburn told me that the speech in answer to the Lord Advocate on the Irish Bill, when not 100 people were in the House, was his best. The coronation fixed for the 23d. Breakfasted with Rogers; went afterward to the Duchess of Bedford's, where I met Lady Lyndhurst. I desired her to tell Lyndhurst all the Duke had said to me about him, for in these times it is as well they should draw together. He will be a match for Brougham in the House of Lords, for he can be concise, which the other cannot, and the Lords in the long-run will prefer brevity to art, sarcasm, and any thing else.

People are beginning to recover from their terror of the cholera, seeing that it does not come, and we are now beset with alarms of a different kind, which are those of the Scotch merchants for their cargoes. We have a most disagreeable business on our hands, very troublesome, odious, and expensive. The public requires that we should take care of its health, the mercantile world that we should not injure their trade. All evidence proves that goods are not capable of bringing in the disorder, but we have appointed a Board of Health, which is contagionist, and we can't get them to subscribe to that opinion. We dare not act without its sanction, and so we are obliged to air goods. This airing requires more ships and lazarets than we have, and the result is a perpetual squabbling, disputing, and complaining between the Privy Council, the Admiralty, the Board of Health, and the merchants. We have gone on pretty well hitherto, but more ships arrive every day; the complaints will grow louder, and the disease rather spreads than diminishes on the Continent. This cholera has afforded strong proofs of the partiality of the Prussians in the contest between the Russians and the Poles. The quarantine restrictions are always dispensed with for officers passing through the Prussian territory to join the Russian army. Count Paskiewitch was allowed to pass without performing any quarantine at all, and stores and provisions

are suffered to be conveyed to the army, with every facility afforded by the Prussian authorities and every relaxation of the sanitary laws. The Duke of Wellington says that the contest will very soon be over, that the Russian army could not act before June, and that between February and June the country is not practicable for military operations. They have now so many months before them that the weight of their numerical superiority will crush the Poles. Austria and Prussia, too, do their utmost by affording every sort of indirect assistance to the Russians and thwarting the Poles as much as they can.

July 10th.—The last two or three days I have been settling every thing for the coronation,¹ which is to be confined to the ceremony in the Abbey and cost as little money and as little trouble as possible; and yesterday I was the medium of great civilities from Lord Grey to the Duke. He desired me to go to the Duke and show him the course of proceeding we meant to adopt, and request him to make any suggestion that occurred to him, and to inquire if he would have any objection to attend the Council at which it is to be formally settled on Wednesday, to which Peel and Rosslyn are likewise invited. I spoke to the Duke and Peel, and they will both come. All this is mighty polite.

They have made a fine business of Cobbett's trial; his insolence and violence were past endurance, but he made an able speech. The Chief-Justice was very timid, and favored and complimented him throughout; very unlike what Ellenborough would have done. The jury were shut up the whole night, and in the morning the Chief-Justice, without consulting either party, discharged them, which was probably on the whole the best that could be done. Denman told me that he expected they would have acquitted him without leaving the box, and this principally on account of Brougham's evidence, for Cobbett brought the Chancellor forward and made him prove that *after* these very writings, and while this prosecution was hanging over him, Brougham wrote to his son, "Dear Sir," and requesting he would ask his father for some former publications of his, which he thought would be of great use on the present occasion in quieting the laborers. This made a great impression, and the Attorney-General never knew one word of the letter till he heard it in evidence, the Chancellor

¹ [The arrangements for coronations are made by a Committee of the Privy Council, which sits as a Court of Claims.]

having flourished it off, as is his custom, and then quite forgotten it. The Attorney told me that Gurney overheard one jurymen say to another, "Don't you think we had better stop the case? It is useless to go on." The other, however, declared for hearing it out, so on the whole it ended as well as it might, just better than an acquittal, and that is all.

July 11th.--Dined with Lord Grey yesterday. In the middle of dinner Talleyrand got a letter announcing that Leopold's conditional acceptance of the Belgian throne had been agreed to by a great majority of the Chamber; and a Mr. Walker, who brought the news (and left Brussels at five o'clock the day before), came to Lord Grey and told him with what enthusiasm it had been received there. Lord Grey wrote to the Chancellor, with whom Leopold was dining, to tell him of the event.

This morning I got a note from the Duke of Wellington declining to attend the Council on Wednesday, and desiring I would impart the same to Lord Grey and the King. He says that it would give rise to misrepresentations, and so it would. He is right to decline. It is, however, Peel who has prevented him, I am certain. When I told Peel on Saturday, he looked very grave, did not seem to like it, and said he must confer with the Duke first, as he should be sorry to do otherwise than he did. Yesterday I know the Duke dined with Peel, who I have no doubt persuaded him to send this excuse. The Government are in exceeding delight at the Duke's conduct ever since he has been in opposition, which certainly has been very noble, straightforward, gentlemanlike, and without an atom of faction or mischief about it. He has done himself great honor; he threw over Aberdeen completely on that business about foreign policy which he introduced soon after the meeting of Parliament, and now he is assisting the Government in their Lieutenantcy Bill, and is in constant communication with Melbourne on the subject.

July 13th.—I took the Duke's note to Lord Grey, who seemed annoyed, and repeated that he had only intended the invitation as a mark of attention, and never thought of shifting any responsibility from his own shoulders; that as there was a deviation from the old ceremonial, he thought the Duke's sanction would have satisfied those who might otherwise have disputed the propriety of such a change. "Does he then," he asked, "mean to attend *the committee*?" I did not then know; but yesterday in the House of Lords I asked

the Duke, and he said "No, for the same reasons," that upon consideration he was sure he had better not go, that by so doing he might give umbrage to his own party, and he could only do good by exercising a powerful influence over them and restraining them, and that his means of doing good would be impaired by any appearance of approximating himself to Government; that when the general plan of the arrangements was settled, he should have no objection to lend a helping hand, if wanted, to the details with which he was very conversant. I wrote on a slip of paper that he would *not* come, and gave it to Lord Grey, who said nothing. Peel did not write to me, but he and Rosslyn do the same as the Duke.

The Belgian deputation came yesterday, and Lebeau and his colleagues were in the House of Lords. We had been promised a good day there between Londonderry and Brougham and Plunket, but the former made a tiresome, long speech; the latter spoke civilly and dully, and Brougham not at all, so it ended in smoke. In the other House on Monday the Ministers got a good majority (102) on the wine duties, to their great delight, but the Opposition were not only mortified at the defeat, but disgusted and enraged at the conduct of Peel (their leader, as they considered him), who came into the House, got up in the middle of Herries's speech, walked out, and was heard of no more that night; never voted, nor gave any notice of his intention not to vote. The moral effect of this upon his party is immense, and has served to destroy the very little confidence they had in him before. It is impossible to conceive by what motives he is actuated, because if they were purely selfish it would seem that he defeats his own object; for what can he gain by disgusting and alienating his party, when although they cannot do without him, it is equally true that he cannot do without them? I walked home with William Banks, who went largely into the whole question of Peel's extraordinary disposition and conduct, and said how disheartening it was, and what a blow to those who looked to him as a leader in these troublous times. Henry Currey (no important person, but whose opinion is that of fifty other like him) told me that his conduct had been *atrocious*, and that he had himself voted in the minority against his opinion because he thought it right to sacrifice that opinion to the interests of his party. The fact is, if Peel had imparted his sentiments to his party he might have prevented their dividing on this question with

the greatest ease. There is nothing they are not ready to do at his bidding, but his coldness and reserve are so impenetrable that nobody can ascertain his sentiments or divine his intentions, and thus he leaves his party in the lurch without vouchsafing to give them any reason or explanation of his conduct. In the mean time the other party (as if each was destined to suffer more from the folly of its friends than the hostility of its foes) has been thrown into great confusion by Lord Milton's notice to propose an alteration in the franchise, and a meeting was called of all the friends of Government at Althorp, when Milton made a speech just such as any opponent of the Bill might make in the House of Commons, going over the old ground of Fox, Pitt, Burke, and others, having sat for rotten boroughs. They were annoyed to the last degree, and the more provoked when reflecting that it was for him Althorp had been led to spend an immense sum of money, and compromise his character besides in the Northamptonshire election. His obstinacy and impracticability are so extreme that nobody can move him, and Sefton told me that nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the termination of the meeting. I guess, however, that they will find some means or other of quieting him.

The Opposition divided last night 187 against 284 on the question of hearing counsel for the condemned boroughs—not so good a division for the minority as they expected, and after a very powerful speech of Attwood's, to which nobody listened.

There is a fresh access of alarm on account of the cholera, which has broken out at St. Petersburg, and will probably spread over Germany. The cordon of troops which kept it off last year from St. Petersburg appears to have been withdrawn, which is no doubt the cause of its appearance there. We have constant reports of supposed cases of disease and death, but up to this period it does not appear to have shown itself here, though a case was transmitted to us from Glasgow exceedingly like it. The sick man had not come from any infected place. The Board of Health are, however, in great alarm, and the authorities generally think we shall have it. From all I can observe from the facts of the case, I am convinced that the liability to contagion is greatly diminished by the influence of sea-air, for which reason I doubt that it will be brought here across the water. If it does come it will pass through France first. The King of Prussia has at last

insisted upon a rigid execution of the quarantine laws in his dominions. Marshal Paskiewitch was detained on his road to take the command of the army, and sent a courier to the King to request he might be released forthwith, urging the importance of the Emperor to have his report of the state of the army; but the King refused, and sent word that the Emperor himself had submitted to quarantine, and so his aide-de-camp might do the same.

July 14th.—The effects of Peel's leaving the party to shift for itself were exhibited the night before last. He went away (there was no reason why he should not, except that he should have staid to *manage* the debate and keep his people in order), and the consequence was that they went on in a vexatious squabble of repeated adjournments till eight o'clock in the morning, when Government at last beat them. The Opposition gradually dwindled down to twenty-five people, headed by Stormont, Tullamore, and Brudenell, while the Government kept 180 together to the last; between parties so animated and so led there can be no doubt on which side will be the success. The Government were in high spirits at the result, and thought the fatigue well repaid by the display of devotion on the part of their friends and of factious obstinacy on that of their enemies. After these two nights it is impossible not to consider the Tory party as having ceased to exist for all the practical and legitimate ends of political association—that is, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, where after all the battle must be fought. There is still a rabble of Opposition, tossed about by every wind of folly and passion, and left to the vagaries and eccentricities of Wetherell, or Attwood, or Sadler, or the intemperate zeal of such weak fanatics as the three Lords above mentioned; but for a grave, deliberative, efficient Opposition there seem to be no longer the elements, or they are so scattered and disunited that they never can come together, and the only man who might have collected, and formed, and directed them, begs leave to be excused. It is a wretched state of things and can portend no good. If there had not been prognostications of ruin and destruction to the State in all times, proceeding from all parties, which the event has universally falsified, I should believe that the consummation of evil was really at hand; as it is I cannot feel that certainty of destruction that many do, though I think we are more seriously menaced than ever we were before, because the

danger is of a very different description. But there is an elasticity in the institutions of this country, which may rise up for the purpose of checking these proceedings, and in the very uncertainty of what may be produced and engendered by such measures there is hope of salvation.

Yesterday a Council was held at St. James's for the coronation; the Princes, Ministers, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of London, were present. The King read an address to the Lords desiring that his coronation might be short, and that all the ceremonies might be dispensed with except those in the church. Lord Grey had composed a paper in which he had made the King say that these ceremonies were at variance with the genius of the age we live in, and suited to another period of society; but the Archbishop objected to these expressions, and thought it better to give the injunction without the comments; so Lord Grey wrote another and shorter paper, but he showed the first to Lord Lansdowne and me, and we both told him that we thought the Archbishop was right and that the second paper was the best. The Duke of Gloucester was very indignant at not having been summoned in a more respectful way than by a common circular, and complained to the Lord President.¹ I told him to throw it all on me. He had been grumbling to the Duke of Sussex before, who did not care. Leopold was too much of a king to attend, so he came to the levee (but *en prince* only) and not to the Council. Lieven told me it was true that the Grand Duke Constantine was dead, and that it was a very good thing.

¹ [It is customary to summon the Royal Dukes to a Council by a letter. This formality seems to have been overlooked in this instance.]

CHAPTER XV.

Preparations for the Coronation—Long Wellesley committed by the Chancellor for Contempt—Alderman Thompson and his Constituents—Prince Leopold goes to Belgium—Royal Tombs and Remains—The Lieutenancy of the Tower—The Cholera—The Belgian Fortresses—Secret Negotiations of Canning with the Whigs—Transactions before the Close of the Liverpool Administration—Duke of Wellington and Peel—The Dutch invade Belgium—Defeat of the Belgian Army—The French enter Belgium—Lord Grey's Composure—Audience at Windsor—Danger of Reform—Ellen Tree—The French in Belgium—Goodwood—The Duke of Richmond—The Reform Bill in Difficulties—Duke of Wellington calls on Lord Grey—The King declines to be kissed by the Bishops—Talleyrand's Conversation—State of Europe and France—Coronation Squabbles—The King divides the old Great Seal between Brougham and Lyndhurst—Relations of the Duchess of Kent to George IV. and William IV.—The Coronation—Irritation of the King—The Cholera—A Dinner at St. James's—State of the Reform Bill—Sir Augustus d'Este—Madame Junot—State of France—Poland.

July 15th.—A Committee of Council sat yesterday at the Office about the coronation; present, the Cabinet, Dukes of Gloucester and Sussex, Archbishop and Bishop of London; much discussion and nothing done. Brougham raised every sort of objection about the services and the dispensing with them, and would have it the King *could* not dispense with them; finally, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General were sent for to the House of Lords and desired to reconsider the Proclamation.

July 20th.—I have been laid up with the gout these last few days, unable to move, but without violent pain. The Committee of Council met again on Friday last, when the Proclamation was settled. A Court of Claims is to sit, but to be prohibited from receiving any claims except those relating to the ceremonies in the Abbey. The Lords went to St. James's and held the Council, at which the King made a little speech, to the effect that he would be crowned to satisfy the tender consciences of those who thought it necessary, but that he thought that it was his duty (as this country, in common with every other, was laboring under distress) to make it as economical as possible. A difficulty arose about the publication of the Proclamation, usually done by heralds with certain ceremonies. The first proclamation is not the one to be acted on; the second does not announce the coronation, but refers to the first. I asked Brougham what was to be done. He said both must be read. Lord Grey suggested neither, which was done.

The other day Long Wellesley carried off his daughter, a ward in Chancery, from her guardians, and secreted her. The

matter was brought before the Chancellor, who sent for Wellesley. He came, and refused to give her up; so Brougham committed him to the Fleet Prison. The matter was brought the next day before the House of Commons, and referred to their Committee of Privileges; and in the mean time Brougham has been making a great splutter about his authority and his Court both on the judicial bench and from the Woolsack. The lawyers in the House of Commons were divided as to Wellesley's right of privilege in such a case.¹

There has been exhibited in the course of the last few days one of the most disgraceful scenes (produced by the Reform Bill) ever witnessed. On the question of the disfranchisement of Appleby a certain Alderman Thompson, member for the City, who stood deeply pledged to Reform, voted for hearing counsel in defense of the borough, on which there was a meeting of his ward, or of certain of his constituents, to consider his conduct. He was obliged to appear before them, and, after receiving a severe lecture, to confess that he had been guilty of inadvertence, to make many submissive apologies, and promise to vote no more but in obedience to the Minister. It is always an agreeable pastime to indulge one's virtuous indignation, and wish to have been in the place of such a one for the sake of doing what he ought to have done but did not do, by which, without any of the risk of a very difficult and unpleasant situation, one has all the imaginary triumph of eloquence, independence, and all kinds of virtue; and so in this instance I feel that I should have liked to pour upon these wretches the phials of my wrath and contempt. If the alderman had had one spark of spirit he would have spurned the terrors of this plebeian inquisition, and told them that they had elected him, and that it was his intention, as long as he continued their representative, to vote as he thought proper, always redeeming the pledges he had given at his election; that he would not submit to be questioned for this or any other vote, and if they were not satisfied with his conduct when the Parliament

¹ [Both the Chancellor and Mr. Wellesley wrote to the Speaker, and their letters were read to the House before the Committee of Privileges was appointed. Meanwhile, Mr. Wellesley remained in his house in Dover Street, in charge of two officers of the Court of Chancery. There is, I believe, no doubt that the committal was good, and that Mr. Wellesley's privilege as a member of Parliament did not protect him, a contempt of the Court having been committed. A similar point has recently been raised in the Court of Queen's Bench upon the committal of Mr. Whalley.]

should be over, they might choose whom they would in his place. What makes the case the more absurd is, that this question of Appleby is monstrous, and it never ought, by their own principle, to have been put in Schedule A at all. There was a debate and a division on it last night, and a majority for the Ministers of seventy-five in a very full House; the worst division they have yet had. Every small victory in the House of Commons is probably equivalent to a great defeat in the House of Lords, unless they do what is now talked of—make as many Peers as may be necessary to carry the bill, which I doubt their daring to do or the King consenting to do. The lapse of time and such difficulties and absurdities will probably obstruct the Bill, so as to prevent its passing. God knows what we shall have instead.

Prince Leopold started on Saturday, having put his pension into trustees' hands (by the advice of Lambton), to keep up Claremont and pay his debts and pensions, and then hand over the residue to the Exchequer, the odds being that none of it ever gets there, and that he is back here before the debts are paid. It seems that, desirous as he had been to go, when the time drew near he got alarmed, and wanted to back out, but they brought him, though with difficulty, to the point. He has proposed to the Princess Louise, King Louis Philippe's daughter.

Halford has been with me this morning gossiping (which he likes); he gave me an account of his discovery of the head of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to which he was directed by Wood's account in the "*Athenæ Oxonienses*." He says that they also found the coffin of Henry VIII., but that the air had penetrated and the body had been reduced to a skeleton. By his side was Jane Seymour's coffin, untouched, and he has no doubt her body is perfect. The late King intended to have it opened, and he says he will propose it to this King. By degrees we may visit the remains of the whole line of Tudor and Plantagenet too, and see if those famous old creatures were like their effigies. He says Charles's head was exactly as Vandyck had painted him.

July 26th.—At Oaklands on Saturday, and came back on Sunday night. Nobody there but my father, mother, Walpole, Sneyd, and Alava; very different from what I once remember it. There has been a great deal of talk about the Duke of Wellington giving Lord Munster the lieutenancy of the Tower, the truth of which is as follows: It is in the King's

gift, and he sent to the Duke and desired him to name somebody. The Duke would have liked to name one of three—Fitzroy Somerset, Colin Campbell, or Hardinge. The latter would not have been agreeable to Government, and therefore it would have occasioned the King an embarrassment; the second was provided for, and Lord Hill advised the first to remain as he is, though I don't see why he could not have had both; so the Duke thought it would gratify the King if he was to name Munster. Munster wrote a very civil letter to the Duke, full of thanks and saying that he begged he would not think of him if he had anybody else to give it to, and that he would take upon himself to explain to the King his not accepting it. The Duke persisted, and so he had it. I must say he might have found some one out of the number of his old officers to give it to rather than Munster.

The King of France's Speech arrived yesterday, but nothing was said in the House of Lords, because Lord Grey was at Windsor. It will make a stir—the general tone of it, and the demolition of the fortresses which cost us seven millions. Not one of the papers made a remark upon it; nothing will do for them but Reform.

Fresh claims have been raised about cholera morbus. A man at Port Glasgow insists upon it, without much apparent reason, that it prevails there; so we have sent a medical man down, in order to quiet people's minds and to set the question at rest. Lord Grey, who is credulous, believes the Glasgow man's story, and spread the news in his own family, who immediately dispersed it over the rest of the town, and yesterday nobody could talk of any thing else; not believing it very much, and not understanding it at all, for if they did they would not be so flippant. Lady Holland wrote to Lord Lansdowne to desire he would recommend her the best *cholera* doctor that he had heard of. I have just received a letter from Moore, saying he has ordered his publisher to send me a copy of "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," and that he only sends copies to the Duke of Leinster and me, but begs I will send him no opinion, for "opinions fidget him"—"*genus irritabile vatum.*"

July 27th.—Yesterday Aberdeen asked Lord Grey some questions in a very few words, accompanied as usual with a sneer, which is very unbecoming, and of course gave Lord Grey the advantage of repelling it with scorn. The Duke spoke, and pretty well, but laid some stress more on Portugal

than upon Belgium, which is what I cannot understand, but Alava told me that when he came to town yesterday he had said to him that, as an Englishman, he had never felt so deeply affected for the honor of his country as in this transaction. I met him after the debate, and he said he thought he had done some good by what he said. The question of the Belgian fortresses is not without great difficulty, and the strong part of it for Government is that their demolition was agreed to by all the Powers interested (except Holland), and without the presence of the French Plenipotentiary at the meeting when it was decided. I am inclined to think that the manner in which it was blurted out in the King of France's Speech, as a clap-trap for him, will have made the principal difficulty, though the policy may be very questionable.

July 28th.—On Tuesday night they got through Schedule A, but in a very bungling manner, and the events of the night, its enemies say, damaged the Bill, not, however, that any thing can hurt it in the House of Commons, though such things may tell in the House of Lords; but on the question of Saltash, which the Opposition did not consider as a very strong case, so little that they had not intended to divide on it, John Russell and the rest suddenly gave way, and without informing their friends moved that it ought to be in Schedule B. On a division all the Ministers voted with the Opposition, so the borough was transferred to B. Their friends were furious, and not without reason, that they had not determined where it ought to be placed, and have transferred it themselves, instead of leaving them in the dilemma they were in when the division arrived. A court and levee yesterday.

Oatlands, July 31st.—The Arbuthnots and Mr. Loch here. I rode down after the Opera last night; walked for an hour and a half with Arbuthnot under the shade of one of the great trees, talking of various old matters and some new, principally about Canning, and his disputes and differences with the Duke of Wellington. He says that the Duke's principal objection to Canning was the knowledge of his having negotiated with the Whigs previously to Lord Liverpool's illness, which was communicated to the Duke; he would not say by whom. The person who went between them was Sir Robert Wilson, deputed by Brougham, and those who afterward joined Canning. Sir Robert spoke to Huskisson, and he to Canning. What they said was this: that finding his view so liberal, they were ready to support and join him, and

in the event of his becoming Minister (on Lord Liverpool's death or resignation) that they would serve under him. Arbuthnot does not know what answer Canning sent to this, nor whether he *did* any thing on it, but when on Lord Liverpool's illness Canning went to the King at Windsor, he told him that if the Tories would not consent to his being named Minister "he was sure of the Whigs," but this he entreated the King not to mention. Immediately after Canning the Duke went to the King, and to him the King directly repeated what Canning had said. The Duke told the King that he was already aware of Canning's intercourse with the Whigs, and with that knowledge that he could have no confidence in him. Shortly after this, and before the resignation of the Ministers, but after the difficulties had begun, Knighton came to Arbuthnot, and said he was afraid his Royal Master had done a great deal of mischief by repeating to the Duke what Canning had said, that he was very anxious to bring the Duke and Canning together again, and asked him (Arbuthnot) to go with him to Canning and see what could be done. Arbuthnot declined, but said if Canning *wished* to see him he would go. Canning sent for him, and they had a long conversation, in which he expressed his desire to go on with the Duke, and it was agreed the Duke should call on him and have a conversation and see what could be arranged. The Duke called on him, and they talked of a variety of matters, but not a word passed about the formation of a new Ministry. Arbuthnot went to the House, and told Canning how much he was surprised and disappointed that nothing had come of this conversation, to which he made no reply, but Arbuthnot found afterward that between his leaving Canning and the Duke's going to him Peel had been to him and proposed that the Duke should be Prime Minister. This so offended Canning, believing that it was a measure of the party and done with the Duke's consent, that he resolved not to utter a word to the Duke on the subject, and so ended the hopes of their agreement.

It does not appear, however, as if any thing could have been done, for Canning was bent upon being Prime Minister; and I asked Arbuthnot to what the Duke would have consented, and he said, "Not to that," that after the transaction with the Whigs he could not have felt sufficient confidence in Canning to agree to his being Prime Minister. (If he distrusted Canning he ought to have refused to act

with him at all, not merely objected to his being Prime Minister, but the ground of his objection was shifted.) Originally the King could not bear Canning, and he was only persuaded by the Duke to take him into the Cabinet. Afterward he was so offended at the influence he acquired there, and particularly with that which he had got over the mind of Lord Liverpool, that he one day sent for Arbuthnot and desired him to tell Lord Liverpool that he could not endure to see Canning make a puppet of him, and he would rather he was Prime Minister at once than have all the power without the name by governing him (Lord Liverpool) as he pleased, and that unless he could shake off this influence he was determined not to let him continue at the head of the Government, and moreover, he must find some means of getting rid of Canning altogether. This Arbuthnot wrote to Lord Liverpool, who wrote an answer couched in terms of indignation, saying he by no means coveted his situation, that he was sure his colleagues would resent any indignity offered to him, and that the King had better take care what he was about, and not, by producing disunion in the Government, incur the risk of making the end of his reign as disastrous as the beginning of it had been prosperous.

Not very long after Canning got into favor, and in this way: Harriet Wilson at the time of her connection with Lord Ponsonby got hold of some of Lady Conyng-ham's letters to him, and she wrote to Ponsonby, threatening, unless he gave her a large sum, to come to England and publish every thing she could. This produced dismay among all the parties, and they wanted to get Ponsonby away and to silence the woman. In this dilemma Knighton advised the King to have recourse to Canning, who saw the opening to favor, jumped at it, and instantly offered to provide for Ponsonby and do any thing which could relieve the King from trouble. Ponsonby was sent to Buenos Ayres forthwith, and the letters were bought up. From this time Canning grew in favor, which he took every means to improve, and shortly gained complete ascendancy over the King.

Arbuthnot said that Canning and Castlereagh had always gone on well together after their reconciliation, but that Lord Liverpool's subjection to him arose more from fear than affection. Liverpool told Arbuthnot that he earnestly desired to resign his office, that his health was broken, and he

was only retained by the consideration that his retirement might be the means of breaking up a Government which he had (through the kindness of his colleagues to him) been enabled to hold together; that Canning worked with a twenty-horse power; that his sensitiveness was such that he [Canning] felt every paragraph in a newspaper that reflected on him, and that the most trifling causes produced an irritation on his mind, which was always vented upon him (Lord Liverpool), and that every time the door was opened he dreaded the arrival of a packet from Canning. Arbuthnot had been in great favor with the King, who talked to him and consulted him, but he nearly cut him after the disunion consequent on Canning's appointment. Knighton came to Arbuthnot and desired him to try and prevail on the Duke to consent to Canning's being Prime Minister, which he told him was useless, and from that time the King was just civil to the Duke and that was all. The Duke had always suspected that Canning wanted all along to be Prime Minister, and that when he sent him to Russia to congratulate Nicholas, it was to get him out of the way, and he was the more convinced because Canning proposed to him to go on to Moscow for the coronation, which he positively refused, having promised his friends to be back in April, which he accordingly was. Canning never had a great opinion of Huskisson, nor really liked him, though he thought him very useful from being conversant with the subjects on which he was himself most ignorant—trade and finance; but he did not contemplate his being in the Cabinet, and had no confidence in his judgment or his discretion; and this tallies with what Lady Canning told me, though certainly he did not do Huskisson justice in any way, which Arbuthnot admitted. Knighton behaved exceedingly well during the King's illness, and by the vigilant watch he kept over the property of various kinds, prevented the pillage which Lady Conyngham would otherwise have made. She knew every thing, but did not much trouble herself about affairs, being chiefly intent upon amassing money and collecting jewels.

He talked a great deal of Peel, of the difficulty of going on with him, of his coldness, incommunicativeness; that at the time of the opening of the Liverpool Railroad he had invited the Duke, Aberdeen, and some more to meet at Drayton to consider of strengthening themselves; that they had left the place just as they had gone to it, nothing settled and nothing elicited

from Peel ; that on the late occasion of the wine duties they had gone to Peel and asked him whether they should fight out and divide on it ; that he had referred them to Goulburn, who had decided in the affirmative, on which he had agreed to their friends being mustered, but that he took offense at something that was said in debate, and marched off *sans mot dire* ; that somebody was sent after him to represent the bad effect of his departure, and entreat him to return, but he was gone to bed. This is by no means the first time Arbuthnot has spoken to me about Peel in this strain and with such feelings. How are the Duke and he to make a Government again, especially after what Lyndhurst said of the Duke ? Necessity may bring them together, but though common interest and common danger may unite them, there the seeds of disunion always must be. I have scribbled down all I can recollect of a very loose conversation, and perhaps something else may occur to me by-and-by.

In the mean time, to return to the events of the present day. Althorp raised a terrible storm on Friday, by proposing that the House should sit on Saturday. They spent six hours debating the question, which might have been occupied in the business ; so that, though they did not sit yesterday, they gained nothing and made bad blood. Yesterday morning Murray made a conciliatory speech, which Burdett complimented, and all went on harmoniously. John Russell is ill, nearly done up with fatigue and exertion and the bad atmosphere he breathes for several hours every night.

Long Wellesley has given up his daughter and has been discharged from arrest. I met the Solicitor-General yesterday, who told me this, and said that Brougham had been in the midst of his blustering terribly nervous about it. This was clear, for both he and Wellesley were waiting for the report of the Committee of the House of Commons, though Brougham affected to hold it cheap, and talked very big of what he should do and should have done had it been unfavorable to his authority. The fact is that Long Wellesley was contumacious, but, after a short confinement, he knocked under and yielded to the Chancellor on all points, and was released from du-rance.

We had a meeting on the Coronation business yesterday morning, and took into consideration the estimates. That from the Chamberlain's Office was £70,000 and upward, which was referred to a sub-committee to dissect and report upon.

August 5th.—Yesterday morning arrived the news of Casimir Périer's resignation in consequence of the division in the Chamber of Deputies on the election of President. He had very unnecessarily committed himself by declaring he would resign if Lafitte was elected, and though the other candidate (M. Girod de l'Ain) was chosen, as it was, only by a majority of five, he considered this tantamount to a defeat, and accordingly went out of office.¹ It was supposed, but not quite certain, that Molé would be First Minister, but without much chance of being able to keep that post.

At the same time comes intelligence that the King of Holland has marched into Belgium at three points with three corps under the Prince of Orange, Prince Frederick, and the Prince of Nassau. This, however, was premature, for it turns out that the Prince of Orange in a proclamation to his army declares that the armistice was to end last night at half-past nine, and that he marches "to secure equitable terms of separation," not therefore for the purpose of reconquest. I saw Lord Grey in the morning in a state of great consternation, the more particularly as he told me a Dutch Plenipotentiary had arrived the day before with full powers to treat, and that he had not in his intercourse with him and with Palmerston uttered one word of the King of Holland's intentions. In the evening I had a long conversation with Matuscewitz. He says that it is impossible to foresee the end of all this, but that the most probable event is a general war. Coming at the moment of a change in the French Ministry, nobody can guess what the French may do, and the Conferences are useless, because any resolution they may make may probably be totally inapplicable to the state of things produced by events hastening on elsewhere. The King of Holland has all along very justly complained of the proceedings of the Allies toward him, which they justify by necessity ("the tyrant's plea") and to which he has been obliged sulkily to submit, though always protesting and never acquiescing, except in an armistice to which he agreed. Meantime the allies went on negotiating, but without making much progress, and the Dutchman borrowed money and put his army on a respectable footing. It is remarkable that as long as he held out that he sought the reunion he could get no money at all, but no sooner did he renounce

¹ [M. Casimir Périer did not retire from office on this occasion, though he had momentarily resigned it. He remained in power till his death, which took place, from cholera, in the following year.]

the idea of reunion, and propose to make war for objects more immediately national to the Dutch, than he got a loan filled (in two days) to the amount of about a million sterling. When the proposition was made to Leopold, though no arrangement was actually agreed upon, there was a general understanding that the King of Holland would consent to the separation of the two States, and that the Belgians should resign their claims to Limbourg and Luxembourg, and after Lord Ponsonby's letter which made so much noise, Falck's protestation, and Ponsonby's recall, this seemed to be clearly established. When Leopold received the offer of the Crown, he only consented to take it upon an understanding that the Belgians would agree to the terms prescribed by the Allies; but before the whole thing was settled he took fright and began to repent, and it was with some difficulty he was at last persuaded to go by the Belgian deputies with assurances that these terms would be complied with. Go, however, he did, and that unaccompanied by any person of weight or consequence from this country. Matuscewitz told me that he went on his knees to Palmerston to send somebody with him who would prevent his getting into scrapes, and that Talleyrand and Falck, by far the best heads among them, had both predicted that Leopold would speedily commit some folly the consequences of which might be irreparable.¹ Our Government, however, paid no attention to these remonstrances, and he was suffered to go alone. Accordingly he had no sooner arrived than, intoxicated with the applause he received, he forgot all that had occurred here and all the resolutions of the Allies, and flourished off speeches in direct contradiction to them, and announced his determination to comprehend the disputed provinces in his new kingdom. It is no wonder that

¹ [This account of Leopold's arrival in Belgium is hardly fair, and forms an amusing contrast to Baron Stockmar's narrative of the same occurrence in his "Memoirs," p. 180. Unquestionably Leopold showed far more foresight, judgment, and resolution, than Mr. Greville gave him credit for. He was not accompanied by "any person of weight or consequence" from this country, because that would have given him the air of a puppet and a British nominee. But Stockmar was with him. The King entered Brussels on the 21st of July, and was well received. On the 4th of August the Dutch broke the truce and invaded Belgium. It was impossible to provide against so sudden a movement, and the Army of the Scheldt was beaten at Louvain on the 12th of August. The King then claimed the intervention of France and England in defence of the neutrality and independence of Belgium, which had been guaranteed to him by the treaty of the eighteen articles under which he had accepted the Crown. But the passage in the text is curious, because it shows how little confidence was felt at that time in a prince who turned out to be one of the ablest rulers and politicians of his time.]

this excited the indignation of the King of Holland, but it is unfortunate that he could not be patient a little longer. Notwithstanding his march, however, his Plenipotentiary here has full power to treat of all the disputed points, and is authorized to put a stop to hostilities at any moment when he can see the prospect of satisfaction; it is, however, believed here (though at present not on any sufficient grounds) that Prussia secretly supports the King of Holland. The danger is that France may without any further communication with her Allies consider the aggression of the Dutch as a justification of a corresponding movement on her part, and should this happen the Prussians would no longer deem themselves bound by the common obligations which united all the conferring and mediating Powers, and a general war would infallibly ensue. Nor is it unlikely that the French Ministry, beset as they are with difficulties, and holding their office *de die in diem*, may think a war the best expedient for occupying the nation and bringing all the restless spirits and unquiet humors into one focus. I have long been of opinion that such mighty armaments and such a nervous state of things cannot end without a good deal of bloodletting. [The Prussians did not support the Dutch, the French did march, and war did not ensue. —August 28th.]

At night.—Lord Grey was attacked by Aberdeen to-night on his foreign policy, and particularly about Portugal, and he is said to have made a splendid speech. Sir Henry Seton arrived from Liverpool to announce what is going on, and he is bent on fighting at present. Abercromby, who is come likewise, reports that he has 50,000 or 60,000 men.

August 19th.—On Saturday morning we were saluted with intelligence that on the French King's hearing of the Dutch invasion he ordered Marshal Gérard, with 50,000 men, to march into Belgium; and great was the alarm here: the funds fell and everybody was prepared for immediate war. In the afternoon I called upon Lord Grey at East Sheen (in my way to Monk's Grove where I was going) to say something to him about the coronation, and found him with a more cheerful countenance than I expected. He did not appear alarmed at what the French had done, and very well satisfied with the manner of their doing it, marching only in virtue of their guarantee, and proclaiming their own neutrality and the Belgian independence, and the King had previously received the Belgian Minister. I told

him I thought Leopold's folly had been the cause of it, and that his speeches about Luxembourg had given the Dutch King a pretext. He said, not at all, and that the King of Holland would have done this under any circumstances, which I took leave to doubt, though I did not think it necessary to say so.¹

On Sunday, overtaken by the most dreadful storm I ever saw—flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder, and the rain descending like a water-spout—I rode to Windsor, to settle with the Queen what sort of crown she would have to be crowned in. I was ushered into the King's presence, who was sitting at a red table in the sitting-room of George IV., looking over the flower-garden. A picture of Adolphus Fitzclarence was behind him (a full-length), and one of the parson, Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, in a Greek dress, opposite. He sent for the Queen, who came with the Landgravine and one of the King's daughters, Lady Augusta Erskine, the widow of Lord Cassilis's son. She looked at the drawings, meant apparently to be civil to me in her ungracious way, and said she would have none of our crowns, that she did not like to wear a hired crown, and asked me if I thought it was right that she should. I said, "Madam, I can only say that the late King wore one at his coronation." However, she said, "I do not like it, and I have got jewels enough, so I will have them made up myself." The King said to me, "Very well; then *you* will have to pay for the setting." "Oh, no," she said; "I shall pay for it all myself." The King looked well, but seemed infirm. I talked to Taylor afterward, who said he had very little doubt this storm in Belgium would blow over, and agreed that Leopold's folly had been in great measure the cause of it. There have been discussions in both Houses, which have in some measure quieted people's apprehensions. To-day that ass, Lord Londonderry (who has never yet had his windows mended from the time they were broken by the mob at the Reform illumination) brings on a motion about Belgium.

August 14th.—Nothing new these last two days. Londonderry's motion produced an angry debate, but no division.

¹ [Lord Grey's composure was mainly due to the entire confidence he felt in the honor of the Duc de Broglie, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had given positive assurances to the British Cabinet that the intervention of France would be confined to the immediate object in view. This confidence was equally honorable to both statesmen, and these assurances were faithfully fulfilled.]

Brougham is said to have been very good. The Government wanted to divide, but the Opposition know that it is not their interest to provoke a trial of strength. The Ministers, if beaten, would not go out, and they are anxious to see what their opponents' strength is. At Court yesterday, when Van de Weyer, the new Belgian Minister, made his appearance, I said to Esterhazy, "You will blow this business over, sha'n't you?" He said, "Yes, I think we shall *this time*."

Nothing remarkable in the House of Commons but Lord John Russell's declaration that "this Bill would not be final if it was not found to work as well as the people desired," which is sufficiently impudent considering that hitherto they have always pretended that it was to be final, and that it was made so comprehensive only that it might be so; this has been one of their grand arguments, and now we are never to sit down and rest, but go on changing till we get a good fit, and that for a country which will have been made so fidgety that it won't stand still to be measured. Hardinge, whom I found at dinner at the Athenæum yesterday, told me he was convinced that a revolution in this country was inevitable; and such is the opinion of others who support this Bill, not because they think concession will avert it, but will let it come more gradually and with less violence. I have always been convinced that the country was in no danger of revolution, and still believe that if one does come it will be from the passing of this Bill, which will introduce the principle of change, and whet the appetites of those who never will be satisfied with any existing order of things; or, if it follows on the rejection of this Bill, which I doubt, it will be owing to the concentration of all the forces that are opposed to our present institutions, and the divisions, jealousies, rivalships, and consequent weakness, of all those who ought to defend them. God only knows how it will all end. There has been but one man for many years past able to arrest this torrent, and that was Canning; and him the Tories—idiots that they were, and never discovering that he was their best friend—hunted to death with their besotted and ignorant hostility.

I went to the play last night at a very shabby little house called the City Theatre—a long way beyond the Post-Office—to see Ellen Tree act in a translation of "*Une Faute*," one of the best pieces of acting I ever saw. This girl will turn out very good if she remains on the stage. She has never been

brought forward at Covent Garden, and I heard last night the reason why. Charles Kemble took a great fancy for her (she is excessively pretty), and made her splendid offers of putting her into the best parts, and advancing her in all ways, if she would be propitious to his flame, but which she indignantly refused; so he revenged himself (to his own detriment) by keeping her back and promoting inferior actresses instead. If ever she acquires fame, which is very probable, for she has as much nature, and feeling, and passion as I ever saw, this will be a curious anecdote. [She married Charles Kean, lost her good looks, and became a tiresome, second-rate actress.]

August 12th.—Yesterday a Committee of Council met to settle the order of the coronation and submit the estimates, which we have brought under £30,000 instead of £240,000, which they were last time.

The question now is whether our Ministry shall go along with France, or whether France shall be pulled up; and it is brought to this point by Leopold's having sent to the French to thank them for their aid, but to say that he can do without them, and to beg they will retire, which they have refused to do. It was known yesterday that they are at Mons, and strongly suspected they will not so easily be got out of it; but the French Government will not venture to quarrel with us if we take a peremptory tone. It is not, however, clear that the French Government can control the French army; and I have heard it said that if they had not ordered the troops to march, the troops would have marched without orders. L. is all for curbing France; so a very short time must bring matters to a crisis, and it will be seen if the Government has authority to check the war party there. In the mean time the French have taken the Portuguese ships without any intention of giving them back; and this our Ministers know, and do not remonstrate. J. asked L. if it was true, and he said, "Oh, yes," for that having been compelled to force the Tagus, they were placed in a state of war, and the ships became lawful prizes. If it was not for Reform I doubt that this Government could stand a moment, but that will bring them up. In the country it is too clear that there are no symptoms of a reaction, and if a state of indifference can be produced it is all that can be hoped and more than should be expected. I do not think the Government by any means responsible for the embroiled state of Europe, but they certainly appear to have no fixed plan or enlightened view of foreign

policy, and if they have not been to blame hitherto (which in acting with all the Allies, and endeavoring to keep things quiet, they have not been), they are evidently in great danger of floundering now.

Goodwood, August 10th.—Here I have been a week to-day for the races, and here I should not be now—for everybody else is gone—if it were not for the gout, which has laid me fast by the foot, owing to a blow. While on these racing expeditions I never know any thing of politics, and, though I just read the newspapers, have no anecdotes to record of Reform or foreign affairs. I never come here without fresh admiration of the beauty and delightfulness of the place, combining every thing that is enjoyable in life—large and comfortable house, spacious and beautiful park, extensive views, dry soil, sea-air, woods, and rides over downs, and all the facilities of occupation and amusement. The Duke, who has so strangely become a Cabinet Minister in a Whig Government, and who is a very good sort of man and my excellent friend, appears here to advantage, exercising a magnificent hospitality, and as a sportsman, a farmer, a magistrate, and good, simple, unaffected country gentleman, with great personal influence. This is what he is fit for, to be—

With safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent,

and not to assist in settling Europe and making new constitutions.

I find on arriving in town that there is nothing new, but the Bill, which drags its slow length along, is in a bad way; not that it will not pass the Commons, but now everybody attacks it, and the press is all against what remains of it. Lord Chandos's motion and the defeat of Government by so large a majority have given them a great blow. Still they go doggedly on, and are determined to cram it down anyhow, quite indifferent how it is to work and quite ignorant. As to foreign affairs, the Ministers trust to blunder through them, hoping, like Sir Abel Handy in the play, that the fire "will go out of itself." Sefton has just been here, who talks blusteringly of the Peers that are to be made, no matter at what cost of character to the House of Lords, any thing rather than be beaten; but I am not sure that he *knows* any thing. In such matters as these he is (however sharp) no better than a fool—no knowledge, no information, no reflection or combina-

tion ; prejudices, partialities, and sneers, are what his political wisdom consists of ; but he is Lord Grey's *âme damnée*.

Stoke, August 28th.—My gout is still hanging on me. Very strange disorder, affecting different people so differently ; with me very little pain, much swelling, heat, and inconvenience, more like bruised muscles and tendons and inflamed joints ; it disables me, but never prevents my sleeping at night. Henry de Ros called on me yesterday ; nothing new, and he knows every thing from L., who sits there picking up politics and gossip, to make money by the one and derive amusement from the other. L. is odd enough, and very *malin* with what he knows. He is against *Reform*, but not against the *Government* ; for the Duke of Wellington and not for the Opposition—in short, just as interest, fancy, caprice, and particular partialities sway him. It was he who told me the fact of the French having carried away the Portuguese ships, and he said that I might tell the Duke that he might make what use he pleased of it ; but soon after, wishing if it did come out that it should fall harmless, he bethought him of the following expedient : Seeing that Valletort (who is a good-natured blockhead) is always spluttering in the House of Commons, he thought in his hands it would do no harm, so he told him the fact with some flattering observations about his activity and energy in the House, which Valley swallowed and with many thanks proceeded to put questions to Palmerston, which sure enough were so confused and unintelligible that nobody understood him, and the matter fell very flat. I don't see that Government is saved by this *ruse*, if the case against them is a good one ; but it is curious as indicative of the artifice of the person, and of his odd sort of political disposition. As I don't write history, I omit to note such facts as are recorded in the newspapers, and merely mention the odd things I pick up, which are not generally known, and which may hereafter throw some light on those which are.

The Belgian business is subsiding into quiet again. The Dutch have gained some credit, and the Prince of Orange has (what was of importance to him) removed the load of odium under which he had been laboring in Holland, and acquired great popularity. Leopold has cut a ridiculous figure enough ; not exhibiting any want of personal courage, but after all the flourishes at the time of his accession finding himself at the head of a nation of blustering cowards who would do nothing but run away. The arrival of the French army soon put an

end to hostilities, and now the greater part of it has been recalled; but Leopold has desired that 10,000 men may be left for his protection, whether against the Dutch or against the Belgians does not appear. This excites considerable jealousies here, for as yet it is not known *why* he asked for such aid, nor on what terms it is to be granted.

L. told me an odd thing connected with these troops. Easthope received a commission from a secretary of Soulé to sell largely in our funds, coupled with an assurance that the troops would *not* retire. I don't know the fate of the commission.

There are various reports of dissensions in the Cabinet, which are not true. The Duke of Wellington was sent for by Lord Grey the other day, to give his opinion about the demolition of the Belgian fortresses; so the ex-Prime-Minister went to visit his successor in the apartment which was so lately his own. No man would mind such a thing less than the Duke; he is sensitive, but has no nonsense about him. He is very well, and, however disgusted with the state of every thing at home and abroad (which, after all, is greatly imputable to himself), in high spirits.

The King did a droll thing the other day. The ceremonial of the coronation was taken down to him for approval. The homage is first done by the spiritual Peers, with the Archbishop at their head. The first of each class (the Archbishop for the spiritual) says the words, and then they all kiss his cheek in succession. He said he would not be kissed by the bishops, and ordered that part to be struck out. As I expected, the prelates would not stand it; the Archbishop remonstrated, the King knocked under, and so he must undergo the salute of the spiritual as well as the temporal Lords.

August 30th.—Left Stoke yesterday morning; a large party—Talleyrand, De Ros, Fitzroy Somersets, Motteux, John Russell, Alava, Byng. In the evening Talleyrand discoursed, but I did not hear much of him. I was gouty and could not stand, and all the places near him were taken. I have never heard him narrate comfortably, and he is difficult to understand. He talked of Franklin. I asked him if he was remarkable in conversation; he said he was from his great simplicity, and the evident strength of his mind. He spoke of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander. Somebody wrote him a letter at the time from Moscow with this expression: “L’Empereur marchait, précédé des assassins de son grand-

père, entouré de ceux de son père, et suivi par les siens." He said of the Count de Saint-Germain (whom he never saw) that there is an account of him in Craufurd's book; nobody knew whence he came nor whither he went; he appeared at Paris suddenly, and disappeared in the same way, lived in an *hôtel garni*, had always plenty of money, and paid for every thing regularly; he talked of events and persons connected with history, both ancient and modern, with entire familiarity and a correctness which never was at fault, and always of the people as if he had lived with them and known them; as Talleyrand exemplified it, he would say, "Un jour que je dînais chez César."¹ He was supposed to be the Wandering Jew, a story which has always appeared to me a very sublime fiction, telling of

That settled ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
Which will not look beyond the tomb,
Which cannot hope for rest before.

Then he related Mallet's conspiracy and the strange way in which he heard it. Early in the morning his tailor came to his house and insisted on seeing him. He was in bed, but on his *valet de chambre's* telling him how pressing the tailor was, he ordered him to be let in. The man said, "Have you not heard the news? There is a revolution in Paris." It had come to the tailor's knowledge by Mallet's going to him the very first thing to order a new uniform! Talleyrand said the conspirators ought to have put to death Cambacérès and the King of Rome. I asked him if they had done so whether he thought it possible the thing might have succeeded. He said, "C'est possible." To my question whether the Emperor would not have blown away the whole conspiracy in a moment, he replied, "Ce n'est pas sûr, c'est possible que cela aurait réussi."

He afterward talked of Madame de Stael and Monti. They met at Madame de Marescalchi's villa near Bologna, and

¹ [This mysterious adventurer died in the arms of Prince Charles of Hesse in 1784; and some account of him is to be found in the "Memoirs" of that personage, quoted in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxxiii., p. 521. The Count de Saint-Germain was a man of science, especially versed in chemistry, botany, and metallurgy. He is supposed to have derived his money from an invention in the art of dyeing. According to his own account of himself, he was a son of Prince Ragozky of Transylvania, and his first wife a Tekely, and he was Protestant, and educated by the last of the Medicis. He was supposed to be ninety-two or ninety-three when he died. His knowledge of the arcana of science, and his mysterious manner of life, had given him something of the reputation of a wizard and a conjurer, but he was an honorable and benevolent man, not to be confounded with such charlatans as Meamer and Cagliostro.]

were profuse of compliments and admiration for each other. Each brought a copy of their respective works beautifully bound to present to the other. After a day passed in an interchange of literary flatteries, and the most ardent expressions of delight, they separated, but each forgot to carry away the present of the other, and the books remain in Madame de Marescalchi's library to this day.

August 31st.—Dined at Osterley yesterday; Lady Sandwich, Esterhazy and the Bathursts, Brooke Greville and George Villiers. Esterhazy told me he had no doubt that there would be a war, that General Baudron was arrived from Brussels, and Leopold had sent word by him that the French troops were absolutely necessary to his safety, to protect him from the turbulence of his own subjects. He considered that the Polish business was over, at which he greatly rejoiced. He said that nobody was prepared for war, and the great object was to gain time, but a few weeks must now bring matters to a crisis; the only difficulty appears to be what to go to war about, and who the belligerents should be, for at the eleventh hour, and with the probability of a general war, it is a toss-up whether we and the French are to be the closest allies or the deadliest enemies. He told me that Casimir Périer would probably be unable to keep his ground, that the modified law about the House of Peers did not give satisfaction. If he is beaten on this, he goes out, and if he does, with him will probably vanish all hopes of peace. It is pretty evident that France is rapidly advancing to a republic. Her institutions have long been republican, and, though very compatible with a despotic empire, incompatible with a constitutional and limited monarchy. This Bonaparte knew.

Another Coronation Committee yesterday, and, I am happy to say, the last, for this business is the greatest of all bores. There is a furious squabble between the Grand Chamberlain and the Earl Marshal (who is absent, and has squabbled by deputy) about the box of the former in Westminster Abbey. At the last coronation King George IV. gave Lord Gwydir *his* box in addition to his own, and now Lord Cholmondeley claims a similar box.¹ This is resisted. The present King disposes of his own box (and will probably fill it with every sort of *canaille*); the Lords won't interfere, and the Grand

¹ [Lord Gwydir and Lord Cholmondeley filled the office of Lord High Chamberlain for alternative lives, as the representatives of the joint claimants of the office.]

Chamberlain protests, and says he has been shamefully used, and there the matter stands. The Grand Chamberlain is in the wrong.

September 3d.—On Wednesday a Council was held. Very few of the Ministers stay for the Councils; small blame to them, as the Irish say, for we are kept about three times as long by this regular, punctual King, as by the capricious, irregular Monarch who last ruled over us. This King is a queer fellow. Our Council was principally for a new Great Seal, and to deface the old Seal. The Chancellor claims the old one as his perquisite. I had forgotten the hammer, so the King said, "My Lord, the best thing I can do is to give you the Seal, and tell you to take it and do what you please with it." The Chancellor said, "Sir, I believe there is some doubt whether Lord Lyndhurst ought not to have half of it, as he was Chancellor at the time of your Majesty's accession." "Well," said the King, "then I will judge between you like Solomon; here (turning the Seal round and round), now do you cry heads or tails?" We all laughed, and the Chancellor said, "Sir, I take the bottom part." The King opened the two compartments of the Seal and said, "Now, then, I employ you as ministers of taste. You will send for Bridge, my silversmith, and desire him to convert the two halves each into a salver, with my arms on one side, and yours on the other, and Lord Lyndhurst's the same, and you will take one, and give him the other, and both keep them as presents from me." The Duchess of Kent will not attend the coronation, and there is a report that the King is unwilling to make all the Peers that are required; this is the current talk of the day.

September 5th.—At Gorhambury since Saturday; the Harrowbys, Bathursts, Frankland Lewes's, Lady Jersey, Mahon, Lushington, Wortleys; rather agreeable and lively; all anti-Reformers, so no quarreling about that, though Lord Harrowby is ready to squabble with anybody either way, but furiously against the Bill.

September 8th.—Dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday; thirty-one people, very handsome, and the Styrian Minstrels playing and singing all dinner-time, a thing I never saw before. I sat next to Esterhazy and talked to him (a very little) about Belgian affairs. He said Talleyrand had given positive assurances that the French troops should be withdrawn whenever the Dutch retired, that the other Powers were aware of P rier's difficulties, and were ready to concede

much to keep him in power, but that if he had not sufficient influence to repress the violent war faction there was no use in endeavoring to support him. Our Government had behaved very well and had been very strong in their remonstrances.

After dinner I had much talk with the Duke, who told me a good deal about the late King and the Duchess of Kent; talked of his extravagance and love of spending, provided that it was not his own money that he spent; he told an old story he had heard of Mrs. Fitzherbert's being obliged to borrow money for his post-horses to take him to Newmarket, that not a guinea was forthcoming to make stakes for some match, and when on George Leigh's¹ entreaty he allowed some box to be searched that £3,000 was found in it. He always had money. When he died they found £10,000 in his boxes, and money scattered about everywhere, a great deal of gold. There were about 500 pocket-books, of different dates, and in every one money—guineas, one-pound notes, one, two, or three in each. There never was any thing like the quantity of trinkets and trash that they found. He had never given away or parted with any thing. There was a prodigious quantity of hair—women's hair—of all colors and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them, heaps of women's gloves, *gages d'amour* which he had got at balls, and with the perspiration still marked on the fingers, notes and letters in abundance, but not much that was of any political consequence, and the whole was destroyed. Of his will he said that it was made in 1823 by Lord Eldon, very well drawn, that he desired his executors might take all he had to pay his debts and such legacies as he might bequeath in any codicils he should make. He made no codicils and left no debts, so the King got all as heir-at-law. Knighton had managed his affairs very well, and got him out of debt. A good deal of money was disbursed in charity, a good deal through the medium of two or three old women. The Duke, talking of his love of ordering and expense, said that when he was to ride at the last coronation the King said, "You must have a very fine saddle." "What sort of saddle does your Majesty wish me to have?" "Send Cuffe to me." Accordingly Cuffe went to him, and the Duke had to pay some hundreds for his saddle. (While I am writing the King and Queen with their

¹ [Colonel George Leigh, who managed his race-horses; he was married to Lord Byron's half-sister.]

cortège are passing down to Westminster Abbey to the coronation, a grand procession, a fine day, an immense crowd, and great acclamations.)

We then talked of the Duchess of Kent, and I asked him why she set herself in such opposition to the Court. He said that Sir John Conroy was her adviser, that he was sure of it. What he then told me throws some light upon her ill-humor and displays her wrong-headedness. In the first place the late King disliked her; the Duke of Cumberland too was her enemy, and George IV., who was as great a despot as ever lived, was always talking of taking her child from her, which he inevitably would have done but for the Duke, who, wishing to prevent quarrels, did all in his power to deter the King, not by opposing him when he talked of it, which he often did, but by putting the thing off as well as he could. However, when the Duchess of Cumberland came over, and there was a question how the Royal Family would receive her, he thought he might reconcile the Cumberlands to the Duchess of Kent by engaging her to be civil to the Duchess of Cumberland, so he desired Leopold to advise his sister (who was in the country) from him very strongly to write to the Duchess of Cumberland and express her regret at being absent on her arrival, and so prevented from calling on her. The Duchess sent Leopold back to the Duke to ask why he gave her this advice? The Duke replied that he should not say why, that he knew more of what was going on than she possibly could, that he gave her this advice for her own benefit, and again repeated that she had better act on it. The Duchess said she was ready to give him credit for the goodness of his counsel, though he would not say what his reasons were, and she did as he suggested. This succeeded, and the Duke of Cumberland ceased to blow the coals. Matters went on quietly till the King died. As soon as he was dead the Duchess of Kent wrote to the Duke, and desired that she might be treated as a Dowager Princess of Wales, with a suitable income for herself and her daughter, who she also desired might be treated as Heiress Apparent, and that she should have the sole control over the allowance to be made for both. The Duke replied that her proposition was altogether inadmissible, and that he could not possibly think of proposing any thing for her till the matters regarding the King's Civil List were settled, but that she might rely upon it that no measure which affected her

in any way should be considered without being imparted to her and the fullest information given her. At this it appears she took great offense, for she did not speak to him for a long time after.

When the Regency Bill was framed the Duke desired the King's leave to wait upon the Duchess of Kent and show it to her, to which his Majesty assented, and accordingly he wrote to her to say he would call upon her the next day with the draft of the Bill. She was at Claremont, and sent word that she was out of town, but desired he would send it to her in the country. He said she ought to have sent Sir John Conroy to him, or have desired him to go to her at Claremont, which he would have done, but he wrote her word that he could not explain by letter so fully what he had to say as he could have done in a personal interview, but he would do so as well as he could. In the mean time, Lord Lyndhurst brought on the measure in the House of Lords, and she sent Conroy up to hear him. He returned to Claremont just after the Duchess had received the Duke's letter. Since that he has dined with her.

[I must say the King is punctual; the cannon are now firing to announce his arrival at the Abbey, and my clock is at the same moment striking eleven; at eleven it was announced that he would be there.]

His Majesty, I hear, was in great ill-humor at the levee yesterday; contrary to his usual custom he sent for nobody, and gave no audiences, but at ten minutes after one flounced into the levee-room; not one Minister was come but the Duke of Richmond. Talleyrand and Esterhazy alone of the *Corps Diplomatique* were in the next room. He attacked the officer of the Guards for not having his cap on his head, and sent for the officer on guard, who was not arrived, at which he expressed great ire. It is supposed that the peerages have put him out of temper. His Majesty did a very strange thing about them. Though their patents are not made out, and the new Peers are no more Peers than I am, he desired them to appear as such in Westminster Abbey and do homage. Colonel Berkeley asked me what he should do, and said what the King had desired of him. I told him he should do no such thing, and he said he would go to the Chancellor and ask him. I don't know how it ended. Howe told me yesterday morning in Westminster Abbey that Lord Cleveland is to be a duke, though it is not yet acknowledged if it be so

There has been a battle about that; they say that he got his boroughs to be made a marquis, and got rid of them to be made a duke.¹

September 17th.—The coronation went of well, and, whereas nobody was satisfied before it, everybody was after it. No events of consequence. The cholera has got to Berlin, and Warsaw is taken by the Russians, who appear to have behaved with moderation. Since the deposition of Skrzynecki, and the reign of clubs and mobs and the perpetration of massacres at Warsaw, the public sympathy for the Poles has a good deal fallen off. The cholera, which is traveling south, is less violent than it was in the north. It is remarkable that the common people at Berlin are impressed with the same strange belief that possessed those of St. Petersburg, that they have been poisoned, and Chad writes to-day that they believe there is no such disease, and that the deaths ascribed to that malady are produced by poison administered by the doctors, who are bribed for that purpose; that the rich, finding the poor becoming too numerous to be conveniently governed, have adopted this mode of thinning the population, which was employed with success by the English in India; that the foreign doctors are the delegates of a central committee, which is formed in London and directs the proceedings, and similar nonsense.

The talk of the town has been about the King and a toast he gave at a great dinner at St. James's, the other day. He had ninety guests—all his Ministers, all the great people, and all the foreign Embassadors. After dinner he made a long, rambling speech in French, and ended by giving as "a sentiment," as he called it, "The land we live in." This was before the ladies left the room. After they were gone, he made another speech in French, in the course of which he traveled over every variety of topic that suggested itself to his excursive mind, and ended with a very coarse toast and the words "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Sefton, who told it me, said he never felt so ashamed; Lord Grey was ready to sink into the earth; everybody laughed of course; and Sefton, who sat next to Talleyrand, said to him: "Eh bien, que pensez-vous de cela?" With his unmoved, immovable face, he answered only, "C'est bien remarquable."

In the mean time Reform, which has subsided into a calm

¹ [The Earl of Darlington had been made Marquis of Cleveland in 1827, and was raised to the dukedom in January, 1833.]

for some time past, is approaching its termination in the House of Commons, and, as it gets near the period of a fresh campaign, and a more arduous though a shorter one, agitation is a little reviving. The *Times* and other violent newspapers are moving heaven and earth to stir up the country and intimidate the Peers, many of whom are frightened enough already. The general opinion at present is that the Peers created at the Coronation will not be enough to carry the Bill (they are a set of horrid rubbish, most of them), but that no more will be made at present; that the Opposition, if united, will be strong enough to throw out the Bill, but that they are so divided in opinion whether to oppose the Bill on the second reading or in Committee, that this dissension will very likely enable it to pass. Up to this time there has been no meeting, and nothing has been agreed upon; but there would have been one convened by the Duke of Wellington but for Lady Mornington's death, and this week they will arrange their plan of operations. From what Sefton says (who knows and thinks only as Brougham and Grey direct him) I conclude that the Government are resolved the Bill shall pass; that, if it is thrown out, they will do what the Tories recommended, and make as many Peers as may be sufficient, for he said the other day he would rather it was thrown out on the second reading than pass by a small majority. With this resolution (which, after having gone so far, is not unwise) and the feeling out-of-doors, pass it must; and so sure are Government of it, that they have begun to divide the counties, and have set up an office, with clerks, maps, etc., in the Council Office, and there the Committee sit every day.

Stoke, September 18th.—I came here yesterday with the Chancellor, Creevey, Luttrell, my father and mother, Esterhazy, Neumann. Brougham was tired, never spoke, and went to bed early. This morning I got a letter from the Lord President, inclosing an order from the King for a copy of the proceedings in Council on the marriage of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray. The Chancellor told me that the young man Sir Augustus d'Este had behaved very ill, having filed a bill in Chancery, into which he had put all his father's love-letters, written thirty years ago, to perpetuate evidence; that it was all done without the Duke of Sussex's consent; but that D'Este had got Lushington's opinion that the marriage was valid on the ground that the Marriage

Act only applied to marriages contracted here, whereas this was contracted at Rome. He said Lushington was a great authority, but that he had no doubt he was wrong. The King is exceedingly annoyed at it.

September 19th.—Came to town. Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, and Alava, came to Stoke yesterday. Talleyrand had a circle, but the Chancellor talked too much, and they rather spoilt one another. He said one neat thing. They were talking of Madame d'Abrantès's "Memoirs," and of her mother, Madame Pernon. My father said, "M. de Marbœuf était un peu l'amant de Madame Pernon, n'est-ce pas?" He said, "Oui, mais je ne sais pas dans quelles proportions."

September 20th.—News arrived of great riots at Paris, on account of the Polish business and the fall of Warsaw. Madame de Dino (who, by-the-by, Talleyrand says is the cleverest man or woman he ever knew) said last night that she despaired of the state of things in France, that this was no mere popular tumult, but part of an organized system of disaffection, and that the Carlists had joined the ultra-Republicans, that the National Guard was not to be depended upon, that "leur esprit était fatigué." Talleyrand himself was very low, and has got no intelligence from his Government. This morning I met Lord Grey, and walked with him. I told him what Madame de Dino had said. He said he knew it all, and how bad things were, and that they would be much worse if the Reform Bill was thrown out here. I asked him how they would be affected by that. He said that a change of Ministry here would have a very bad effect there, from which it may be inferred that if beaten they mean to resign. He said the French Ministry had been very imprudent about Poland. I said, "How? for what could they have done? They could only get at Poland through Prussia." He said they might have sent a fleet to the Baltic with our concurrence, though we could not urge them to do so. I asked him what he thought would be the result of the dissolution of Périer's Government; I said that there appeared to me two alternatives, a general *bouleversement* or the war faction in power under the existing system. He replied he did not think there would now be a *bouleversement*, but a Ministry of Lafayette, Lamarque, and all that party who were impatient to plunge France into war. I said I did not think France could look to a successful war, for the old alliance would be re-formed against her. He rejoined that Russia was powerless, crippled by this contest, and under the

necessity of maintaining a great army in Poland; Austria and Prussia were both combustible, half the provinces of the former nearly in a state of insurrection; that the latter had enough to do to preserve quiet, and the French would rouse all the disaffected spirit which existed in both. I said "then we were on the eve of that state of things which was predicted by Canning in his famous speech." Here we met Ellis, and I left them.

I afterward saw George Villiers, who told me that he knew from a member of the Cabinet that there had been a division in it on the question of going out if the Reform Bill should be rejected, and that it had been carried by a majority that they should. He told me also a curious thing about Stanley's Arms Bill: that it had never been imparted to Lord Anglesey, nor to the Cabinet here, and that Lord Grey had been obliged to write an apology to Lord Anglesey, and to tell him that he (Lord Grey) had himself seen the Bill for the first time in the newspapers. This he had from Lord C., who is a great friend of Lord Anglesey's, and who had seen Lord Grey's letter before he left Ireland; but the story appears to me quite incredible, and is probably untrue.

NOTE.

MR. GREVILLE'S CONNECTION WITH THE TURF.

FREQUENT references will be remarked in these volumes to the connection of their author with the Turf, which was his favorite amusement, and to his position as an influential member of the Jockey Club. It may, therefore, be worth while to record in this place the principal incidents in his racing career; and we are tempted, in spite of the strange and incorrect phraseology of the writer, to borrow the following notice of them from the pages of *Bailey's Magazine*, published soon after Mr. Greville's death:

"Though the Warwick family have long been identified with the sports of the field, it is fair to assume that Mr. Greville's love for the turf came from his mother's side, as the Portlands, especially the late Duke, have always been among the strongest supporters of the national sport, and raced, as became their position in society. That Mr. Greville took to racing early may be imagined when we state he saw his first Derby in 1809, when the Duke of Grafton's Pope won it, beating five others. At that period he was barely fifteen years of age, and the impression the sight of the race made upon him at the time was very great, and it was rekindled more strongly when, in 1816, traveling with his father and mother to Ickworth, the seat of the Marquis of Bristol, he stopped at Newmarket and saw Invalid and Deceiver run a match on the heath; and subsequently he saw a great sweepstakes come off between Spaniard, Britannia, and Pope, which the latter won. Four years elapse, and, as a proof that the lad we have described had kept pace with the times, we find him selected to manage the racing establishment of the late Duke of York, on the death of Mr. Warwick Lake. The first step taken by Mr. Greville on being installed in office was to weed the useless ones and the ragged lot; and with the aid of Butler (father of the late Frank and the present William Butler) he managed so well that in his second year he won the Derby for him with Moses. As the Duke's affairs at that time were in any thing but a flourishing condition, Mr. Greville did not persuade him to back his horse for much money; still his Royal Highness won a fair stake, and was not a little pleased at the result. He likewise carried off the Claret with him the following year. With Banker, who was a very useful horse at all distances, he won for him many good races; and, by a reference to the 'Calendars' of the day, it will be seen the Duke won in his turn, if he did not carry all before him. To reproduce the names of his horses now would not be worth while, as from the effluence of time the interest in them has ceased. The first animal in the shape of a race-horse that Mr. Greville ever possessed was a filly by Sir Harry Dimsdale, which he trained in the Duke's stable with a few others of no great standing.

"Circumstances with which the world are familiar rendering the retirement of the Duke of York requisite, his stud came to the hammer, and Mr. Greville came to the assistance of his uncle, the Duke of Portland, who trained with Prince. With the Duke Mr. Greville remained some little time, and afterward became confederate with Lord Chesterfield, who was at that time coming out, and was in great force with his Zingane, Priam, Carew, Glaucus, and other crack horses. During this time he had few horses of any great account of his own, although his confederate had nothing to complain of in the shape of luck. At the termination of this confederacy Mr. Greville entered upon another with his cousin, Lord George Bentinck, who, from his father's hostility to his racing, was unable to run horses in his own name. The extent of this stud was so great that we are unable to deal with it at the same time with the horses of the subject of our memoir, who can scarcely be said to have come across a really smashing good mare until he met with Preserve, with whom, in 1834, he won the Clearwell and Criterion, and in the following year the One Thousand Guineas, besides running second for the Oaks to Queen of Trumps. A difference of opinion as to the propriety of starting Preserve for the Goodwood Stakes led to their separation, and for a time they were on very bad terms, but by the aid of mutual friends a reconciliation was effected. From what Preserve did for him, Mr. Greville was induced to dip more freely into the blood, or, as old John Day would have said, to take to the family, and accordingly he bought Mango, her own brother, of Mr. Thornhill, who bred him. Mango only ran once as a two-year-old, when, being a raw colt, he was not quick enough on his legs for the speedy Garcia filly of Colonel Peel and John Day's Chapeau d'Espagne, and was easily beaten. In the spring Mango made so much improvement that Mr. Greville backed him for the Derby for a good stake; and had he been able to have continued his preparation at Newmarket, and been vanned to Epsom, as is the custom in the present day, there is little doubt he would have won; but having to walk all the way from Newmarket, he could not afford to lose the days that were thus consumed, and although he ran forward he did not get a place. That this view of the case is not a sanguine one is proved by his beating Chapeau d'Espagne, the second for the Oaks, for the Ascot Derby, and within an hour afterward bowling over Velure, the third in that race, for William the Fourth's Plate. On the Cup Day he likewise beat the Derby favorite, Rat-trap, over the Old Mile. At Stockbridge, in a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, with thirteen subscribers, he frightened all the field away with the exception of Wisdom, whom he beat cleverly, and then he remained at Dilly's, at Littleton, to be prepared for the St. Leger. Having stood his work well, John Day brought over The Drummer and Chapeau d'Espagne from Stockbridge to try him on Winchester race-course. Both Mr. Greville and Lord George Bentinck had reason to be satisfied with what Mango did in his gallop on that morning, and the latter backed him very heavily for the race—much more so, indeed, than his owner. Mr. Greville was anxious to have put up John Day, but the Duke of Cleveland having claimed him for Henriade, he was obliged to substitute his son Sam, a very rising lad, with nerves of iron and the coolest of heads. The race was a memorable one, inasmuch as William Scott, who was on Epirus, the first favorite, fell into the ditch soon after starting, and Prince Warden running over him and striking him with his hind leg, he sustained a severe fracture of the collar-bone. Henriade also came down about a distance from home from a dog crossing the course. John Day, however, soon righted him, but the *contre-temps* spoiled his chance. At the stand there were but three

In the struggle—The Doctor, Abraham Newland, and Mango. The two former seemed to be making a match of it, and it looked impossible for Mango to get up; but a slight opening presenting itself, which was not visible to the spectators, Sam Day, with a degree of resolution which justifies the attributes we have before ascribed to him, sent his horse through with such a terrific rush that his breeches were nearly torn off his boots, and won by a neck.

“After the race Lord George, who was a very heavy winner, gave honest John £500 for his trial with The Drummer; the like sum to Sam Day for having ridden him better than he was ridden in the Derby, and an equivalent proportion to Montgomery Dilly for preparing him better than Prince for the same race. Mango was afterward sent to Newmarket for the St. Leger, and ‘Craven,’ who then edited the *Sporting Magazine*, having asserted that Mr. Greville had caused it to be reported that Mango was lame to get him back in the markets for that race, he called on him to apologize for the statement, which proving, by the volunteered testimony of Lord George Bentinck, Colonel Anson, and Admiral Rous, to be wholly without foundation, the writer in question made Mr. Greville the fullest *amende honorable*. Mango only won once again as a four-year-old, when he carried off a sweepstakes of 300 sovereigns at Newmarket, beating Chapeau d’Espagne and Adrian. Having thus established himself with Dilly, owing to Mr. Payne, with whom he had become confederate, training at Littleton, Mr. Greville made no change until Dilly gave up, when he continued his confidence to his brother William Dilly, who succeeded him on his retirement from Lord Glasgow.

“It was some few years before Mr. Greville had another good horse, at least one that was worth dwelling upon, and Alarm must be considered the legitimate successor to Mango. This colt Mr. Greville purchased of his breeder, Captain George Delmé, and tried him good enough to win the Derby in 1845 in a canter, even in the face of such animals as Idas and The Libel. But just prior to starting an accident occurred by which all Mr. Greville’s hopes were destroyed; for The Libel flying at Alarm very savagely, he jumped the chains, threw Nat, who lay for a time insensible on the ground, and ran away. He was, however, soon caught and remounted, and although much cut about, ran forward enough to justify the idea that but for his accident he must have won, as no other animal could have got through the Cambridgeshire with 7st. 10lb. on him so easily as he did in a field of such quality as he met. In the following year Alarm made some amends for his Epsom failure, by winning the Ascot Cup, as well as the Orange Cup at Goodwood, the latter after a terrific race with Jericho. He also, at Newmarket in the autumn, won three great matches in succession, viz., with Oakley, the Bishop of Romford’s cob, and Sorella. Going through the ‘Calendar,’ Cariboo is the next most noteworthy animal we come across, for it will be recollected he ran second to Canezou for the Goodwood Cup, having been lent to make running for her. But it is almost needless to add that, had Mr. Greville known him to be as good as he was, he would have been started on his own account, in which case the cup in all probability would have gone to Bruton Street instead of to Knowsley. Continuing our track through the ‘Calendar,’ we light on a better year for Mr. Greville in 1852, when he had really two good animals in Adine and Frantic. With the former, at York, he had perhaps the best week he ever had in his life, having won both the Yorkshire Oaks and Ebor Handicap with her, besides beating Daniel O’Rourke with Frantic, who two months before had carried off the Union Cup for him at Manchester. The following year Adine did a good thing for him by win-

